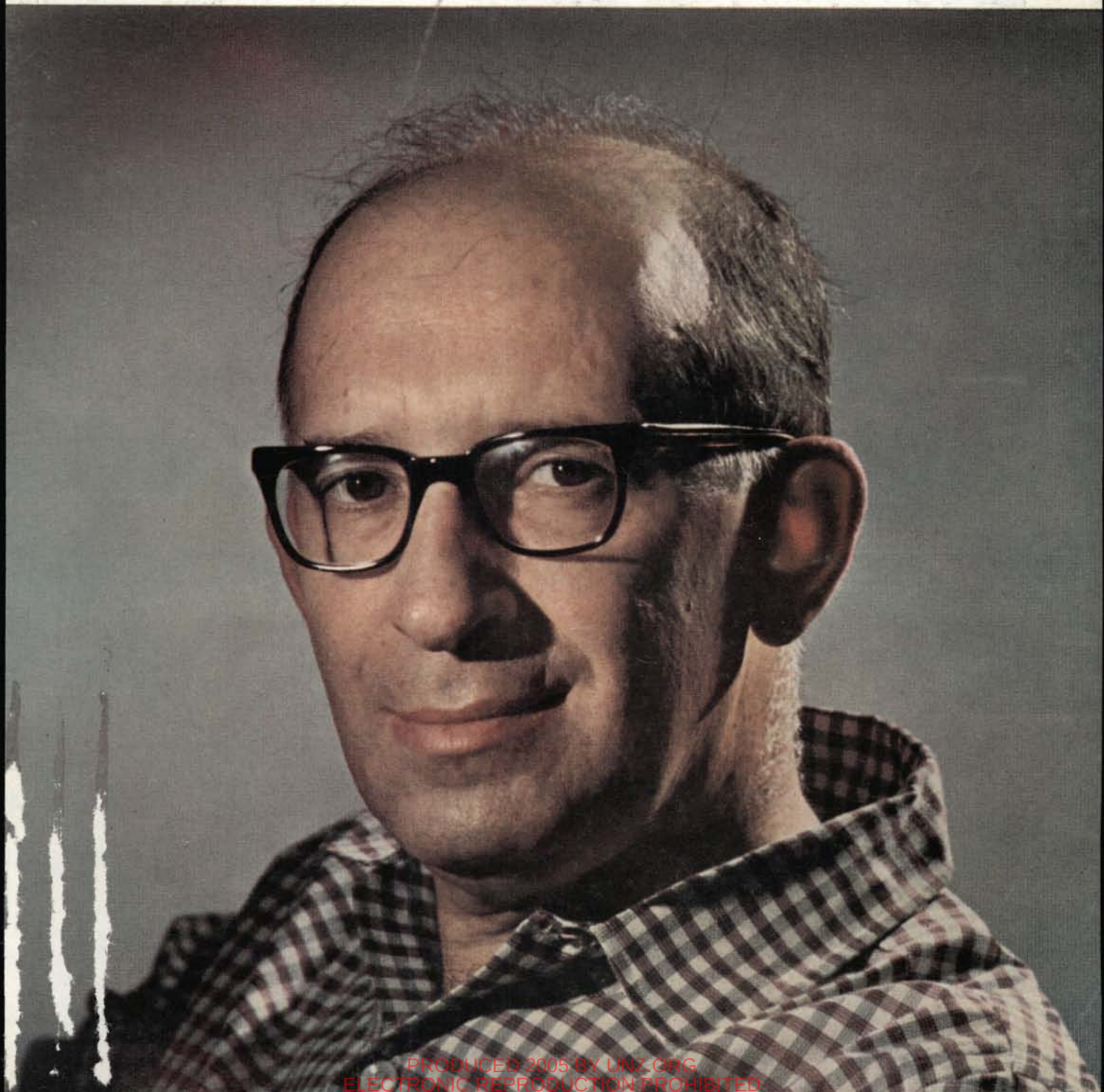
Saturday Review

September 10, 1966 35¢

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER: "WHAT I HAVE LEARNED"

An interview with Richard L. Tobin

Bernard Malamud, author of "The Fixer" (see Books)



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It's the sound of waves crashing, wa-
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singing, sails snapping, birds calling
ice tinkling, and people living.

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most hear the flowers opening.

That's the islands for you. And you
can have whatever you want.

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or Port au Prince. Or you can have Tur-
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Nook. You can eat steak, or you can
savor breadfruit, ackee, sweetsop or
naseberry. You can celebrate Guy
Fawkes Day, New Year's Day, Boxing
Day or your own birthday.

Or you can lie there and do nothing
at all, in the sun.

You can venture out on the world's
clearest waters in a dinghy, on a yacht
on a yawl, on a powerboat, on a fishing
boat. Angle for flying fish, kingfish, dol-
phin and wahoo. Angle for compliments
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That free booklet we promised

Our booklet takes care of the tremendous trifles, the details that make the difference between an idyll that runs like clockwork and just a so-so vacation. The book is called "How to Get That Trip to the Caribbean off the Ground." It's full of valuable facts and information. What kind of money they have there. Passport, visa and tourist card requirements. How to find a hotel, charter a yacht, rent a cottage, stay in a castle. You can't buy this book anywhere. But we'll be glad to send it to you when you've mailed in the coupon below.

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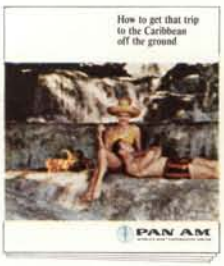

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Some days we seed a million trees before your morning coffee break.

Elk flee as helicopter seeds new forest on Weyerhaeuser tree farm

The pages in this magazine came from a harvested tree. So did the milk cartons in your kitchen, the lumber in your home and the beautiful paneling in your den.

Replacing the trees you use is a man-size job. For you consume wood at an incredible pace.

Sometimes we sow seed from helicopters to speed the work along. In other cases, we leave seed trees close by to restock an area naturally. Or set out millions of young trees by hand.

We call it reforestation — restoring the trees on the scattered spots we harvest every year. This prompt reforestation keeps our land constantly covered with trees of all ages, from tiny seedlings to large, mature timber.

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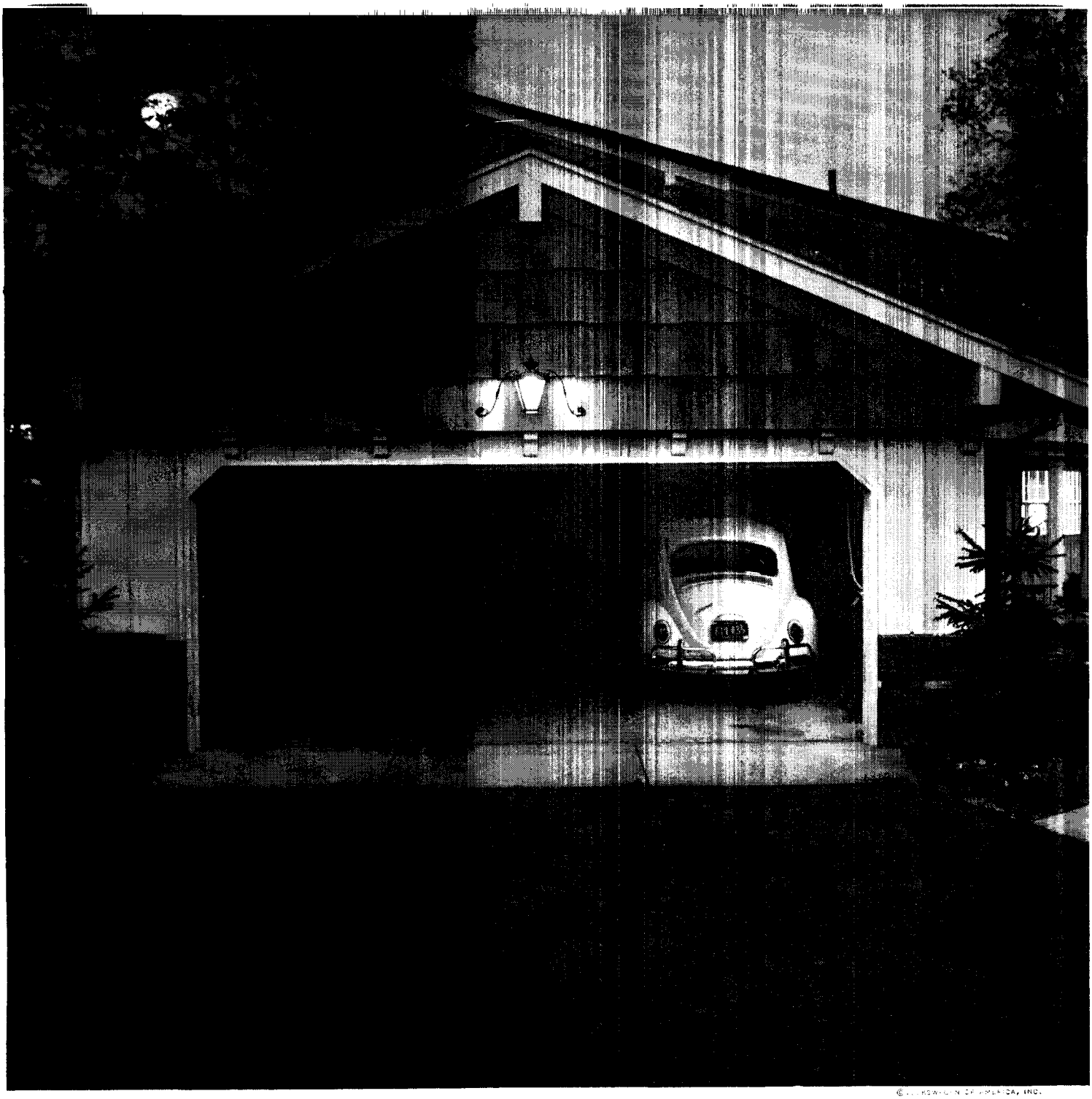

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It does all the work, but on Saturday night which one goes to the party?

Once upon a time there was an ugly little bug. It could go about 27 miles on just one gallon of gas. It could go about 40,000 miles on just one set of tires. And it could park in tiny little crevices no bigger than a bug. It was just right for taking father to the train or the children to school. Or for taking mother to the grocery store, drugstore, dime store and all the other enchanting places that mothers go when everyone else is working.

The ugly little bug was just like one of the family. But alas, it wasn't beautiful.

So for any important occasion the ugly little bug would be replaced. By a big beautiful chariot, drawn by 300 horses!

Then after a time, a curious thing happened. The ugly little bug (which was made very sturdily) never got uglier. But the big beautiful chariot didn't exactly get more beautiful.

In fact, in a few years its beauty began to fade. Until, lo and behold, the ugly little bug didn't look as ugly as the big beautiful chariot!

The moral being: if you want to show you've gotten somewhere, get a big beautiful chariot. But if you simply want to get somewhere, get a bug.

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Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — We think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion, it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best", so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

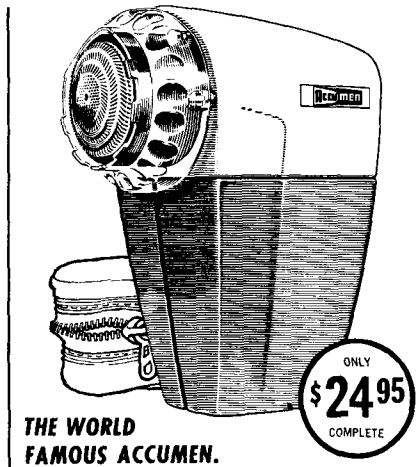
1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least fifteen to twenty good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the nickel-cadmium battery. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchromesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

3. The Shaving Head: Shaving area 2½ times larger than that of any other rotary shaver. Ultrathin foil (0.0315"). Four stainless steel cutters are individually sprung and balanced and can operate independently to adapt to the minutest contour of your face (this is a truly radical innovation — have you ever noticed how your present shaver is built on the same principle as a lawn mower?)

And then the marvelous extras: The patented "LumiRing" that spotlights the working area for perfect shaves in any light. Vacuum action that keeps your whiskers from your clothing. And, as far as we know, this is the only shaver in the civilized world that is rechargeable directly from any wall socket—no transformers, no "power cords." The ACCUMEN is lockable, to keep it exclusively yours (sorry, teenagers). Then, there is a built-in shave counter. Last, and probably least, women are wild about the ACCUMEN, because the shaving head is round and smooth and has no sharp edges. (But, please, buy her one of her own.)

Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system—among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.



THE WORLD FAMOUS ACCUMEN. FOR A LIFETIME OF CLOSE SHAVES

Should you Buy a Shaver by Mail — Sight Unseen? It may be unorthodox, but the only way to buy this shaver at this price (on this side of the Atlantic) is from us, the exclusive importer/retailers. Be that as it may—why not? What's the risk? You order the ACCUMEN not only with the one-year new-shaver guarantee; not only with the $12.95 ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan, but with this added assurance:

Unconditional Promise: Try the ACCUMEN for two weeks. Then, if you don't agree it is indeed "The Ultimate," send it back to us and we'll return your money by air mail and write you a nice thank-you letter.

That's it. For the price of an ordinary, run-of-the-mill shaver you can now shave with the pride of Europe. The ACCUMEN. The Ultimate Shaver. The only electric shaver that shaves close enough (in the woods or at home) to satisfy "blade men." And the only shaver in the world that will never be repaired, but that offers the exclusive ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan.

STEP INTO A NEW WORLD OF SHAVING LUXURY — TODAY © 1966

SR 0910

Mail to: **HAVERHILL'S**
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Please enroll me in the ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan, subject to the stated guarantee. I will also receive free the $4.95 rechargeable flashlight if I purchase at least one attachment in addition to the ACCUMEN. Please send me the following:

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- ☐ ✲Hairclipper Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ ✲Massage/Hairbrush Attachments, both - $4.95.
- ☐ White Flashlight Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ ✲Yellow Blinker Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ ✲Automobile Charging Unit (12v or 6v) - $4.95.
- ☐ Foil/Cutter (spare - for next year) - $4.95.
- ☐ Praktikus-5, all items marked with an ✲, in a beautiful zippered gift case, only $39.95. (Instead of $44.75 if purchased separately.)

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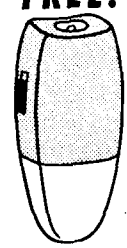

Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

To get this ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan going in a big way, we will be pleased to send you a gift. Order the ACCUMEN and at least one attachment now and we'll send you in addition a beautiful rechargeable flashlight. Retail price of this flashlight is $4.95.

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations: Vol. XLIX, No. 37, September 10, 1966. Second class postage, paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Raymond W. Welch, Jr., 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 417 Montgomery Street, Suite 1005, San Francisco, California 94104; and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
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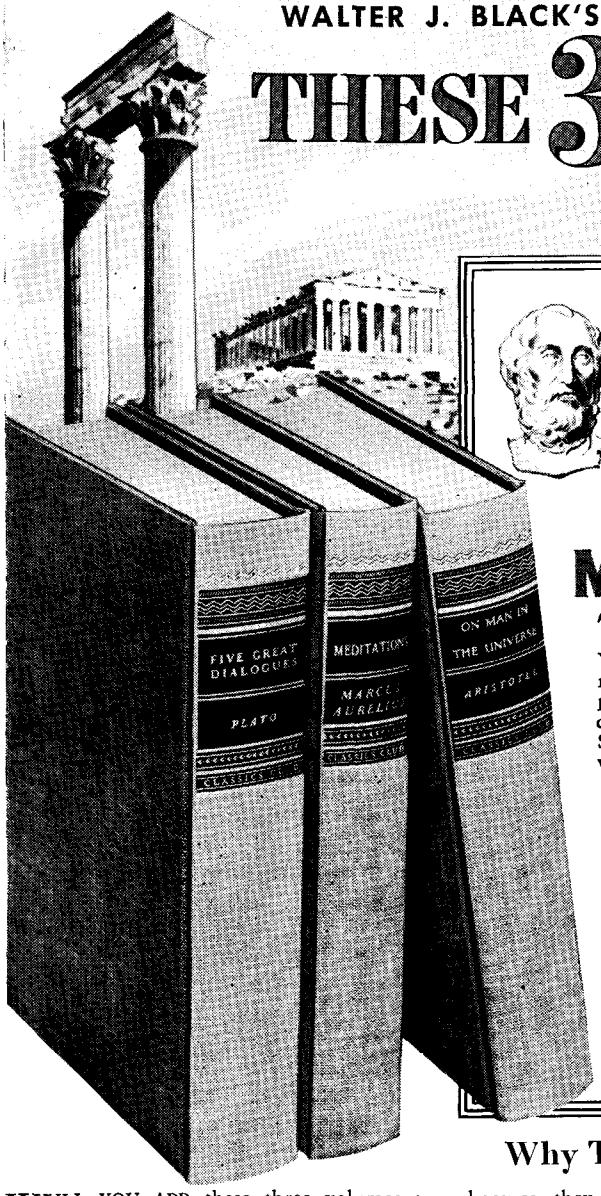

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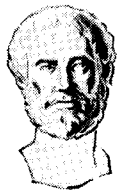
ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE



"THE master of them that know," this supreme mind of the fabulous Golden Age of Greece was called by the poet Dante. He was so far ahead of his era that his ideas are astonishingly timely today. Nature, politics, art, drama, logic, morals — he explored them all, with a mind open to truth and a heart eager for understanding.

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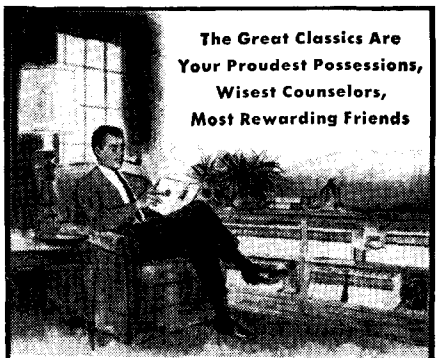

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The Villager

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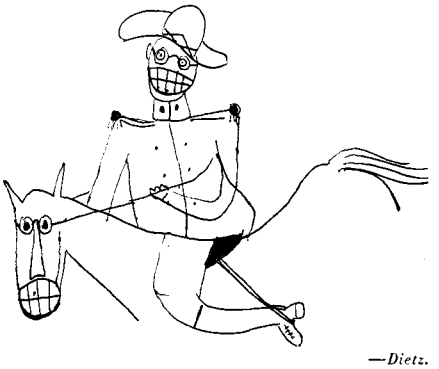
Edited by Martin Levin

Lyrics from a Lived-in Life

1898

We had a war with Spain
When I was two—
With which my age
Had nothing to do.
My father shouted
"Remember the Maine"
That's all I recall
Of the war with Spain.
A picture was hung
And it's hanging still
Of Teddy Roosevelt
At San Juan Hill.



—*Dietz.*

There's old Teddy
Full of teeth
Charging uphill—
A horse beneath.
He charged
And charged
Till the foe was gone
And did it
With his glasses on.

—Howard Dietz.

Consumers' Report

SO you want to buy a new kiddie car. You have weighed the pros and cons, have figured the mileage left in the old machine that used to belong to your big brother, have decided that future repairs are going to be too costly—you are going to make the plunge!

Since this is a major investment, shop around cautiously. There are many factors to study. First, roominess. Does the car have a crossbar on the back for passengers? Test the various horns and select one that will make itself felt. Is the front end massive enough to take the brutal punishment of running up against refrigerators, furniture, shins, and other heavy objects?

Rough Riders

You might take a look at the small foreign jobs. You may have heard that they are a menace in the hallways but they are tops in maneuverability and can be parked in closets or under tables. Now you are ready for your road test. How does she handle when you run up against the cashier's desk? Let her out. How close can you come to the customer buying a stroller without being frowned on by the authorities? How is she for safety—when you graze the wall, does your knee get barked? Do the hub caps stick out far enough to leave substantial evidence of your passage? How about the getaway?—one of the most important assets in a vehicle of this kind.

Now drive among the other cars parked in the showroom to test your make's durability in sideswiping and head-on collisions. Now look behind you—does the rubber leave a good black mark on the floor when you skid?

When you have made your final choice, you will find that there is no thrill that equals owning a shiny new chrome-clad vehicle. A few practice trips in the privacy of your backyard and you will find you're handling the wheel with careless assurance. Then you can really let her rip. Good luck and happy toe-crossings!

—S. W. Loerke.

Long-distance Doesn't Lend Enchantment

ONE thing almost always happens when I make a long-distance call. Just about the time I have had my say and am thinking of winding up, something goes wrong and I am cut off. I say something goes wrong, but for all I know the telephone company keeps someone on duty just for this purpose.

"Hello," I say. "Hello, hello." I have a feeling that if one "Hello" gets no response, two or three will. "Hello, hello," I repeat, for good measure.

For a while there is only a dead silence, or perhaps a buzzing sound. Between the two, I prefer a buzzing sound, because this indicates that the power is on, even if it isn't transmitting my voice. Then I click the receiver a few times. I am not sure whether anyone else hears the clicking, but I do, and for a moment think I have broken an eardrum.

Finally the operator comes on.

"May I help you?" she asks.

"I've been cut off," I say.

"What number were you calling?" she

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Look What You Get Immediately by Return Mail

(1) LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, which guarantees you LP albums at dealer cost . . . guarantees you discounts of at least 33⅓%—and as high as 75%—on every record you buy!

(2) FREE 300-page Schwann Catalog to pick your records from. The Schwann Catalog is an independent publication listing all LP's available. Over 300 different labels, over 30,000 albums.

(3) DISC®, the Club's FREE magazine which regularly supplements Schwann's listings and keeps you informed of **extra** money saving **"double-discount" specials.**

Your order is PROCESSED SAME DAY we get it! No long waits. No monthly cards to return, so you are never shipped unordered records. Every record GUARANTEED brand new, first quality, factory fresh! You must be completely satisfied—or every record fully returnable!

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't convinced our discounts are as big as we say (check us to the penny on this!) . . . that our range of selections is the biggest anywhere (over 30,000 albums every month!) . . . or even if you've simply changed your mind—return all items within 10 days and your membership fee will be refunded promptly and in full!

Over 600,000 music lovers—plus leading schools, libraries and other budget-wise institutions—now save money this sensible way through the only record club with no strings attached! Join now and save. Mail coupon to: Record Club of America, 1285 East Princess Street, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $2.50 each with full privileges. You can even split the total: Your membership and one gift membership divided equally brings the cost down to $3.75 each. The more gift members you get—the more you save!

Compare the "Big 4" Record Clubs and see

	CLUB A (As Advertised in PLAYBOY January 1966)	CLUB B (As Advertised in McCALL'S February 1966)	CLUB C (As Advertised in PARADE January 16, 1966)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS? INCLUDING THE LATEST RELEASES?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP, on any label. Mono and Stereo! No exceptions! VOX, CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, VERVE, DECCA, LONDON, etc. Even latest releases are available at once—no waiting.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY?	6	8	2	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discounts are never less than 33⅓% and are often as high as 75% — on every record you buy! No exceptions!
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent —and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X912-J
1285 East Princess Street,
York, Pennsylvania 17405

Yes! Send FREE Schwann Catalog, DISC®, and LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD. Enclosed is $5, which entitles me to buy any LP in the Schwann Catalog or DISC® at discounts of at least 33⅓% and as high as 75%, plus a small postage and handling charge. I may take as many or as few, or no records at all. No yearly "quota". I may, for any reason, return items within 10 days for full refund of membership fee!

☐ Yes! Add_____ GIFT MEMBERSHIPS at $2.50 each to my request. Send to names and addresses on attached sheet.

I enclose $_____ covering my $5 lifetime membership and any gift memberships at $2.50 each.

Print
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Over 600,000 enthusiastic members including schools, libraries and other institutions.

ALL ORDERS PROCESSED SAME DAY RECEIVED. ALBUMS COME TO YOU FACTORY FRESH. YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR ALL ALBUMS FULLY RETURNABLE.

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Can Baroque replace Rock and Roll?

If Baroque does replace Rock and Roll, much of the credit will go to Julian Bream. His sellout performances are greeted by the kind of audience enthusiasm usually reserved for today's teen-age idols. The sets of dance movements you will hear in this album, for instance, are astonishingly modern in rhythm. Whether he plays Spanish songs, popular classics, or, as in this new recording, Bach, you will enjoy hearing the fabulous technique of Julian Bream, one of the foremost figures of today's Baroque renaissance.

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

asks. "Do you want me to place your call again?"

"No, I guess not," I say. "I was just about through anyhow."

So I put up the phone and go about my business. Or I try to, but I begin to think that the party I was calling will think that I have hung up on him, and that I was mad about something.

After a moment of indecision, I dial the operator.

"I would like to place that call again," I tell her, giving her all the necessary information once more.

"The line is busy," she says after a bit. I can hear the phone ringing.

"He is probably trying to get me," I say. "He thinks I think he hung up on me."

This, of course, is precisely what has happened.

With my trying to get through to him and his trying to get through to me, each of us becoming more and more concerned about what the other must think about being hung up on, we are at a stalemate, like two people trying to pass each other in a narrow doorway, and making their moves at the same time.

Finally, thanks to the law of averages or something, he gets through to me or I get through to him.

"We must have been cut off," I say.

"Yes, we must have been cut off," he says.

He is relieved that now I know he didn't hang up on me, and I am relieved that now he knows I didn't hang up on him. For a moment there is silence, both of us feeling pretty good about the whole thing.

"I really didn't have anything more to say," I tell him.

"I didn't have anything more to say either," he says.

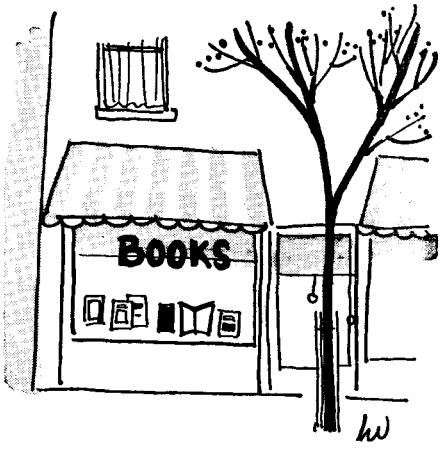
"I was just about to say goodbye," I say.

"I was just about to say goodbye, too," he says.

"Well, goodbye," I say.

"Goodbye," he says.

—Richard Armour.



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"The System" takes the great ones.

The Hasselblad System has taken more than one thousand pictures in space. A stripped-down, off-the-shelf 500C (80 mm f/2.8 Planar lens) has been part of every manned space flight since 1962. In four years "The System" has never failed the astronauts. (Hasselblad has a way of making amateurs look good... very, very good.)

The essential beauty of the Hasselblad is you get what you see. Its through-the-lens 2¼ x 2¼ ground-glass viewing and focusing guarantee precision results. But the Hasselblad System is extraordinarily flexible, too. Hasselblad offers over 100 combinations of interchangeable lenses, camera backs, and accessories that enable you to build as sophisticated a system as you'll ever need. (It was recently named allover best and most versatile in a survey of 500 pros.) Write for catalog: Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036.

That's why the great ones take "The System."

HASSELBLAD

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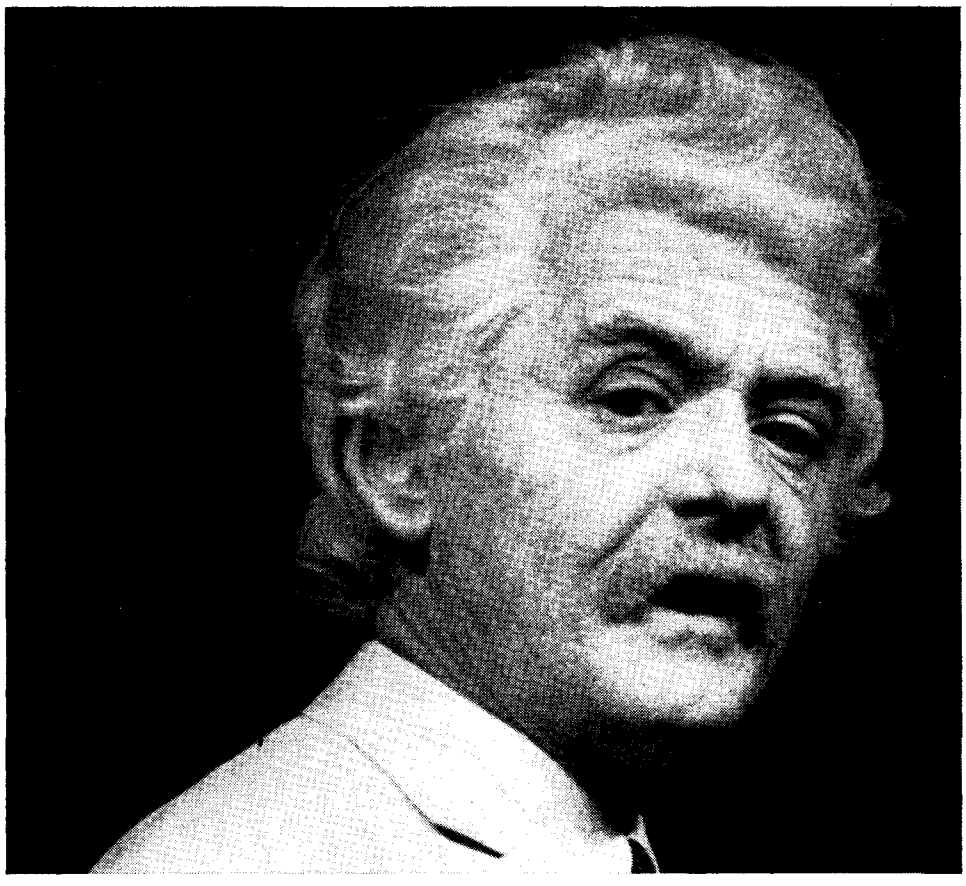
John Gielgud in "Ivanov"; Hal Holbrook in "Mark Twain Tonight"; Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein; Van Cliburn and Andrés Segovia in



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Lincoln Center?
You're close. Closer than you think. All you have to do is reach for your television dial to see the world's greatest entertainment. With new emphasis on the performing arts, the CBS Television Network will present this season more broadcasts of special distinction than ever before. They reflect a commitment to the highest standards of artistic achievement For the nation's viewers, it will be a season of unique and memorable occasions, marked by the foremost talents of the entertainment world. Among the most exciting of the Network's

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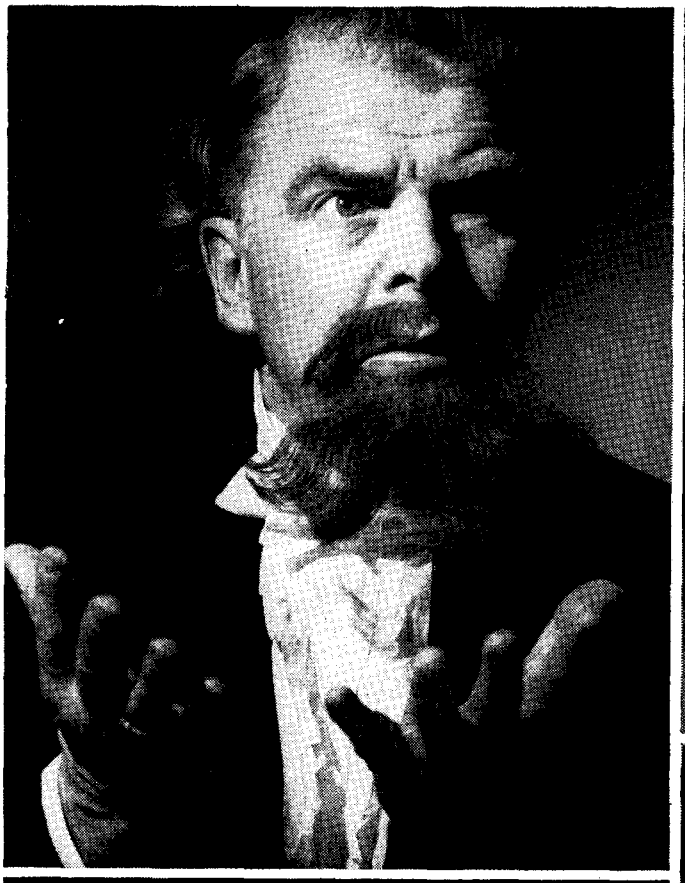
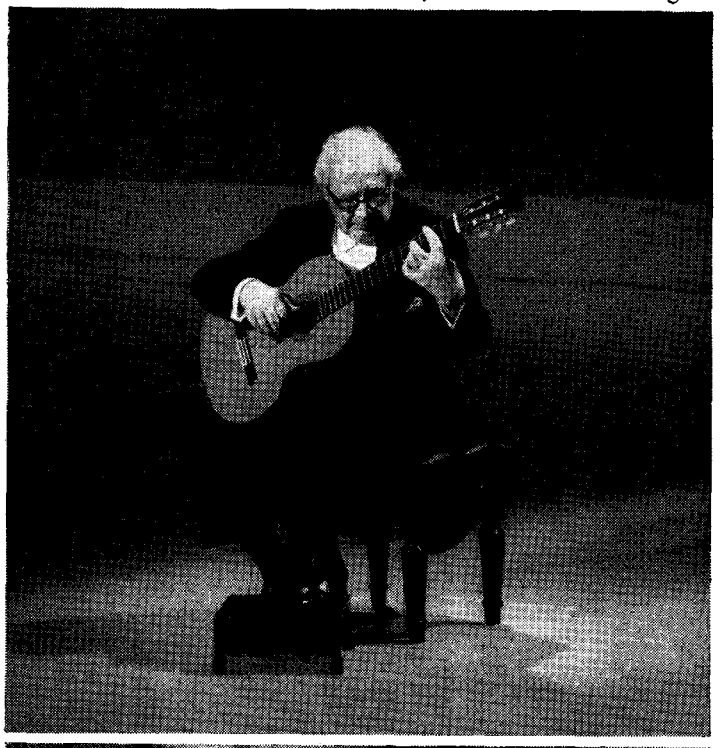
"S. Hurok Presents"; Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock in "Death of a Salesman"; Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens; Shirley Booth in "The Glass Menagerie"





new ventures will be the "CBS Playhouse"—a project that will bring to television meaningful, original drama by promising new writers as well as such noted playwrights as Ernest Kinoy, Loring Mandel and Reginald Rose; staged by such distinguished producers as Herbert Brodkin, Fred Coe, Martin Manulis and George Schaefer. In sum, the Network's special broadcasts will offer the nation's viewers an extra bonus of fascination and pleasure on top of the most popular regular program schedule in television. CBS Where the point of view is special.

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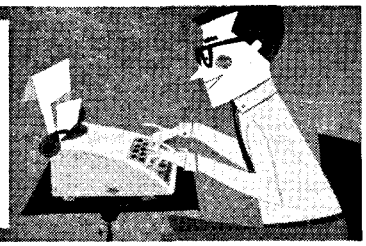
Top of My Head



The Promised Wasteland

THIS IS one TV premier season when I believe the network program builders' promises that the shows this year will get better. I believe it because there was no other way the shows could possibly get.

Progress has been made by the vice presidents in charge of programing during these last months of gestation—as the product of their labors may testify. For instance: Last season the big problem was whether *Peyton Place* I and *Peyton Place* II should be escalated to *Peyton Place* III. They were. This season there could have been a IVth and a Vth. Instead, the vice presidents decided to cut back to only two nights of *Peyton Place*.

This is a step in the right direction. And who knows? Maybe next season, if they keep on in this direction—but that's the stuff dreams are made of.

There is new thinking at the networks now. For years there had been a steady shying away from the one-hour and two-hour dramatic plays, original works by talented writers of the medium. This season elaborate plans have been made to bring these plays of substance back.

The reason there has been a dearth of these plays on our home screens is that, for a time, they failed to get the ratings. But one night last April one of the networks presented Arthur Miller's classic, *Death of a Salesman*. It was a beautifully performed and faithful presentation. And to every vice president's amazement it got a rating far beyond anyone's wildest hope.

Well in TV nothing succeeds like a good rating. Immediately the THINK signs in the vice presidents' offices were changed to THINK OLD. The memos read: "Urgent. Dig up the old writers, commission them to write new plays of quality, engage the best players and directors. Something has happened to the Nielsen crowd. They've gone haywire."

Which brings up an amusing but logical question: "How could the great, unwashed Nielsen viewers, who had been credited by the great, washed TV executives with craving and adoring the kind of programs they have been fed for so many years, suddenly overnight become so brainwashed that they turned away by the millions from the Gilligan Islands, the Camp Runamucks, the Mona McCluskeys and all other such too humorless to mention, and sat at their sets spellbound, watching a play like *Death of a Salesman?*

Which suggests an amusing but logical answer: The Nielsen crowd, intrigued by the title, must have thought they were tuning in a mystery. Who done it? Who killed the salesman? The butler? The chauffeur? The upstairs maid?

How shocked the Nielsen group must have been to discover that Willie Loman had no butler, chauffeur or upstairs maid. And that, in fact, he finally only killed himself. What a letdown! What a gyp! What's happened to television?

What's happened to television, dear Nielsen audience, is your fault. You were the ones who tuned in *Death of a Salesman,* it says in the Nielsen booklet. I sincerely hope that my extravagant assessment of *why* you happened to watch this program is incorrect. I hope it wasn't because you thought it was a murder mystery.

One of the classic Broadway plays to be presented this new season on TV is *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams. I feel it is my duty to warn you faithful Nielsen baby-sitters not to be taken in by the title. *The Glass Menagerie* does not contain a Flipper or a Lassie or a cross-eyed lion.

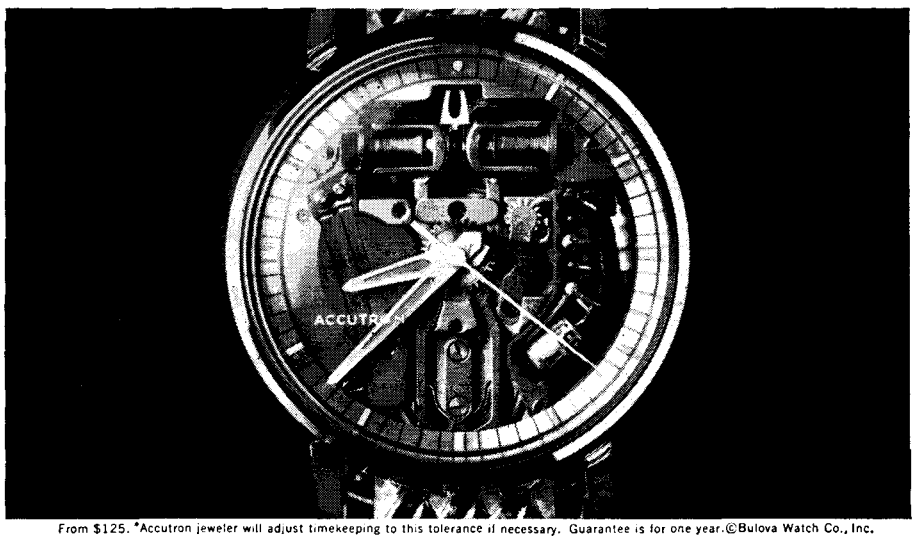
Of course the networks will do their best to persuade you to tune in. The star of this play, who will portray the role made famous by Laurette Taylor, will be Miss Shirley Booth, one of our theater's finest actresses, a winner of many critics' awards. But I can see the ad now on the TV pages:

"Remember Hazel, the funny, funny maid? Well Hazel, the funny, funny maid is the star of *The Glass Menagerie.* And with Hazel on a TV show you know what can happen!"

If that ad will get the viewers' attention I'm for it. Anything to get them tuned away from the vacuous plots of the soap operas that have nothing to say, and attuned to the meaningful plays which make poignant comment on our social mores.

In other words—instead of soap operas in the cliché style of *Peyton Place,* soapbox operas in the brilliant manner of a *Death of a Salesman* or *Glass Menagerie.*

—GOODMAN ACE.



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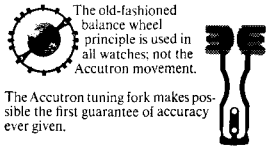
Wear a piece of a Satellite as a wrist watch. It's the Accutron® timepiece. And you'll find its movement on the Explorer, Telstar, TIROS, and Pegasus satellites, as well as Gemini. The vibrations of a tiny tuning fork divide each second into 360 parts, and Bulova guarantees accuracy within 60 seconds a month. Wear an Accutron timepiece. It may be the closest you'll ever get to the moon.



The old-fashioned balance wheel principle is used in all watches; not the Accutron movement.

The Accutron tuning fork makes possible the first guarantee of accuracy ever given.

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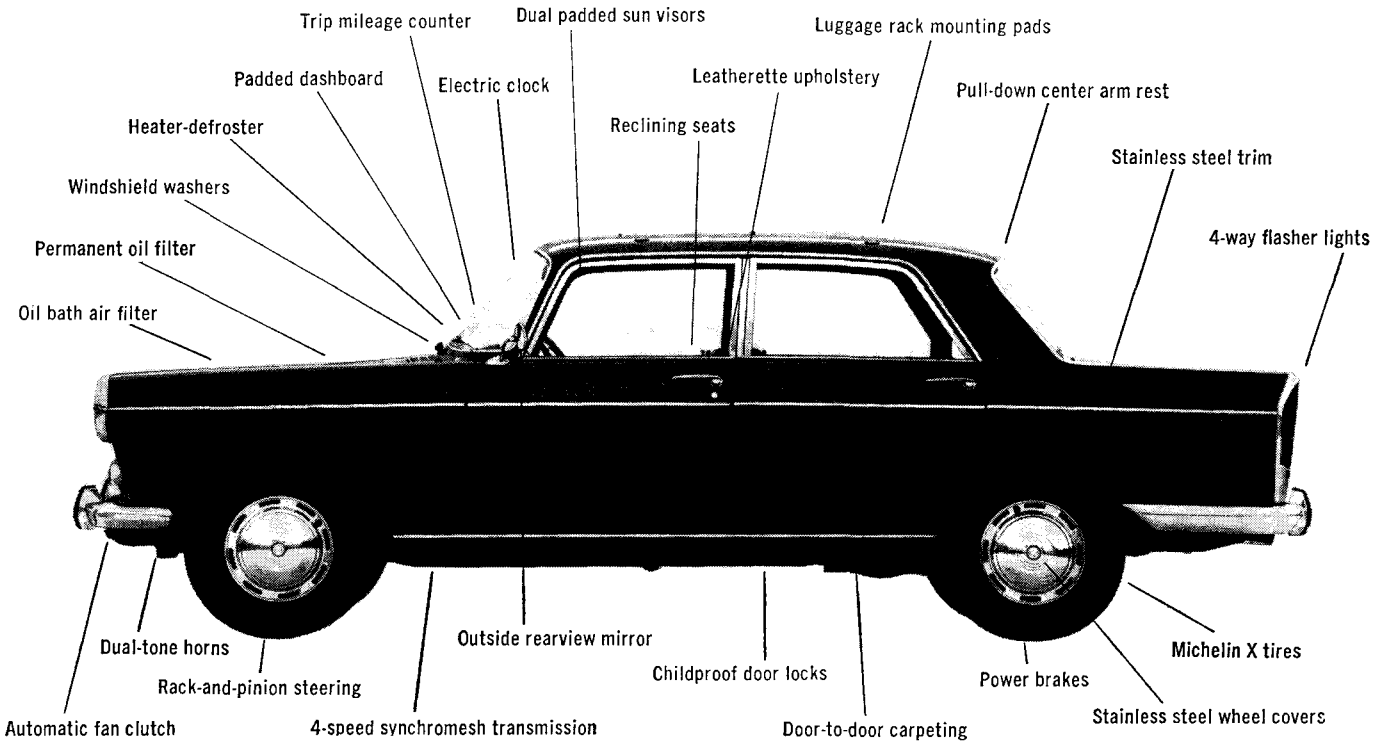

Some people think we have a hole in the head to offer all these extras for nothing.

And we have!

Peugeot's hole-in-the-head solid steel sunroof is just one of the more than two dozen extras that you get at no extra charge. But don't buy Peugeot just because of the free extras. Buy it because Peugeot test drives every car it builds. Buy it because John Bond, Publisher of Road & Track, considers it one of the seven best made cars in the world. Buy it because it's known as The Indestructible. Buy it because the price is low. In short, buy it.

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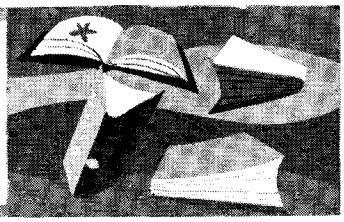
Trade Winds



One of the most robust indoor sports we know of is reading the common household label. Readership of labels on bottles, cereal boxes, cans, and jars has never been officially toted, but the chances are that all the best sellers and

magazine circulations in history would be dwarfed by comparison. Eight-year-olds are as conversant with riboflavin, niacinamide, harmless vegetable coloring, benzoate of soda, non-nutritive crude fiber, and sodium ascorbate as they are with Winnie-the-Pooh. No self-respecting adult is worth his seasoning unless he has read in 6-point type that a bottle of bitters does not contain Angostura bark, but is so designated because it originated in the town of that name in Venezuela, renamed Ciudad Bolívar in 1846.

For full-blown addicts, nothing could be more discouraging than the general disappearance of the practice of affixing the statement: "None genuine without this signature." Also disheartening is the total lack of concern by the modern packager for awards at International Expositions, with their gracious, decorative, and highly unreadable seals.

Of course, any awards you might find clinging to the sides of a label have a faintly musty quality. Colman's Mustard boasts of the cross of the Legion of Honor at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. Brand's A-1 Steak Sauce features an impressive list of awards at expositions, including London in 1862 and 1880, and Paris in 1867, 1878, 1889, and 1900. But if the gold medals fail to inspire the avid label-reader, perhaps the ingredients of the sauce will: tomato paste, distilled vinegar, corn syrup, raisins, salt, herbs, spices, orange base, orange peel, caramel, dehydrated garlic, dehydrated onions, tragacanth, and water.

Another sauce, one which features on its label such things as soy, anchovies, eschalots, onions, tamarinds, garlic, vinegar, water, molasses, sugar, salt, spices, "and flavoring," is Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce. The label also announces that it is "original and genuine."

"You might notice," executive Stuart Duncan told us, "that our outside paper wrapper just says 'original,' while the inside label says 'original *and* genuine.' We were stuck for space on the outside of the bottle, and decided that we could give up 'genuine' there, because nobody quite knew what it was supposed to mean, anyway. These labels involve major decisions, you know. Our label reads 'net contents, 5 fluid ounces (147 milliliters).' This was misprinted for a short time as '147 millimeters.' From the mail we received in complaint, I think we have a pretty strong contingent of literate label readers."

From Mr. Duncan, we also learned a little about the inscription on the label reading: "From a recipe of a nobleman in the county."

"I can't give you the story completely, even today," Duncan told us. "But the sauce was invented by a Governor-General of Bengal who came back to Worcester, England, with the recipe for the sauce. He went to Lea and Perrins, the local chemists, and they re-created the sauce for him. His direct descendant is living today, still a member of Parliament, and formerly in the Conservative cabinet. He isn't too anxious about advertising that his family has been in commerce." But the inscription about the anonymous nobleman still clings to the label.

"One other thing you might notice," Duncan continued, "is that the name Lea & Perrins appears something like forty-eight times on the label. I never really counted, but it is inscribed in tiny letters all throughout the decorative border. And don't think the name isn't troublesome. In the New York area, people not only ask for Westchester Sauce, but they ask for *Leon* and Perrins. Down south, we get orders for *Lee* and Perrins. In New Orleans, they write *Perrine*. And one Italian grocer insists that the name is Leon Perrini."

Then, rather wistfully, Duncan added: "There's one big problem we have. People use up our product so slowly. One dash at a time, whether it's in a Bloody Mary or a meat loaf. I don't know what the label can do to help that."

Another product with a famous label has the same problem: Angostura Bitters. A spokesman told us that the slow con-

What was the world doing the day you were born?

For only a dollar, you can have a full-size copy of the front page of the New York Herald Tribune that was published on the very day you were born! Or on any date, for that matter—as far back as 1900. It's absolutely unique . . . just like a real front page, with all the headlines and all the stories that made news that special day. What a fascinating conversation piece . . . and what a wonderful way to remember a birthday or anniversary! Order 3 Front Pages for only $2.89! You must be pleased or your money back.

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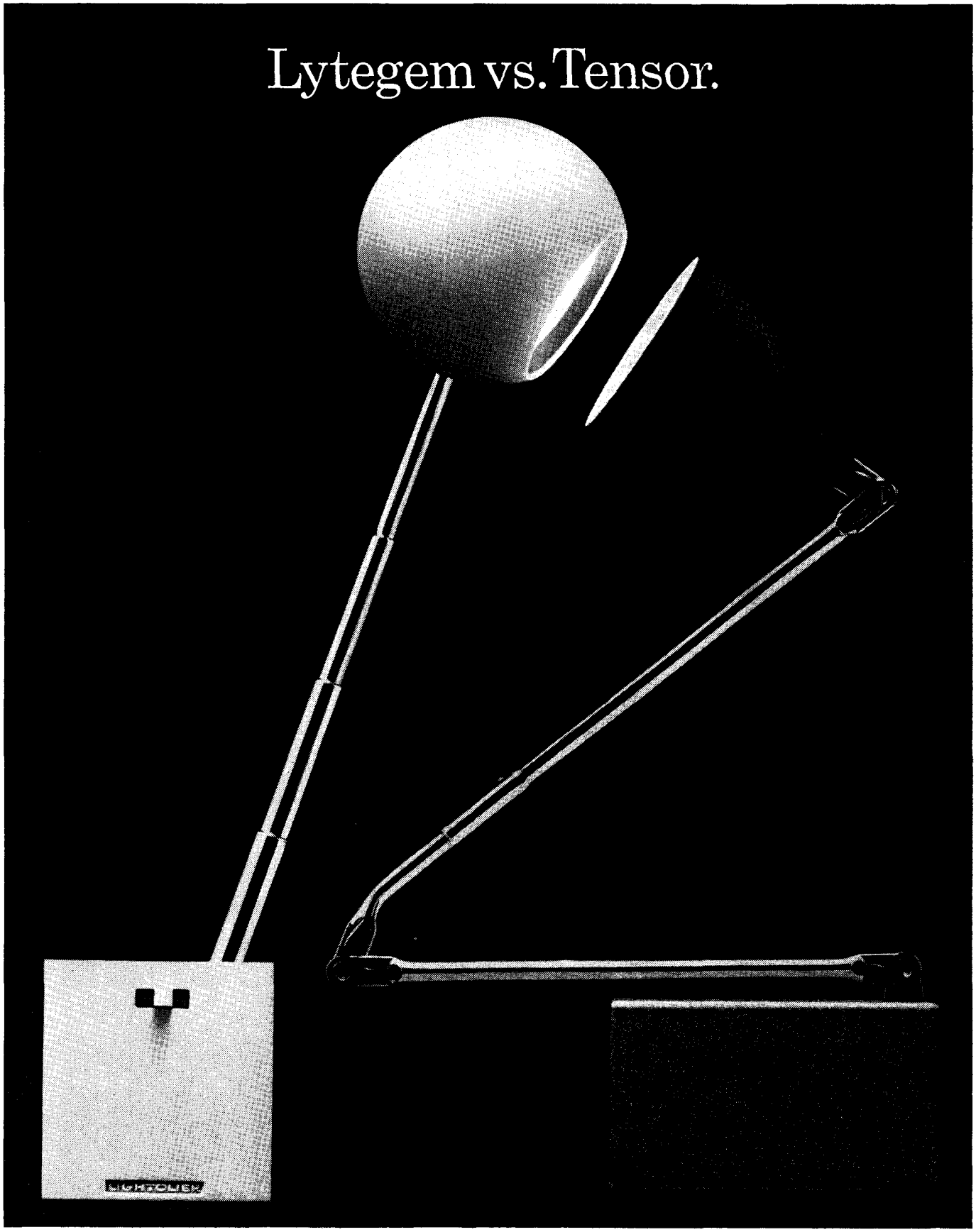
Lytegem vs. Tensor.



The challenger and the champion. Lightolier's Lytegem is the newcomer. Tensor was the first high intensity lamp.

They both give off a pure, white, concentrated light. (High intensity light is the same, no matter who makes it.) But the similarity ends there.

Lytegem has an exclusive anti-glare band and is made so that bulbs last as much as twice as long. Tensor is brighter, but harsher.

Lytegem's head swivels a full 350°. Tensor has a little more reach.

Lytegem can be used in its most compact position, but Tensor folds flatter.

The Lytegem above is $18.95. The Tensor above is $17.50.

Lytegem looks more expensive. Tensor doesn't.

Lytegem was chosen for the permanent design collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

So on looks it's no contest. On performance it's a close contest. On overall points it's Lytegem.

This decision may be biased, but you're not. Before you buy a high intensity lamp, judge for yourself. Weigh the two together.

That's all we ask.

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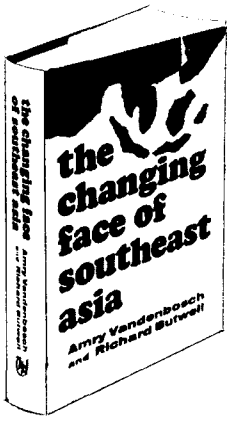

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The cliché's are no longer enough.

"Objective" and "tough-minded" says the *Washington Post Book Week* of this West German journalist's cliché-shattering view of a society in transition. "His political reporting sense is shrewd; and his appraisal of the probable dimensions of Chinese power may help to explain European distrust of American assumptions regarding China."
—N. Y. Times Book Review

CHINA

EMPIRE OF THE 700 MILLION
by Harry Hamm
$5.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

sumption, dash by dash, was a little frustrating, even with an 800-word label.

"What we're trying to do," he told us, "is to get people to realize how many uses the product has. Did you know, for instance, that it's the greatest thing in the world for over-indulgence? A tablespoon in half a glass of club soda will do the trick. Or in orange juice. I put several dashes in mine every morning. It's great. And hiccups! Next time you get them, take a slice of lemon, sprinkle it with sugar, saturate it with bitters, and chew. You can't beat it."

We checked his enthusiasm long enough to find out about a couple of fuzzy exposition seals on the label, one of them dated 1873. In our previous talk with Duncan, he had had trouble identifying a seal on the Lea & Perrins label, which turned out to be a rabbit instead of a kangaroo, as first thought. The Angostura man had his own troubles. "I'm not exactly sure what the seal represents," he said. "Maybe we were the only bitters at the exposition. Whatever it was, we're sticking to the old-fashioned label, Spanish and all, including the 'none genuine without this signature.' Makes good reading, don't you think?"

He hung up cheerily, and we went back to the pantry to stare at a jar of Dundee Orange Marmalade (By Appointment Suppliers of Marmalade to the Late King George VI, and made from sugar syrup and Seville oranges), and a box of Raisin Bran (Offering a Batman Stampet Printing Set, with the legend: "Great Stampers, kids! Make a cartoon'n stamp your letters'n books with pictures of Batman, me—Robin, the boy wonder—our Batmobile, and Batman's evil enemies!") Inside the carton, a short legend warned: "This package sold by weight, not volume. Some settling of contents may have occurred during shipment and handling."

But more than that has happened since the Paris Exposition of 1878, and any moment we expect to find a cereal box reading: By Appointment Suppliers of Cereal to Robin and Batman VI.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1691)

HANS KONINGSBERGER:
CHINA NOTES

(From *The New Yorker*, April, 1966)

The most revolutionary act of the present government perhaps has been its establishment of channels of communication between Peking and each peasant house. The industrialization of this country has reached the stage at which trains and their engines are glamorous.

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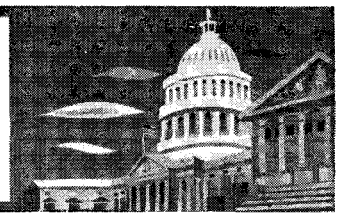


Effects of November 8

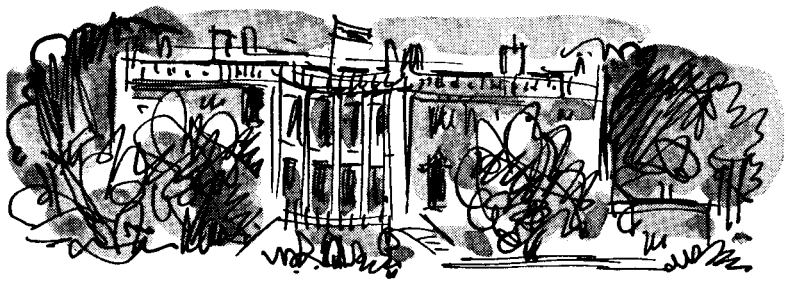
CONGRESSIONAL mid-term elections traditionally have mainly local significance. This year they will have an international character not only because there is a war on, but because a special significance is being attached to them by the rulers of North Vietnam. They seem to believe that an electoral setback for the Democratic party would force President Johnson to give up the war. The most recent confirmation of this state of mind in Hanoi came from British Prime Minister Wilson, who told Mr. Johnson that this is what his Soviet hosts told him in Moscow recently.

Therefore, when Senator Fulbright the other day took the bull by the horns and said that Hanoi and Peking are mistaken if they are refusing to negotiate an end to the war in Vietnam out of a belief that President Johnson is isolated in his policy and will have to back down sooner or later, he not only did the White House a favor, but he may also have brought home to the Communists that they are wrong in thinking that his criticism of the President's war policy represents a majority point of view.

In fact, a study of the recent primary elections shows that most of the candidates who ran on an anti-Vietnamese war platform lost. And now there are signs for instance that even as good and experienced a politician as Governor Hatfield of Oregon, who has made his opposition to the war the spearhead of his campaign, cannot turn it to his advantage. According to the polls he has lost a substantial lead over his Democratic opponent, Robert Duncan, and is now only running an even race. Whether it is patriotism, the feeling that American prestige is at stake, or the belief that in such a critical situation it is better to support the President, is not clear, but to be a "dove" does not seem to be a political advantage, even though the country undoubtedly is deeply disturbed, confused, and unhappy about this far-away war.

But there is another aspect of these elections, not an international one and therefore more difficult to grasp, that could mislead the North Vietnamese regime. A recent survey by the White House among members of Congress showed that the rise of interest rates and of the cost of living rather than the war in Vietnam has become the No. 1 political issue in this country. It could lose the Democrats more votes than the war and yet the North Vietnamese, in their frame of mind, would attribute an adverse election result as confirming their assumption about the unpopularity of the American commitment in Vietnam.

There is no doubt that the Republican party stands to gain a considerable number of seats in the House and one or two in the Senate next November, but the writings on the wall are so confusing that estimates of Democratic losses range anywhere from between 20 to 65 in the House of Representatives. Two months ago President Johnson told visitors that he expected a loss of about 25 seats. But recently he has been more pessimistic in his forecasts. He thought the losses might be closer to 40. Forty seats sounds high, but in fact the average gain for the opposition party at mid-term elections in recent years has been 41. They are normally fought on local issues, though much also depends on the local standing of the candidate and his own personality. This time, however, national issues may have an overall impact on the outcome. And this is probably the reason why President Johnson has decided to hit the campaign trail so early and with so much vigor. Senator Robert Kennedy, who is rapidly gaining the reputation of being a powerful vote-getter, will also crisscross the country in support of Democratic candidates, something that should not only help local candidates, but also his own ambi-



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1

I see that college costs are going up again.

And I was just trying to figure out how long we'll have to save to send little Nelson to college.

2

How does it look?

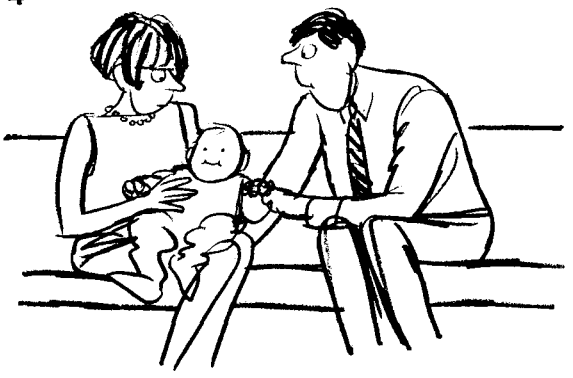
The way I figure it, we'll have enough money by the time Nels is 41.

3

That's ridiculous.

It'll make him a little older than his classmates.

4



He'll be old enough to be their father.

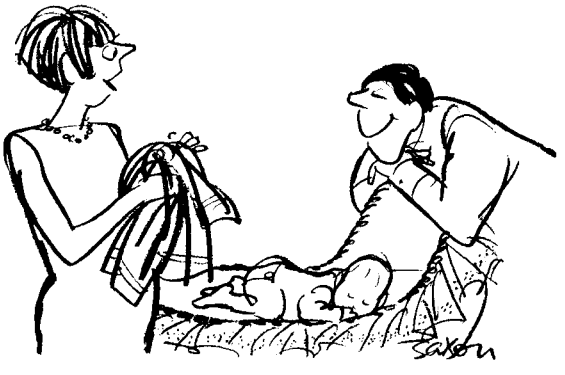
They say it's never too late to learn.

5

What if something happens to you before we've saved enough?

It would ruin our plans.

6



Not if we plan with Living Insurance from Equitable. That way, when Nels is ready for college, we'll be sure of having money to help put him through.

And I married you for your looks.

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019

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It is original.

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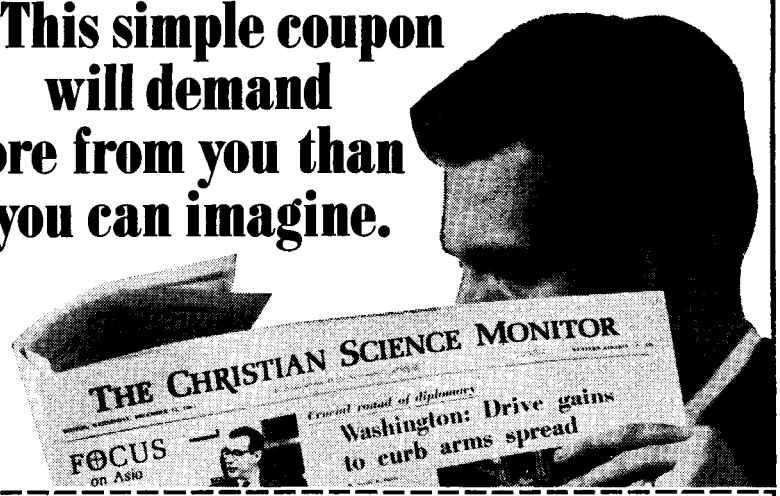

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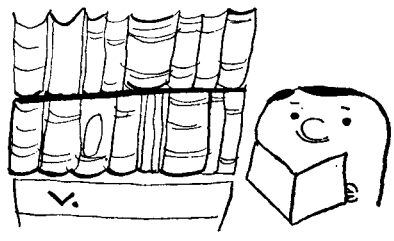
tions, for it was this kind of electoral support to local candidates that helped John F. Kennedy get the Presidential nomination.

The Republicans have no comparable gunners to send into the battle. Mr. Nixon is trying hard to endear himself to Republican candidates and voters; Mr. Romney, his likely competitor for the nomination in 1968, has not been quite so active up to now, but neither has President Johnson's and Mr. Kennedy's pulling power with the crowds. The Republicans—and this is not unusual in off-year elections—simply hope to profit from the mistakes and failures of the Johnson Administration. The high interest rates and the resulting slump in the real estate market, the high cost of living which has sent prices for the most basic staples such as bread, milk, and butter to new heights, need very little explaining, very little advertising. They are understood in every household. Moreover, the economic situation may deteriorate even further in the weeks remaining before the elections. There are more important union contracts to be renegotiated and as a consequence there will be higher wages, higher prices, and some real concern about where it all is leading.

President Johnson early this year decided against a tax increase although his entire cabinet with one exception favored one. It is true that last June when he took another poll of his cabinet, a majority was against higher taxes, and his economic experts about evenly divided. He missed the opportunity to act early this year. He believed that in an election year it was politically unwise and onerous to press Congress for a tax increase. In a limited way there is a parallel between Prime Minister Wilson's and President Johnson's economic troubles. Both, for political reasons, waited too long with deflationary measures—so long that inflation had gained too much momentum. Mr. Wilson, in a much more perilous position now, had to introduce the most draconian measures to reverse the trend. President Johnson will have to swing the rudder soon, too, for otherwise with demand growing faster than the capacity to produce and the labor market getting tighter, wage demands will get out of control and so will prices. The President has been arguing that inflation is not as rampant in the United States

(*Continued on page* 83)



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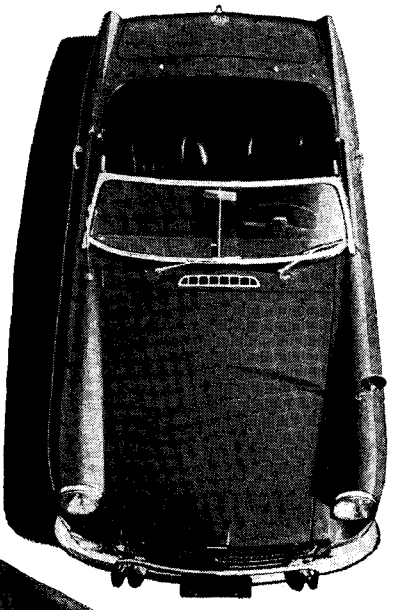

This is the MGB.

The real kick of an MGB comes not from having power to burn but from the finesse with which you discipline it. And you get so much to discipline it with.

Like rack-and-pinion steering to deliver the quick response you want. Predictable suspension to help you ease the MGB into a turn with dispatch. A 1798 cc. competition-proved engine that can cruise all day at turnpike speeds. And big, self-adjusting disc brakes that don't quit when they're needed.

So, even if the kick has gone out of your driving life, watch it come back when you drive the MGB. From Britain to you through your nearest MG/Austin Healey dealer—where one good turn deserves another.

MGB: another action car from the sign of the Octagon.

MG AUSTIN HEALEY

You turn it on.

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FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP. / HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. R-1, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, N. J.

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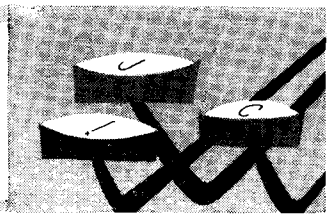
Manner of Speaking



The Maundering of Moderation: The evils of alcohol have been attested to by temperance unions, by liver specialists, and by Alcoholics Anonymous, but it remained for the calorie count to do me in. Evil or not, depending on how one chooses to receive the testimonies of virtue or medicine, there are calories in the stuff, and I had been acquiring a bulge of calories at the belt line.

My fat doctor, moreover, was impressively statistical. "An ounce of whisky," he announced primly, and without even bothering to suck in his own gut, "contains as many calories as the whisky is proof. A double shot of 80-proof whisky is 160 calories and . . ."

"I drink J. W. Dant 100-proof Kentucky sour mash," I told him.

"Is 200 calories," he went on, complacent as a computer, "and 4,000 calories is approximately one pound of body weight. There are thirty-two ounces in a quart, which is to say 3,200 calories or four-fifths of a pound." He had been scribbling figures on a prescription pad as he talked. Now, he shook his pencil at me. "I have been watching you . . ."

"I've been watching you, too," I told him. "The way you took me in that last poker game should be reported to the A. M. A. as malpractice."

"I have been watching you," he continued with a slight smirk. "You belt the stuff but you're no alcoholic."

"At what point does a social drinker become an alcoholic?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," he said. "It's at approximately the time he stops eating. Now what happens when you drink?"

"I get hungry," I said.

"And that," he let me know, "is just the point. Add the whisky and the food calories and what have you got?"

"A fatso that asks rhetorical questions?" I guessed.

"A fatso," he said. "Now do I draw you a diagram?"

"No, you just answer a question: What do *you* drink?"

He slapped his own pot and shrugged. "J. W. Dant."

"And do you get hungry after six or eight ounces?"

"I," he announced, "get paid for medical advice, not for my character."

After that last poker session I wasn't about to pay him, but having invested over two hundred high calorie dollars in this bit of Fatso-to-Fatso dialogue I was ready to accept even bad advice as some sort of return on my investment. I rationed myself to one drink a day and soon I was going for several days at a time without drinking that. And to add servility to compliance, I broke out the tarnished silver jigger that had not been used since it showed up among the wedding gifts.

I think it was the jigger that turned me from drink. Drink is for gusto, not for metering. Only a parsimonious or a fearful man will subject spirit to jiggeration. Better go dry than be jiggered. I bought cases of Tab (one calorie to six ounces) and learned to avoid civil encounters, or to weasel through holding a glass of what looked like a Bloody Mary—a loathsome drink made yet more loathsome by the absence of vodka, itself an inferior spirit.

I even felt a bit treasonous in abandoning sour mash bourbon. What hope can there be for the future of an America in which corn no longer undergoes its native transfiguration into essence? My text is from the heart but also from the scripture of my late good friend Bernard DeVoto. This nation, as Bennie wrote (or as he approximately wrote, for I am reporting from memory), grew great on two glorious and equal manifestations. One was the Declaration of Independence and the other was Old Monongahela. Does anyone suppose that a continent could be conquered on Tab?

For it was the continent itself that was at stake and Bennie defended our rape of the continent from the Indian. The Indian raised corn. Having raised it, he stored it. Having stored it, he had to come to the time when a rain or a flood soaked his primitive granaries. At that point the Indian had the makings of a proper sour mash. And did he then go on to make bourbon? He did not. He complained that the stuff was spoiled and he threw it away. But history is inexorable at its moments of decision: A race that throws away the makings of a good sour mash is a race without hopeful destiny. The Indian lost his continent because he did not deserve it.

These were the thoughts that shadowed my mind as I sat swilling Tab. I found I was beginning to like the stuff, and I felt my liking to be vaguely treasonous. Would Paul Bunyan have tainted his lips with Tab? Or Dan'l Boone? I didn't really miss the hooch; it was my mythology that was left spiritless.

Nor do I take my mythologies lightly. When a man hits a suburban fifty he needs every heroic illusion he can muster to his sagging psyche. Oh, I did take a drink now and then, just to prove I wasn't being a whole hog prude about it. I even grew back a slightly grayer model of the devil-may-care moustache I had once sprouted as a wilfully dashing young gunner back in World War II, or the Spanish-American War, or whatever ancient engagement that had been. But there simply are no heroic illusions that can be fed out of a bottle of Tab. I grew tanned walking around the golf course. I hail-fellowed in the locker room. I even thought of twirling my moustache except that the thing won't grow long enough for twirling. And, yes, I smirked when I stood on the scales. But it was paltry. Tanned, moustached, hail-fellowed, fifteen pounds lighter and still shedding, I was yet a case of fifty-year-old suburban moderation subsiding to the penuries of a mortal budget when all I had ever wanted was to live a simple, single binge. "Damn the torpedoes," my idiot ego shouted, "Full speed ahead!" And heard a revolting voice of reason answer, "Where?"

SO, I suppose, I have made my peace with moderation. But let me confess I have not abandoned all hope of drama: I still have one psychic stick in the bag, one last piece of my dream life. That fat doctor of mine hasn't shed any of his bulge. And he still plays poker.

Soon now the Central New Jersey Bagel and Loan Association is due for another session, and the cards, I insist, owe me one good one. He is going to raise me just once when I am primed and loaded to re-raise. He will have drawn one card and his left eyebrow will have twitched as he looked at it. I will have drawn three cards to a pair of aces and I will not have betrayed by the least muscle that my three cards delivered two more aces. I will make a weak bet and he will fumble about raising me five blues. "Can't insult the cards," he will say, "two pair is two pair." But I will have at him. "Doc," I will say, "I owe you a drubbing from the last meeting of the association, and I think my two pair run at least ten blues better than your two pair." In my dream life then he will see my ten blues and go me twenty-five more, and that is when I will slug him for the pot, announcing when at last he calls me—"Two pair—both of them bullets." I will say it tight-lipped as the tightest-lipped hero of all the Western novels. And then I will rub it in. "Four bullets—Fatso. And a refund on your lousy advice."

And then—if only the world will answer to one last idiot wilful dream of mock-heroism—then it will have been worth it, worth every loathsome, non-alcoholic, low-calorie, destiny-defeating bottle and case of Tab. It will have been worth it all! —JOHN CIARDI.

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SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?

EARTH began four billion years ago and Man two million. The Age of Technology, on the other hand, is hardly a hundred years old, and on our time chart e have been generous to give it even the little line we have.

It seems to us hasty, therefore, during this blip of time, for lan to think of directing his fascinating new tools toward tering irrevocably the forces which made him. Nonetheless, ı these few brief years among four billion, wilderness has l but disappeared. And now these:

) There is a bill in Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon. Two dams will back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of canyon gorge. This will benefit tourists in power boats, it is argued, who will enjoy viewing the canyon wall more closely. (See headline). Submerged underneath the tourists will be part of the most revealing single page of earth's history. The lakes will be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for example, than all but a handful of New York buildings are high) but in a century, silting will have replaced the water with that much mud, wall to wall.

There is no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand Canyon's sculptor, that will not be maimed.

Tourist recreation, as a reason for the dams, is in fact an afterthought. The Bureau of Reclamation, which backs them, prefers to call the dams "cash registers." They are expected to make money by sale of commercial power.

They will not provide anyone with water.

) In Northern California, four lumber companies are about to complete logging the private virgin redwood forests, an operation which to give you an idea of its size, has taken fifty years.

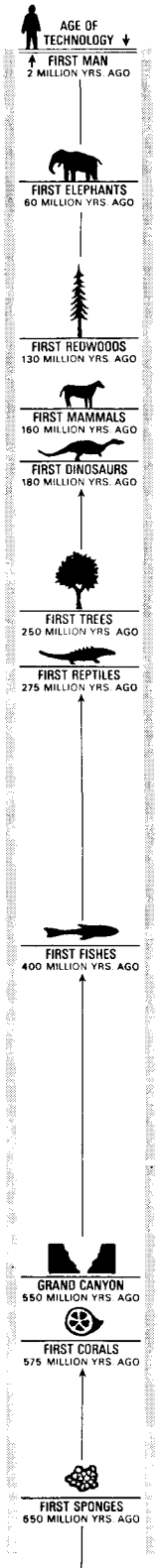
Soon, where nature's tallest living things have stood silently since the age of the dinosaurs, the extent of the cutting will make creation of a redwood national park absurd.

The companies have said tourists want only enough roadside trees for the snapping of photos. They offer to spare trees for this purpose, and not much more. The result will remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.

) And up the Hudson, there are plans for a power complex —a plant, transmission lines, and a reservoir on top of Storm King Mountain—destroying one of the last wild and high and beautiful spots near New York City.

) A proposal to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie would eliminate at once the breeding grounds of more wildlife than conservationists have preserved in history.

) In San Francisco, real estate developers are day by day filling a bay that made the city famous, putting tract houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as Manhattan.



There exists today a mentality which can conceive such destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years, the 40,000 member Sierra Club has opposed that mentality. But now, when even Grand Canyon can be threatened, we are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to continue the battle. Thousands *have* written, but meanwhile, the Grand Canyon legislation has advanced out of committee and is at a crucial stage in Congress. More letters are needed and more money, to help fight a mentality that may decide Man no longer needs nature.*

David Brower, Executive Director
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco

- ☐ Please send me more details on how I may help.
- ☐ Here is a donation of $_____ to continue your effort to keep the public informed.
- ☐ Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." ($25.00)
- ☐ Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. ($17.50)
- ☐ I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is $14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams. So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.

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Get aboard the world's best seller* this September

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This one magazine keeps you informed, inspired, entertained. Discover how it keeps you abreast of the fast pace of modern life—from medicine to man in space—from South America to South Vietnam. An article a day of lasting interest. In the September issue, for example:

Dwight D. Eisenhower says: This Country Needs Universal Military Training. "I have watched with dismay the rising tide of rancor engendered by our draft system. It is my hope that out of this frustrating and humiliating experience will come a better way of providing the military manpower that we must have—a system which will help revive among *all* our young people a deep sense of 'duty, honor, country'." The former President offers the fairest solutions to a national problem.

The Truth About LSD. Thousands of people have been tempted to use this drug to "turn themselves on" or "to take a trip." The author's conclusion is "that *no one except qualified researchers should touch the stuff*. LSD is about as safe and useful as a do-it-yourself brain-surgery kit for amateurs." A definitive report from the frontier of medical science.

James Reston: Press vs. Presidency. "The power of the Presidency has been increasing steadily since the Second World War. And the power of the press and even of the Congress to restrain the man holding the office has declined proportionately." Perceptive, analytical reporting by the famous *New York Times* editor, condensed from *Foreign Affairs*.

John Steinbeck writes an open letter about Vietnam to Soviet poet Yevtushenko. Impassioned words by a Nobel Prize-winner, condensed from *Newsday*.

John Gunther: The Trouble in Argentina. "It is one of the world's most important trading nations; its army and navy are forces of real size and significance; its capital is a city of culture, wealth and sophistication. Yet it is a country split like a butchered steer, a country haunted by a ghost (Peron)." A penetrating report by a distinguished author.

Unmasking China's Nuclear Secrets. "Red China's nuclear-bomb test last May took no one by surprise. It was 'seen' and 'heard' by U.S. scientists, although they were not at the scene. Uncanny scientific devices tell us almost everything there is to know about Red China's atomic progress." Condensed from *U.S. News and World Report*.

The dramatic story of Saint Paul. "Outgoing, witty and gregarious, he was above all an intensely human person who dared believe, in a caste-ridden age, that all men are created equal. The many crises, narrow escapes and sporadic bursts of violence make his life one of the great adventure stories of all time." An inspired look at an inspiring man.

Carl T. Rowan reports on Thailand. "Bangkok itself is golden-spired temples, modern hotels and sparkling shops, pretty girls in long, clinging skirts . . . behind the dazzling façade is a country fighting for its life." An exclusive Digest report by the man who has been both Ambassador to Finland and the Director of the U.S. Information Agency.

The Case of the Missing H-Bomb. "It was at once a great tragedy and a great mystery, and perhaps it was a miracle of sorts." For nine months, the details of the near-catastrophe in southern Spain eluded the sharpest correspondents. Now, in a special feature, The Digest unravels one of the most fascinating true-life detective stories of the nuclear age.

And that's only a sample. This September, you'll also enjoy:

How to Beat the High Cost of College
Foreign Aid That Works
Common Sense and the "Femininity Pill"
Lose Weight and Stay Thin
New York's Brand-New Opera House
Is There a Snorer in the House?

All told, 34 major articles, plus a variety of departments, excerpts, anecdotes and humor. Small wonder that The Digest is the world's best seller—when it comes to selling itself, when it comes to selling a product.

This month. Any month.

Reader's Digest

**Throughout the free world, more than 27 million copies of The Digest are bought each month, in 14 languages. In the U.S. alone over 16.5 million copies—more than double the circulation of any other general magazine. In the U.S. The Digest is read by 50,000,000 people (49,973,000 to be exact).*

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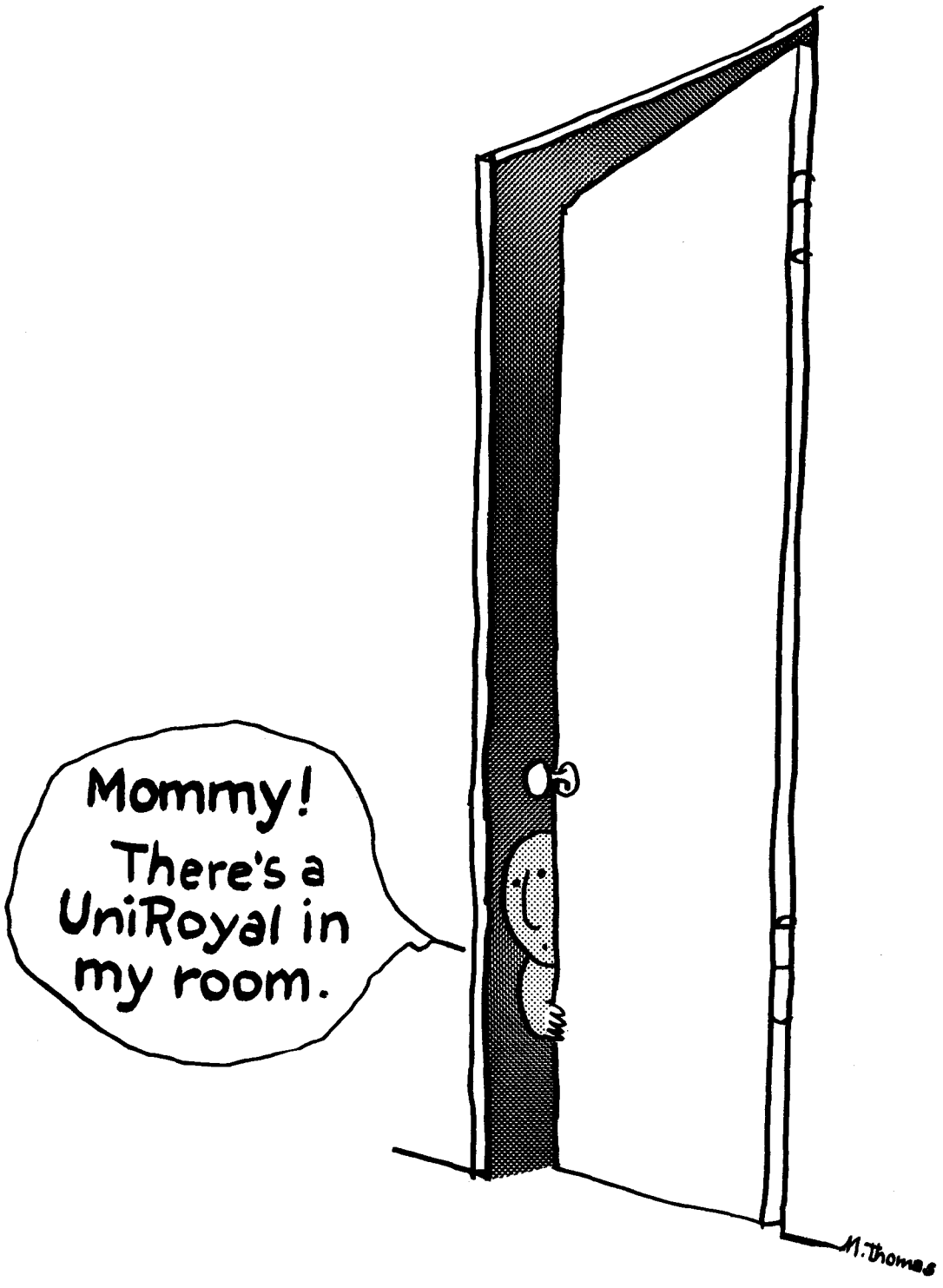

No, there isn't, go to sleep.

There is, there is . . .

If you don't go back to bed this minute . . .

Uh . . . excuse us for butting in but there really is a Uniroyal in his room. A whole herd of Uniroyals.

Turn on the light.

See that chair that's covered with Naugahyde® vinyl fabric? Naugahyde is a Uniroyal. So is the Koylon® foam mattress on his bed. And the carpet on the floor of Polycrest® olefin fiber. And those Keds® in the corner. All Uniroyals.

Uniroyal is the new international trademark of the U.S. Rubber Company. Which we've needed for two very obvious reasons:

1. We are not—and haven't been for a long time—exclusively U.S. We have manufacturing plants and research centers in 23 different countries and do business in 150.

2. Half of our hundreds of finished products—from Royalex® tougher-than-steel plastic to farm chemicals—are made without any rubber whatsoever.

Now you know there really is a Uniroyal. What's more, there may be one in *your* room . . .

R-R-R-R-R-R-RIGHT N-N-N-NOW-W-W!

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

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Saturday Review
September 10, 1966

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER:

"What I Have Learned"

—*L. Schiller (Pix).*

He has never gone into any fight to lose it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors of* Saturday Review *recently invited Dwight D. Eisenhower to contribute to its series "What I Have Learned." General Eisenhower replied that he would be willing to submit to a paraphrased interview at Gettysburg.* SR*'s managing editor, Richard L. Tobin, was assigned to the interview because he had covered General Eisenhower at Supreme Headquarters in London for the New York* Herald Tribune *before, during, and after D-Day in 1944, and had been in and out of the White House several times a week as a newspaperman in 1955 and 1956. The interview took place in General Eisenhower's town office at Gettysburg, Pa., on the campus of Gettysburg College.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER, thirty-fourth President of the United States and General of the Army, lives most of each year in a sleepy little town in southern Pennsylvania made famous long before his birth by the most ferocious and bloodiest battle ever fought on American soil. The Eisenhower farm at the edge of Gettysburg lies near waving fields and gentle slopes where Pickett led the disastrous "charge," which wasn't a charge at all, his 12,000 men all but slaughtered in Union crossfire before they turned and fled at the highwater mark of Confederate arms. General Eisenhower's office is not, however, near the hallowed ground, where he and Mamie live contentedly in their comfortable rambling farmhouse home, but in a red brick building at the north end of Carlisle Street, on the corner of the Gettysburg College campus. General Eisenhower goes to this office each weekday morning and his schedule is still unbelievably full. It was in this office that the interview took place. After an exchange of letters outlining the ground rules, the General fixed the interview date (the hottest day of a hot summer), and he was sitting erect behind a leather-upholstered desk in front of his five-star flag in an air-conditioned office when I was admitted at precisely 9:30 a.m.

Dwight Eisenhower is now nearly seventy-six years old, a survivor of substantial pressures: Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces, D-Day, Columbia University, NATO, and eight years in the White House, not to mention a serious heart attack, an ileitis operation, a stroke, and, in recent months, nagging arthritis. But he seems much his old blue-eyed, optimistic, confident self, if a bit on the thin side. He weighs 161 pounds, thirteen pounds less than when he played halfback at West Point fifty-four years ago. The doctors keep him on an anti-cholesterol regime. He feels well, despite the arthritis in his hands that prevents him from playing golf. When he was President there were gibes about his golf-playing, but of one thing he's sure: His rounds of golf made the demanding life of the Presidency and its problems easier to sustain. Did he still paint? Not much any more. There didn't seem to be enough daylight time to do all the things one wants to do and he's trying to put down in articles and other writings some of the lessons he thinks he's learned, and that takes a lot of time.

I asked what he considered his greatest achievement. He thought the greatest accomplishment in which he had had a significant influence was probably the defeat of Nazi Germany within eleven months of the invasion at Normandy. When one considered the forecasts that victory in such an invasion of Hitler-held Europe would not come for several years at the least, he believed the eleven-month conquest by the Free World an undertaking that justified a measure of pride. He also believed that the greatest peacetime achievement in which he participated was eight peaceful and secure years as President of the United States.

What was his greatest failure? He was sure that it was our inability to bring about a trustworthy accord with the Soviet Union. He tried everything he could think of, he said, including bringing Khrushchev to this country for private talks. But for reasons of their own they didn't want to open their doors to real peace and cooperation. His disappointment was not one of mere incident. He had hoped the eight years of his Presidency would bring us to a place where we could say definitely that a just and permanent peace was really in sight.

Didn't the President think he was being too negative about his accomplishments vis-à-vis the Soviets, since many people feel that his peace efforts with Khrushchev opened up an American-Soviet dialogue out of which substantial benefits have already come? There had been some progress, he felt. Though the immediate response from the Kremlin

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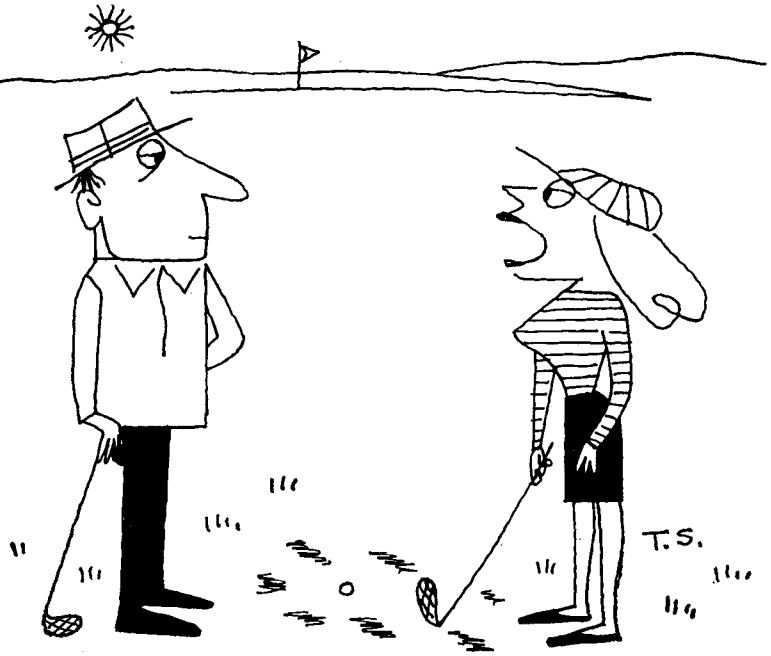
to the Atoms for Peace speech was hardly encouraging, out of it eventually came the International Atomic Energy Commission. That was one break in the Iron Curtain that would have been very likely impossible a few years earlier. Another was Soviet-American cooperation in the International Geophysical Year projects. Later, the Antarctic Treaty, guaranteeing that the southern Polar regions would be used only for peaceful purposes, assured by a system of inspection, was an international milestone. Never before had nations of conflicting interests and ideologies voluntarily committed themselves to partnership use of an immense and unoccupied area. The proposal for such partnership was made by General Eisenhower in May of 1958. Eighteen months later the treaty was signed by twelve governments. By the end of 1960, at least within the scientific communities of the two nations, we had achieved a reasonable measure of communication and cooperation. Moreover, beneficial by-products of the Khrushchev visit to the United States were numerous. At the very least, Khrushchev and his entourage saw at first hand both the strength of the American nation and the natural friendliness of its people; their estimates of us underwent a lot of revision. At second hand, because the visit was publicized throughout Russia, every newspaper reader and radio listener there got some proof that we were not a nation of warmongers bending all our energies toward their destruction and they learned a lot about us that they could not have learned had the invitation never been extended and accepted. Any lessening of Soviet ignorance about us was a strong plus because it lessened irrational hatred and fear of us. In that light, failure has to be measured in perspective. But we did not reach anything like the fullness of American purposes he had hoped for.

Because my earlier experience with General Eisenhower revealed he had plenty of iron in his soul, I asked him whether he had found it difficult to make decisions in such actions as Little Rock on the domestic scene; Lebanon, Iran, Suez, Guatemala, and Formosa on the foreign. In such incidents, the Constitution that he had sworn to uphold, he replied, was the standard which had to rule his conduct, regardless of personal feeling or public pressures. To be sure, the eighteenth-century writers of the basic document could not have foreseen the mid-twentieth century role of the United States or the domestic and foreign problems then confronting its President. Of him, consequently, in such instances, were required earnest study and a search in conscience so that both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution be observed with the sole purpose of advancing the welfare and the security of the Republic. Once the action most effectively contributing to that purpose became apparent, he promptly made his decision to put it into effect.

WHAT, in General Eisenhower's opinion, was the future of the United Nations? It is the only thing we have, he replied, and he believes we must make it work. We cannot rush ahead, each nation for itself, and expect peace to last very long. He does not believe, however, that the U.N. is as effective as it should be. He would like to see a real effort to revise the charter. How did he think the United Nations could do a better job and in what way can the world become more peaceful? If the people of Russia and China could only talk with the people of Western Europe, Japan, and the United States, talk with them face to face and without interference from political bosses and their propaganda, he believes, he *knows* that the United Nations could do a better job and we'd have no fear of a war among the great nations. That's the thing he believes most. It's a simple matter of communication. If we could talk directly with them and if they could talk with us, he knows we'd find answers to our major problems. He hates war—its stupidity, its brutality, its futility—as only a soldier who has lived it can. Yet there's one thing to say on the credit side—victory over Hitler required of the Allies a manifestation of the most ennobling virtues of man—sacrifice, faith, courage, fortitude. If we can put these virtues together in peacetime and remember that the international cooperation so generously displayed during war points a sure way to the success of the United Nations, then that war simply cannot be regarded as totally futile. He once said in Moscow that he would die for the freedom of the press, even for the freedom of newspapers that were calling him everything that was a good deal less than being a gentleman. He was afraid the Soviets didn't understand this; and he was sad that they didn't. He thought if they had we might have achieved that people-to-people understanding he had been talking about.

Did he have any personal philosophy or principle that he had followed throughout his life? He replied that he was born optimistic. He believes in enthusiasm and the confidence that one can do a job. He has never in his life gone into any fight to lose it. This includes the fight for peace. It isn't enough that we provide international machinery through the U.N. to keep the peace, but we must also be strong and optimistic and wise ourselves. Weakness never cooperates with anything, only strength can cooperate. In any case, he was not pessimistic about the future for he is sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that in the end right must triumph, though he knows it is also true that no worthwhile goal is ever reached without hard work. He never criticizes others. He just tries to tell the story. And speaking of trying to tell the story, he said that when he had been criticized for his bad grammar and syntax in Presidential press conferences, he paid little attention. The way ideas are presented is not nearly as important as the ideas themselves, even though he admired the abilities of those who had both accuracy in speech and worth in ideas.

If he had his life to live over, would he live it differently? To answer such a



"What's the penalty for giving up?"

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question, said the General, was an adventure into the impossible. It is difficult for one to reconstruct, even in imagination, a lifetime already lived. He didn't think he would depart very far from the basic principles he grew up with but he'd try harder to keep them always in the front of his mind. The older he got, the wiser he found the ancient rule of taking first things first, which is a process that often reduces the most complex human problems to manageable proportions. That's the way he tried to live his life and if he had to do it over that's one rule he'd never abandon. But of course everyone would want to avoid past blunders, and do better in every task he ever undertook.

I then asked General Eisenhower who were his heroes in American history. He said he kept on the wall of every office he had ever had pictures of four men, and he told why he thought they were the greatest men in American history. For him, George Washington was the greatest, the classic American example of fortitude. His devotion and his conviction were so great that he pledged his entire fortune, which was not inconsiderable, to the cost of freedom and independence. He never even considered final defeat. He turned his back on any suggestion that he become a king and insisted instead that this be a democratic nation. He had thought over many times who may have been the man of greatest stature in this country's history and he always came back to Washington, without whom there would have been no country at all. Then there was Lincoln. What could anyone say about Abraham Lincoln that has not already been said? He preserved the Union of the States and sometimes when you look at his face in a few of the saddest of the photographs you see a man bearing almost intolerable burdens and sorrows. Yet, like Washington, he persevered, and he never thought of quitting or giving up. He sometimes wished the meaning and eloquence of the Gettysburg Address could be taught with the glowing patriotism that it was when he was in school. General Lee was one of the truly outstanding military leaders, a man of enormous intuition and professional talent, as well as character. Robert E. Lee was to him practically a perfect character, a person of sensitivity and kindness, a gentleman through and through. If Lee had any of the human flaws he had never heard of them. And as for Benjamin Franklin, he didn't know exactly why he took to him as he did, but the fact is that in his wisdom, his homey eloquence, and his ability to bring two sides together in the early conventions that formed the Constitution and the guiding principles of our nation, he was without peer, in his opinion. It seems that he had his personal weaknesses, but he still classed him as a truly great man.

"A poet? But, Marjorie, poetry doesn't sell. Why don't you marry a nice novelist?"

Who, in his opinion, were the best field officers in his Overlord command in World War II? General Eisenhower placed General Bradley first among ground commanders. Generals William Simpson of the 9th Army and Courtney Hodges of the 1st Army were two men who knew precisely what they were trying to do and how to get it done. They did it with that selflessness he talked to General Marshall about one day. Patton excelled in pursuit and wide-open situations. Incidentally, he thinks an atmosphere of serenity and confidence touched with a bit of humor is absolutely essential in commanding officers. If the men under you see that you are worried and tense, nervous and fearful, this will be contagious all down through the ranks. But when you create an atmosphere of confidence and good-humored serenity, even during the worst crises, this also seems to be contagious and more conducive to victory.

WHAT did he think of Franklin D. Roosevelt and General Marshall? He replied that Franklin Roosevelt was an inspiring war leader, a man of high humor and sometimes frightening casualness. He'd tell General Eisenhower to do things with a wave of his hand, a sort of general sweep, without much, if any, regard for the logistics of the case, but he was an inspiring man who seemed absolutely certain of victory.

General Marshall and Winston Churchill were for him the greatest figures in World War II. In many ways General Marshall was the finest man he ever knew. Marshall asked him casually one day in 1944—he believed it was D-Day plus 6—when they were sitting in a jeep together on the Normandy beachhead: "What qualification do you place above all others in selecting and recommending men for the combat commanders of your division, corps, and other principal units?" Without taking even a moment for reflection he popped out with "selflessness," which he thought of at that moment because he was thinking of Marshall himself. He could never claim a close or intimate personal friendship with General Marshall but he knew him well and saw him often from the week after Pearl Harbor. Yet Marshall never hinted, then or later, whether or not he actually wanted the Overlord command. He didn't know of any man in our time who embodied this quality of selflessness to a greater degree than George C. Marshall. Any leader worth his salt must, naturally, possess a certain amount of justifiable pride and ego. But if he is a truly great leader, the cause must predominate over self. A commander of his used to say to him, "Always take your job seriously, never yourself," and that, he believed, defined General Marshall. All competent men should have some ambition, said the President, for ambition is like the temper in steel. If there's too much the product is brittle, if there's too little the steel is soft, and without a certain amount of hardness a man cannot achieve what he sets out to do.

I then asked the General about his religious beliefs. He said he didn't think anyone could look up into the heavens and contemplate the vast areas of space and the myriad stars and not believe in a universal plan. Every man has some evidence of human frailty in him and knows he is not omnipotent. So we pray to God for guidance, though it is on our shoulders that the responsibility rests to reach mundane objectives. His mother, who was highly religious and a student of the Bible, taught him his belief

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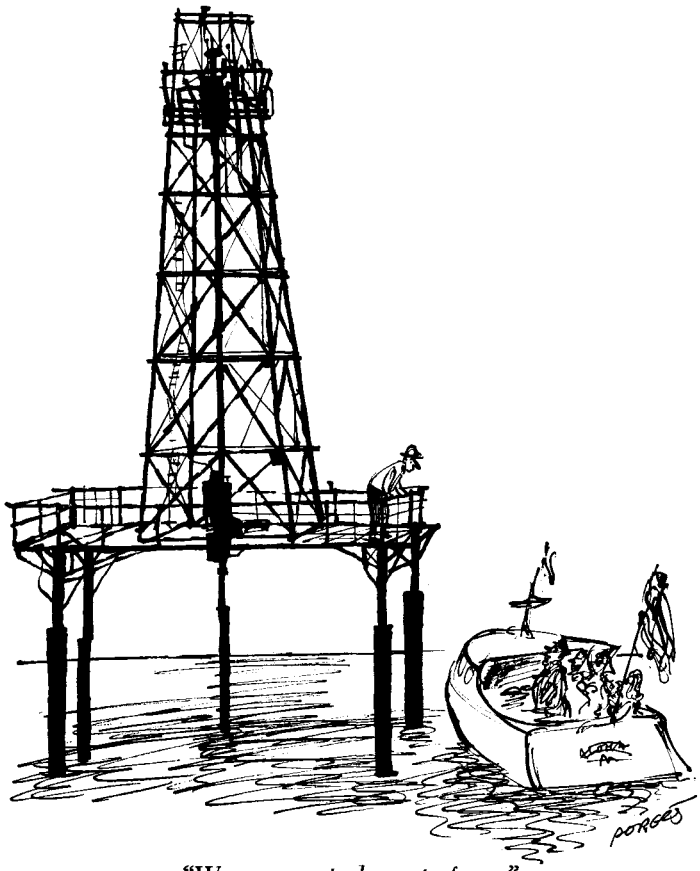

"We appear to be out of gas."

in a higher being. She also loved the game of solitaire—he thought it was her favorite recreation—and out of it and her religion grew a phrase she often repeated to him with a twinkle in her eye, "The Lord deals the cards; you play them." He thought it was her way of saying that human beings are given tolerance and ability in greatly varying degrees with full freedom of decision, and it's up to each one to make the best of what he has been given. He often thought that his mother's homely little epigram also applied to nations. In any case, there was imbedded in him from his boyhood a deep faith in the beneficence of The Almighty. When it came to his first inaugural address he didn't want it to be a sermon, not by any means, for he was not a man of the cloth. But he wanted to make this faith clear and at the same time not create the impression that as the political leader of the United States he was going to avoid his own responsibilities and pass them on to the deity.

WHAT advice would President Eisenhower give young people today? He thought he expressed it best at the Exeter commencement in June. He told the boys up there that the career of an individual was like a house—a lifetime home, built for one's own deeds, words, mistakes, and accomplishments, growing continuously through the years until the day comes when the final piece is fixed firmly in place and the occupant lies down at last to rest. He told them that if the house was to be strong rather than to be weak, beautiful instead of mean, useful instead of worthless, its foundation must be sturdy and solid, and he recalled the biblical parable of the two houses, one built upon the sand and the other upon durable rock. When the winds and floods struck them both, the one was demolished and swept away—the other, built on rock, withstood every shock of wind and wave. He told them that the core of the rock foundation they were building was "character," a word that defies exact definition.

Then he tried to explain some of the elements of character. First, there was integrity and your own inner concern for it to ensure its permanence and bright visibility. Then he said ambition was another necessary stone, and he likened ambition to salt in the food—too little and the food lacks appeal and savor, too much and the whole dish becomes inedible. Then he thought there is the capacity for hard work, and it is no exaggeration to say that whoever loves his work and tries to do his duty is a happy and constructive man. And another stone in the foundation is loyalty. Without it one can have no deep friendships, and if the house of life is to be devoid of friends it will be a sorry structure indeed. Loyalty to the nation is patriotism, a proud word to any true American. Further, he thought, there is common sense—the ability to place facts in perspective and even in crisis to make a calm appraisal of the overall meaning of these facts. And then there are several closely related stones in the foundation of character—conscience, decency, self-respect. And finally, moral courage has to be there—the readiness to stand up for what you believe to be right, after determining what is right through study, reflection, and common sense. This includes self-reliance and self-confidence but never arrogance, egotism, or self-righteousness. That's the advice he would give to young people now.

How did the President feel about giving the vote to eighteen-year olds? He had several times suggested that states lower the voting age because he believes that anyone old enough to fight is old enough to vote. He would like to see the minimum age fixed at nineteen.

WHAT were some of the books General Eisenhower had liked in his lifetime of reading and which had influenced him most? He had always loved ancient history and historical novels, including the splendid books of the other Winston Churchill—*The Crisis* and others. He read and liked Conan Doyle's stories of the Middle Ages and he read a great many Civil War novels. His mother made him read the Bible and memorize large passages of it. When it came to the "begats" she told him he didn't have to study them because, she said, it was too difficult to memorize them and he wouldn't get much out of it anyway. He was not sure that many young people today even read the Bible, and he thought it was a shame. One book he knew backwards and forwards was *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he read from cover to cover in his youth several times. He had, of course, read a great deal in the field of the military history written by both American and foreign authors. The most profound of these was Clausewitz on war. He said that he would have to say that he had read those three volumes more than once because he didn't understand much the first time. He read often in Tacitus, Plato, Cicero. He started seriously to read Nietzsche but he did not like it—and quit. He read the *Federalist Papers* twice. As to his reading of Westerns, this has been greatly exaggerated; when he did read them it was normally at night to help him go to sleep.

Did the President have any afterthoughts about the 1960 Presidential campaign, the one in which Richard M. Nixon ran on the Republican ticket against John F. Kennedy? He answered that throughout the campaign he conformed to the plans made by the Vice President and his political advisers, doing everything proper he was asked to do. Understandably, they were reluc-

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tant to impose on him. Once, in fact, discussing an appearance and speech in Illinois the week before election—urged on General Eisenhower by the White House staff—the Vice President argued against it. Consequently, the President decided to go no farther west than Cleveland. Years later he learned the reason for Mr. Nixon's position. What happened was that before the President's luncheon with the Vice President on Monday, October 31, Major General Howard McC. Snyder, the President's physician, talked to Vice President Richard Nixon and Secretary of the Interior Fred Seaton in the Cabinet Room. He told them that the President had just had a restless night; that he (General Snyder) and Mrs. Eisenhower were worried that General Eisenhower might now take on too heavy a load in the campaign windup. General Snyder ended with a strong expression of hope that the Vice President would be a restraining influence and would do his best to hold down on the schedule. As the Vice President and Secretary walked to the White House, the former said, in substance (this, of course, is not an exact quote): "Fred, if anything should happen to President Eisenhower while he is out campaigning, a wave of sympathy for my candidacy might easily sweep the country. I could even be President before election day with all the advantage of already possessing the office. I don't want to become President of the United States in that way or in any way that endangers Dwight Eisenhower. When we discuss the schedule after lunch, I'm going to insist that it be restricted to the engagements already decided on—Cleveland and Pittsburgh and the election eve broadcast." He held to that position. To every argument in favor of President Eisenhower's trip to Illinois, he had a counter-argument. And the matter was settled when the President, not knowing the real reason for the Vice President's attitude, finally agreed with him that Illinois was out.

COULD General Eisenhower think of especially amusing or important incidents during his presidency of Columbia University? He replied that predictably there were plenty of humorous incidents, if only such *faux pas* as lighting a cigarette in the Board of Trustees room where never in the long history of Columbia had smoking been permitted, with an instant rush by deans and trustees to find an ashtray. (It turned out to be a metal wastebasket discovered by Dean Leopold Arnaud of the School of Architecture.) He found the post intensely interesting; practically every day, at least in the first year and a half or so, had its important decision.

But, to him, the job was much larger than the sum of all its incidents. An early priority had to be given to ending the annual deficit—something in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 and $1,500,000 a year. This gap between income and expenditures made difficult any physical expansion, program development, increases in faculty salaries—all the things that mark a dynamic institution. But in two years or so this problem was pretty well solved.

IT was more important from the very beginning, however, to arouse within the entire Columbia family—students, faculty, staff, trustees, friends—a spirit of teamwork, a realization that the increasing greatness of Columbia was dependent on their enthusiastic support of it in talent, in time, in money. For too many years, too many there had left the raising of money, the development of projects to President Nicholas Murray Butler. Consequently, through the whole time at Columbia, General Eisenhower was forever making speeches in New York and around the country, writing letters, holding conferences that were aimed at building, particularly among the alumni, a sense of the role a great number of people should play in Columbia's progress.

For him, the best part of Columbia life was the number and the variety of challenges that he encountered there. For some of them he had absolutely no preparation. He never dreamed they existed. But the longer he was at it, the more he loved the job; and the more outright fun he had in discharging it.

If President Eisenhower could have any one wish, if he could wave a magic wand and make one thing come true, what would it be? He would, he said, wish for full and free communication between the two sides of the Iron Curtain. He was as sure as he was sitting there that if the people of Russia could talk face to face with the people of the United States there would soon be no more cold war or world tension and the United States would come into its rightful inheritance as a keeper of the peace. He believes it is wholly a matter of communicating people to people and avoiding the prejudices and propaganda angles of the leaders. He thinks that the prosperous nations have to be ready to operate their own economies so that less fortunate nations can also live in something other than privation. No principal section of the earth should become so continually impoverished that the people who live there reach the conclusion that any catastrophe, even war, would be better than what they now have.

"Your remarks, Lazeppi, will appear in the Grove Press edition of my memoirs."

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The President and the Arms Race

FOR ALMOST nine months, delegates from eighteen nations met in Geneva under the auspices of the United Nations to try to find a way of giving reality to a proposition that all believed to be essential. The proposition was that the spread of nuclear weapons must be stopped. Yet the common purpose that brought these delegates together was not accomplished. They adjourned last week without the agreement that all had declared to be in their own stark self-interest.

One of the difficulties was that the nations with a potential nuclear capacity did not think it fair to be asked to forego making nuclear weapons unless the nations already making them would agree to stop doing so and would start to cut back.

This particular problem, however, was not the major sticking point at Geneva. The major sticking point was that the United States and the Soviet Union were deadlocked on the question of West Germany. The United States insisted that any treaty limiting the spread of nuclear weapons had to take into account existing U.S. commitments to its military alliances. The USSR interpreted this position to mean that the U.S. wanted a non-proliferation treaty that would make an exception for Germany.

As the Geneva deadlock continued month after month, the terrifying possibility of a world nuclear arms race became increasingly close. Finally, a possible compromise was advanced—not in the Palais des Nations at Geneva but in the United States. Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara acknowledged, tacitly at least, that the concern over West Germany's access to nuclear force had to be met. He proposed a consultation procedure inside NATO which would give West Germany a voice in nuclear decisions but which would keep nuclear weapons out of German hands.

Many of the delegates at Geneva were encouraged by this proposal. They felt it represented a good test of Soviet sincerity; if the Russians really wanted to stop nuclear diffusion in the world, the McNamara formula offered a reasonable and workable way of getting on with the job.

But the Soviet position was never put to the test. Incredibly and inexplicably, the United States made no attempt at Geneva to put forward the McNamara compromise proposal. An apparent division among U.S. policy-makers had come to the surface. Confronted with an opportunity to break the deadlock, the United States backed away. The Geneva conference ended without the agreement that all agreed was imperative.

Why? Why did the United States shun the formula on West Germany that might have produced a treaty? A possible clue came last week when a U.S. State Department disarmament consultant, on a television program, asserted that the State Department didn't go along with the McNamara proposal because it would encourage the Russians to believe that they could vibrate American policy and impair our freedom of decision. That is, we should not give weight to Russian objections just to obtain agreement. With equal emphasis, he declared that the McNamara formula would offend West Germany.

The same day this interpretation of U.S. policy was being advanced, President Lyndon B. Johnson, speaking at Idaho Falls, made an eloquent and striking plea to the world's nations to stop the spread of nuclear weapons. He called on statesmen to rise above narrow, irrational approaches to world problems. He defined a larger interest than the old and cramped national ones. He urged the Soviet Union in particular to put aside the "dogmas and the vocabularies of the Cold War."

"While differing principles and differing values may always divide us," the President said, referring to the United States and the Soviet Union, "they must not deter us from rational acts of common endeavor."

The juxtaposition of the record at the Geneva Conference with the remarks of the State Department consultant and the President's talk at Idaho Falls raises somber and disquieting questions. Is the consultant's interpretation correct? For if it is, then the nation is faced with something far more serious than the matter of tactics in negotiating with the Soviet Union; it is faced with an issue bearing on the integrity of the Presidency. Nothing could undermine the President's position more than a situation in which he calls upon other nations to take action which the United States has actually rejected for itself in advance. Cynicism is not among the values that give distinction to American history.

The first essential both of policy at home and policy abroad is the total credibility of the President. Nothing could be more vital in the present situation than for the President himself to dispel any doubts that may have been raised by the record at Geneva or by official or semi-official spokesmen. The President can best do this by taking part in the effort to obtain vital agreement in the field of arms control, whether with respect to non-proliferation of nuclear weapons or a comprehensive ban on nuclear testing. He can eliminate existing confusion by putting into action the policies he has declared to be essential. If the McNamara proposal has virtue as a means of breaking the deadlock, he should say so.

Recent history has demonstrated it is only when the President himself takes direct part in negotiations that important breakthroughs and results are likely to be achieved. What happens otherwise is that the President's own announced purposes stand in danger of being nibbled to death by nay-sayers and cramped strategists in the operational branches.

The needs described by the President at Idaho Falls are the dominant needs affecting the safety and security of the American people. If we are to make substantial progress in meeting these needs, the President's role must be decisive.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

People on Writers

MANY THANKS for the special section [*SR*, Aug. 13] devoted to the international conference of writers in Lahti, Finland. Jan Myrdal's sentences about generals dying old in bed and carrying on the military tradition with writings about their contributions to peace is most apt. His statement about life beginning and ending in nothing, though, negates the above. This belief is the basis of western civilization's trouble. Each person thinking with a deep conviction that what he thinks, says, or does is unimportant—seeing himself as only a cog in a big machine speeding murderously on wheels is ruinous. Man needs telling that he is not vile. Thunderings from pulpits should be against the greed for power, which is vile; even more thunderously it should be said that man is divine. We need both N.C.'s idealism, and Myrdal's realism to achieve our goals.

(MRS.) CORA G. CHASE.
Vaughn, Wash.

AFTER READING the profoundly stimulating articles "The Writer as World Citizen" by N.C. and "The Mood of the Writer" by Jan Myrdal my reaction was that although their point of attack was different, these two writers were in complete agreement. I, therefore, read with disappointment that N.C. considered his own views basically different from those of Myrdal. I see a great value in a bare-bones, behind-the-façade look at reality. Far from its being nihilistic and pessimistic *per se*, it could be a better basis for a continuing life of human beings on this planet than has been recommended on the basis of our up-to-now most enlightened diagnosis. To my mind, Myrdal's "vital statistics" make N.C.'s "world citizenry" more likely to evolve.

(MRS.) MILDRED CLAPP.
Meaker, Colo.

N.C.'S ARTICLE "The Writer as World Citizen" is magnificent. But world peace can only come when peace activates the mind, the heart and the soul of every man and woman. Let us all strive for that.

C. H. NEALEY.
Mokelumne Hill, Calif.

ONE SUSPECTS Mr. Myrdal's high-sounding phrases are a smoke screen, to obscure, or at least to make less obvious, his real message: The individual must be sacrificed for the good of the community. But since "the community" is only an abstract term for a group of individuals, what is really meant is that the sacrifice of some men is useful to other men. That is true. But on what grounds are some men being asked to sacrifice for the benefit of others? Every appeal to truth, love, loyalty, or honesty is excluded at the outset. In fact, why shouldn't a refusal to sacrifice oneself be the most reasonable reaction, given Mr. Myrdal's philosophy? The question cannot be answered except by resorting to the argument that self-sacrifice is one of the things man ought to do for the good of the community. But why *ought* he, unless there is a higher value directing him to do so?

(MRS.) JEAN HAGER.
Tulsa, Okla.

"Have we got a girl for you!"

Another Look at Utopia

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in his article, "Danger: Utopia Ahead" [*SR*, Aug. 20], seems to predicate his thesis on the basis that the "wise and best" are never born or elected into positions of leadership. It is exactly because that is usually true that society needs its idealists, its Utopians, for they serve as gadflies to the compromising leaders.

Moreover, it is because human nature is partially inhumane that a few Utopians are needed. No, Mr. Krutch, Utopians don't envision their dreams coming true. They are far more realistic than you are, for they see the ugliness of life in all its Big-screen, 3-D "Beauty."

For myself, I know very well technological progress is not the answer to personal happiness, that wall-to-wall, split-level Suburbia is no answer to spiritual malaise. I do know, however, that my father worked in a textile mill when he was eight years old, fifteen hours a day for a quarter. I do know a twelve-year-old Negro boy who was lynched for stealing, less than fifteen years ago in Mississippi. Somehow, I just don't share your easy optimism.

MRS. SIDNEY B. COOKE.
Kannapolis, N.C.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH shares in a mistaken opinion regarding British socialism, which is widely held in this country. I refer to his statement that "The society now established in England was certainly the product of utopian thinking. It assumed that to abolish all special privileges and to guarantee equality of opportunity would create an ideal situation."

I would like to cite in rebuttal the contribution, "Toward a Philosophy of Socialism," by Richard Crossman, now President of the Council and Leader of the House, to the 1952 publication of *New Fabian Essays*. In it, he says:

"The evolutionary and the revolutionary philosophies of progress have both proved false. Judging by the facts, there is far more to be said for the Christian doctrine of original sin than for Rousseau's fantasy of the noble savage, or Marx's vision of the classless society. . . ."

But, he says later: . . . "it is man's destiny to struggle against this natural process . . . there is no more justification for pessimism in politics than there is for a gardener to say, 'I'll give up gardening because it's a wet summer.'"

These two short statements, taken out of context, are unfair to a subject too complex to be so capsulated. (Even in the Labor Party's darkest hours, British socialism is more optimistic than they indicate.) But they do show that it is not utopian.

MRS. BEN OSSA.
New York, N.Y.

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Cheyenne, Wyoming

Where the Wagons Still Roll West

North of Cheyenne passed historic wagon trains: settlers opening up the Far West. Cheyenne is still a fitting place from which to view the westering of the American population. Those of us seeking wider horizons in the West now are guided, not by mountain men in buckskin, but by Rand McNally's up-to-date road maps, atlases, travel books, and vacation guides. Less romantic but more accurate.

RAND McNALLY Publishers, Printers, Mapmakers—Chicago, New York, San Francisco

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LITERARY HORIZONS

One Man to Stand for Six Million

IF I SAY, as I am prepared to do, that Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95) is one of the finest novels of the postwar period, I don't see how there can be much argument. If, however, I go on to agree with the publishers that it is a "great" novel, I may be in semantic difficulties. Recently I asserted that there is greatness in John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* (*SR*, Aug. 6), which I believe to be true. Robert Scholes, on the other hand, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, admitted of no qualification; he said flatly that it is "a great novel." He made a good case, too, but at the end he brought in an argument that I found disturbing. Barth's audience, he said, "must be that same audience whose capacities have been extended and prepared by Joyce, Proust, Mann, and Faulkner." He continued: "For some time we have been wondering what to do with the training given us by those giants of modern fiction, wondering whether we were really meant to expend our hard-earned responsiveness on such estimable but unexciting writers as C. P. Snow and Saul Bellow. The answer now seems clear. The difference between competence and genius can hardly be made clearer. And Barth is a comic genius of the highest order."

Who are the "we" who have been wondering? Mr. Scholes, I gather, and probably other academic critics. This calls to mind what Bellow said in his address to the recent International Congress of the P.E.N. Club. He complained that various critics in university posts had laid hold of the avant-garde heroes of an earlier generation, using their work to set a standard by which contemporary writers could be judged and condemned. In the version I read, in the *Times Book Review*, Bellow's argument wasn't completely clear, but I think I understand at least part of what he was saying. When Scholes calls Snow "estimable but unexciting," I can follow him, for Snow has deliberately adopted old-fashioned techniques, and the wonder is that he has managed to do as much with them as he has. But Bellow has constantly experimented with the form of the novel and has developed a powerful style that is peculiarly his. Bracketing Snow and Bellow tells us nothing about Barth—though something about Scholes.

What I am saying, of course, is what I have said before—that there are more kinds than one of literary merit and even greatness. I think *Giles Goat-Boy* and *The Fixer* are both unusually good and unusually important novels, though they have little in common except their excellence. Malamud has told a straightforward story in language of the greatest austerity. Although he began his literary career with a novel based on myth, *The Natural*, and has often introduced elements of fantasy in his short stories, *The Fixer* is realistic in the most precise sense of that term. But the story is told so purely and with such power that it has the large meanings—what some people call the "universal" meanings—of legend.

MALAMUD tells about a Jewish handy man who was arrested in Kiev in 1911, was charged with having committed a ritual murder, and suffered greatly for more than two years before being tried. To begin with, before I had read the book, I wondered why Malamud should expect his readers to be concerned about what had happened to this one Jew half a century ago, in view of what had happened to six million Jews during the Second World War. It did not take me long to realize that Malamud had deliberately set himself this problem. Six million was a figure, but a man was a man. If he could tell this story well enough, he must have decided, this one unprepossessing man, this Yakov Bok, could represent not only the martyrs of Belsen and Auschwitz but all victims of man's inhumanity. We the readers could be made to feel for this one man what we could not possibly feel for the six million.

Malamud has written: "After my last novel I was sniffing for an idea in the direction of injustice on the American scene, partly for obvious reasons—this was a time of revolutionary advances in Negro rights—and partly because I became involved with this theme in a way that sets off my imagination in terms of art." He thought of civil rights workers in the South, of Sacco and Vanzetti, of Dreyfus, of Caryl Chessman, and then he remembered Mendel Beiliss, about whom his father had told him, and something happened. "In *The Fixer*," he explains, "I use some of his [Mendel Beiliss's] experiences, though not, basically, the man, partly because his life came to less than he had paid for by his suffering and endurance, and because I had to have room to invent. To his trials in prison I added something of Dreyfus's and Vanzetti's, shaping the whole to suggest the quality of the afflictions of

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the Jews under Hitler. These I dumped on the head of poor Yakov Bok. . . . So a novel that began as an idea concerned with injustice in America today has become one set in Russia fifty years ago, dealing with anti-Semitism there. Injustice is injustice."

Yakov Bok is nobody but Yakov Bok, and he is one of the most fully rendered characters in modern literature. An odd-job man, a Jack-of-all-trades, a fixer, he lives in a small Jewish community near Kiev. His wife, by whom he has had no children, has deserted him, and he finally makes a deal with her father and sets out for the city with the latter's horse and wagon. He is poor, proud, and bitter, with a fine sardonic wit. When his father-in-law tells him that, in going to the city, he is looking for trouble, he replies, "I've never had to look." When his wagon collapses, he asks, "Who invented my life?" Although he has had almost no formal education, he has read Spinoza and tried to understand him, and he calls himself a freethinker.

Even before he has reached Kiev, Yakov has encountered a violently anti-Semitic ferryman, and from the first he feels the hostility of the city. Bitter as he is, however, he has compassion for mankind, and when he sees a drunken Russian dying in the snow, he rescues him even though the man wears the badge of the Jew-hating Black Hundreds. Nikola Maximovitch, though he would exterminate the Jews, is capable of crying over the death of a dog, and he wants to reward his benefactor, whom he does not know to be Jewish.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1205

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1205 will be found in the next issue.

PXL XQIPUTQDH VAIP XDOL

IUVL JUHJLSPQUH UY XUE VLH

EXU DTL HUP XQIPUTQDHI

MLXDOL. —L. V. YUTIPLT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1204

After love, book collecting is the most exhilarating sport of all.

—A. S. ROSENBACH.

Thus Yakov is given a job, which he badly needs, in a brickyard. Because he is living in a district forbidden to most Jews, he is ill at ease, but he has to have money to live on.

When he is arrested, Yakov assumes that he is to be punished for some minor offense, and it takes him a while to grasp the horrible nature of the charge against him. Only when he is confronted with the witnesses for the prosecution, mostly men and women who are using anti-Semitic prejudice to conceal their own crimes, does he realize that he is the victim of a monstrous conspiracy. And he asks, as who wouldn't, why me?

Because the prosecution's case is so weak, Yakov's trial is postponed for two years, during which time his miseries multiply. Lodged in filth, never adequately fed, bowed down with disease, given little or nothing with which to occupy his mind, systematically tortured by the guards, finally chained to the wall of his cell, he endures such suffering as the reader is loath to contemplate. But Malamud, without sensationalism, without high-pitched emotionalism, makes us feel what we would prefer not to feel. Having himself fully entered into Yakov's ordeals in an extraordinary feat of empathy, he forces us to go at least some distance with him.

ONE of the ways in which Malamud compels realization of Yakov's suffering is to let him compare present with past. The life in the shtetl, which had once seemed to him poisonously narrow and dull, now takes on an idyllic aspect: "You can smell the grass and the flowers and look at the girls, if one or two happen to be passing by along the road. You can also do a day's work if there's work to do. Today there's a little carpentering job. You work up a sweat sawing wood apart and hammering it together. When it's time to eat you open up your food parcel—not bad. The thing about food is to have it when you want it. A hard-boiled egg with a pinch of salt is delicious. Also some sour cream with a cut-up potato. If you dip bread into fresh milk and suck before swallowing, it tastes like a feast. . . . After all, you're alive and free. Even if you're not so free, you think you are."

But later the miseries that made Yakov's pre-Kiev life appear a paradise come to seem a kind of happiness: "Yakov thought how it used to be before he was chained to the wall. He remembered sweeping the floor with the birch broom. He remembered reading Zhitnyak's gospels, and the Old Testament pages. . . . He thought of being able to urinate without having to call the guards; and of only two searches a day instead of a terrifying six. He thought of lying down on the straw mattress any time he wanted to; but now he could not even lie down on the wooden bed except when they released him to. . . . Yakov thought he would be glad if things went back to how they had once been. He wished he had enjoyed the bit of comfort, in a way of freedom, he had had then."

Throughout the days and months and years of pain and despair, Yakov faces two temptations. What the anti-Semites in the government, from Czar Nicholas down, want to prove is that ritual murder is an essential part of the Jewish religion and that therefore all persecutions of the Jews are justified. More than once they promise Yakov that if he will testify that the boy was murdered by Jews for reasons of ritual, he himself will be treated leniently. Although he has never felt close to the Jewish community and has rejected the Jewish faith, he refuses to lend himself to so evil a conspiracy, even when his wife is sent to his cell with a confession for him to sign.

The other temptation is suicide. The idea inevitably occurs to him as soon as he understands the power of the forces drawn up against him. When the one Russian official who has shown a rudimentary sense of decency in his dealings with Yakov is framed because of that fact and sent to Yakov's prison, where he hangs himself, the poor persecuted Jew thinks of following his example. But he realizes that suicide would also be a betrayal of millions of people. "He's half a Jew himself, yet enough of one to protect them. After all, he knows the people; and he believes in their right to be Jews and to live in the world like men. He is against those who are against them. He will protect them to the extent that he can." "I'll live," he cries out in his cell, "I'll wait, I'll come to my trial."

All that he has endured has strengthened Yakov. Always a thinker in his uneducated way, he has recognized his historic role and, though he laments its being forced on him, he accepts it. "We're all in history," he thinks, "that's sure, but some are more than others, Jews more than some." As skeptical as ever about the existence of God, he believes that it is incumbent on men to stand for what they believe. Although in some ways more tolerant, for instance of his wife, he has not become saintly: "I'm not the same man I was. I fear less and hate more."

The climax of the novel comes in an imaginary dialogue between Yakov and the Czar. After describing his own misfortune, the latter says, "Surely it [suffering] has taught you the meaning of mercy?" Yakov replies, "Excuse me, Your Majesty, but what suffering has taught me is the uselessness of suffering, if you don't mind me saying so." He reminds the Czar of his failures as a ruler: "You had your chances and pissed them away. There's no argument against

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that. It's not easy to twist events by the tail but you might have done something for a better life for us all—for the future of Russia, one might say, but you didn't." While a carriage brings him closer to his trial, Yakov thinks: "As for history, there are ways to reverse it. What the Czar deserves is a bullet in the gut. Better him than us." "One thing I've learned, he thought, there's no such thing as an unpolitical man, especially a Jew. You can't be one without the other, that's clear enough. You can't sit still and see yourself destroyed." There the book ends, and, when one remembers what was in Malamud's mind when it was conceived, rightly ends. Yakov has learned not merely to endure, if I may use William Faulkner's favorite word, but also to resist.

SINCE few Americans have heard of Mendel Beiliss, it is fortunate that Maurice Samuel's *Blood Accusation: The Strange History of the Beiliss Case* (Knopf, $5.95) has just been published. The facts of the case are essentially these: Mendel Beiliss, a man of thirty-seven, father of five children, a worker for fifteen years in a Kiev brickyard, was arrested on July 22, 1911, was charged with the ritual murder of a Christian boy, was held in prison for more than two years before he was tried, and finally was exonerated.

Samuel, quite rightly, is concerned with the Beiliss case, not with Beiliss. He describes the reasons for the arrest, emphasizing the sad state of the Russian Empire under Czar Nicholas and tracing the history of anti-Semitism. He gives a detailed account of the trial, analyzing the strategies of both prosecution and defense, and discusses the international repercussions. The principal aim of the prosecution, which had support high in the government, was to justify persecution of the Jews. Since the jury's verdict could be interpreted as an indictment of the Jewish people, the reactionaries were not too disturbed by the fact that Beiliss, the case against whom was of the flimsiest, escaped.

Samuel is right in saying that Beiliss was of little importance; he was the accidental victim of a malignant conspiracy; during the trial he was, as Samuel says, "the forgotten man." But Yakov Bok is of the greatest importance and will not be forgotten for a long time. All of the scenes in *The Fixer*, most of which bear no relation to the facts of the Beiliss case, have been worked upon by a not merely compassionate but an anguished imagination. The style, which seems so simple, is a triumph of discipline; scarcely a word could be spared. *The Fixer* is a novel that offers a great experience, first of all a literary experience, but not merely that. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

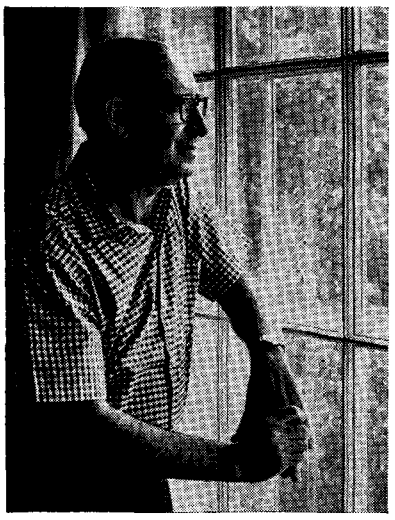
Bernard Malamud: He is a slight man, bald on top with graying temples. From his crisp attitude, horn-rimmed glasses, and dark olive suit you would suspect that Bernard Malamud was a minor executive in a high-pressure industry somewhere along Madison Avenue. Only his long, slender fingers, which occasionally flash gracefully into the air to underline a point, suggest anything of the sensitivity behind the self-contained, self-assured façade Bernard Malamud brings to an interview. "It's your baby," he said. "You ask 'em and I'll tell 'em."

For the record, Bernard Malamud was born fifty-two years ago in Brooklyn, New York. He took his Bachelor's degree at the City College, his M.A. at Columbia University. He has been on the faculty of Bennington College in Vermont since the fall of 1961. During 1966-67 he will lecture at Harvard. "I'll only be teaching a short story course there. At Bennington I conduct a number of courses. Bennington is extraordinary. The teacher can select the authors he will teach. For example, for Contemporary Fiction I chose such authors as Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Baldwin, and Flannery O'Connor. No, not my own work. I teach myself almost never. An author cannot dictate the total meaning of his work to a classroom.

"I want to say this about *The Fixer*. The story of Yakov Bok, the fixer, is an imaginative piece of work. I don't want it tied to the Beiliss case. *The Fixer* is not factual reportage. As a writer I seek the imaginative fact. You can't make a thing more real than it is but you can make it seem more real through the imaginative fact. For example, Russian friends told me that the Russians didn't treat prisoners as badly as Yakov is treated. That's all right. I was dis-inventing history to give it a quality it didn't have.

"Somewhere along the line, what had happened in Nazi Germany began to be important to me in terms of the book, and that is part of Yakov's story. The Dreyfus case is there, too. There were rumors that Dreyfus would escape through the aid of Jewish forces. To prevent that, they actually built a wall around his cell and placed a guard in the cell with Dreyfus. From that came the idea of Yakov in chains, something that didn't happen to Mendel Beiliss. You see, for me, the book has a mythological quality. It has to be treated as a myth, an endless story, more than a case study. A case study couldn't be art.

"One of the things I think of now is the Negro, the Negroes who live lives of second-class citizens. Their story is one leading up to a situation that is revolutionary—call it Black Power if you wish. Our country is lucky if this slow bloodletting, these riots that come and then disappear, are all we have to pay for what has happened to the Negro. If the Negroes' story today is revolutionary, Yakov's is pre-revolutionary. Vanzetti went mad and was confined to Massachusetts General; I incorporated that into Yakov. When I leave him, he is at the next step to commitment. The reason is that he has suffered injustice. What has happened to Yakov and how he changes is the story. But what happens to Yakov after I leave him, I don't know.



—*Clemens Kalischer.*

Bernard Malamud — "I seek the imaginative fact."

"As a writer I want uncertainty. It's part of life. I want something the reader is uncertain about. It is this uncertainty that produces drama. Keep the reader surprised. That is enormously important to me. A good writer is an imaginative writer.

"I'll tell you this: if this book isn't about freedom, I don't know what it is about. Every man must be political or where is your freedom?

"*The Fixer* took me two-and-a-half to three years to write. I read for a half year in the field before the first draft, and at intervals after. I did the first draft for details and place and to develop characters and to try an ending. The second draft was to achieve a better and more articulate form, to fulfill a meaning, to enrich the characters and the theme. The third draft tended to eliminate unnecessary and ineffective material, and to heighten the style. It's the first time I have done three drafts.

"I was somewhat doubtful and a little fearful when I began writing it. After all, I was concerned with a time and place I had never experienced. I went on because of some short stories I had

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written that were fantasy. I thought that if I could make the fantasy world real, then I could make Yakov's world real. Halfway through the second draft (my wife and I were in Europe—a chateau in France, no less) I decided to spend two weeks in Moscow, Kiev, and Leningrad to see what I might have misrepresented in the writing. I wasn't comfortable until I visited the Podol district in Kiev. There I felt I had it made; I hadn't lied. Except for one paragraph, the book stayed as it was.

"I'll tell you something. The title—once you make it part of a Russian setting, it becomes almost a Russian word, yes? Well, it came to me from Corvallis, Oregon; I taught at Oregon State College before going to Bennington. There was a sign I would see almost every day—'Jim the Fixer.' That's where the title came from. Now, you've got an exclusive. I haven't told that to anyone else. Okay?

"Let's end it with this: My work, all of it, is an idea of dedication to the human. That's basic to every book. If you don't respect man, you cannot respect my work. I'm in defense of the human. If you want to say that, that's it.

"My place in literature? It's a phenomenon of time, depending on the quality of my work as I continue to write." —Haskel Frankel.

The Sun Is Shining In the Egg

(A Song for a Wedding)

By James Broughton

THE sun is shining in the egg
The egg is burning in the star
and from the angels round this day
down to the diamonds in the clay
from fervent sky
to loving eye
all lights are linked to where you are.

The moon is shining in the milk
The milk is churning in the sea
and from the polar bear's watershed
down to the dolphin's tropic bed
from heaven and hell
to wishing well
all depths sustain your constancy.

The sun is shining in the egg
The egg is hatching in the moon
and from the Easts of far and near
to this far West of what is here
from lunar wing
to solar string
all threads compose your coupled tune.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Raw Deal for Indians

I WAS PLEASED to read John K. Hutchens's article on American Indians [ONE THING AND ANOTHER, *SR*, Aug. 13], and particularly enjoyed his recollection of the local community's attitude toward "old Sam Resurrection." . . . Few stop to think that the Indians are given by most of American society what can only be described as a "raw deal." This situation is indeed a shame, especially in that it results more from public apathy than from lack of honest and dedicated officials in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Articles like Mr. Hutchens's can only serve to stimulate public interest.

ARCHIBALD T. BRYANT.

Nashville, Tenn.

Responsibility for Divorce Rate

ASK THE AMERICAN STATE COURTS if you want to know "Whatever Happened to the American Male?" [*SR*, July 30]. They have reduced him to insignificance by giving the American female power over him unprecedented in human history.

Under the guise of "keeping the family together"—which their ineptness does more to wreck than anything else in the country—they treat the male as a second-class citizen. In the matter of custody of children, for example, he hasn't a chance. Such courts as County Court of Philadelphia regularly pass by upstanding men to award custody to women who are mentally ill, alcoholic, lesbian, and even negligent mothers.

United States Divorce Reform Inc. charges both the courts and the legal profession for the skyrocketing divorce rate. Knowing what an easy mark the husband is, the wife's lawyer is able to promise and to produce glowing results—and it's Dad's money which pays everyone.

USDR would help save the American family by taking the profit out of divorce. It would have Departments of Family Relations in each state, and Family Arbitration Centers in each city, staffed with psychologists and others trained to deal with marital relations, not judges who lack such expertise. When indicated, such Centers would dissolve marriages equitably and award children to the parent best able to care for them.

FRANK BEMUS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Martista View of Martí

AS A PROFESSOR of Spanish American literature and one of America's few *martistas*, I should like to correct Hal Lavine's concept of José Martí's ideal [*SR*, Aug. 6]: that of "a world of capitalists like Peter Cooper." While it is true he admired men like Cooper who shared their wealth with others, or put it to humanitarian uses, Martí's ideal cannot be defined in terms of capitalism nor, as in some quarters today, in terms of *fidelismo*. He abhorred wealth since he associated its acquisition with a moral decline. His ideal, in the tradition of nineteenth-century liberalism, was the dignity of man, and on this noble principle he would not compromise. . . .

IVAN A. SCHULMAN.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Gospel and History

DONALD S. HARRINGTON in his review of *Christian Beliefs and Anti-Semitism* [*SR*, Aug. 20] doesn't seem to believe in history. While he says that the Word is only humanly written he forgets about accurate human writing. What he showed as an example of poison from the Word is not pleasant for the Jewish race; still, is it not possible that what was recorded as happening actually did happen?

JOANN LOCKHART.

Bryn Athyn, Pa.

I WAS SHOCKED . . . to conclude that there aren't too many scientifically minded people in the churches. . . . how could an entire people be included in the dicta of a few hotheads? And to blame for centuries a people who are not now of the original stock is to blame the Italians for the Christian persecutions by the ancient Romans.

MRS. S. B. WEINBERGER.

Chicago, Ill.

AS A BIBLE-BELIEVING PERSON I am offended at the implication that there is "poison" in God's Word, or that it is gratuitously called "fallible, destructive human writing." This is a gross misrepresentation!

JOHN W. SCHULTZ.

Harborcreek, Pa.

Predecessor of "Nausea"

EMILE CAPOUYA IS QUITE OBVIOUSLY IGNORANT of the first and best of Alberto Moravia's "polemical" novels, *Gli Indifferenti*, written in 1925 and later translated as *A Time of Indifference*. When your reviewer states [*SR*, Aug. 13] that: "As a thinker he is not exactly original: no powerful innovating intellect would have troubled to write *The Empty Canvas* when the theme had already been treated with such authority by Jean-Paul Sartre in *Nausea*," he cannot possibly have read Moravia's novel of thirteen years prior to the 1938 publication of Sartre's *Nausée*. Furthermore, if Mr. Capouya sees no more than a restatement of the themes of isolation and "ennui" in the later *Empty Canvas*, he certainly cannot have finished reading this work, for in the epilogue Moravia presents us with the possibility of a metaphysical rebirth neither felt nor communicated by Sartre. . . .

JAMES T. S. WHEELOCK.

New York, N.Y.

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Fraud in International Affairs

Agents of Deceit: Frauds, Forgeries and Political Intrigue Among Nations, *by Paul W. Blackstock (Quadrangle. 315 pp. $6.50), examines the role of "smoke," "chicken feed," and other faked documents in the underworld of global affairs. Robert G. Deindorfer is currently editing and enlarging the late Richard W. Rowan's standard reference work on espionage, "The Story of Secret Service."*

By ROBERT G. DEINDORFER

OVER a period of many centuries political frauds, forgeries, and specious documents have been a standard part of the complicated lower depths of espionage. One way or another some of the more imaginative, well-executed forgeries have enlarged existing political sore spots, contributed to armed strife, and even helped tilt the world. Late in the last century, and in the early years of this one, spurious papers relating to international affairs, while undoubtedly no more numerous than formerly, reached what amounted to a historic peak in terms of scope, timing, and impact.

During recent years the incidence of truly epic and significant frauds and forgeries has diminished somewhat for a number of reasons, among them the existence of a far more sophisticated analysis procedure. Yet the volume of faked documents has probably achieved a statistical peak, if only because, in an age when two conflicting worlds rub ominously together, what intelligence people call "smoke" or "chicken feed" is essential to make the wheels of intrigue go round. For example, a field agent must often have as many as six different documents in order to penetrate a hostile frontier.

Right now there's a certain town in Spain, not far off the tourist track, where there is a flourishing industry in producing nearly undetectable forgeries for a number of professionals employed by several intelligence networks, not all of them exactly friendly with one another.

Under the circumstances, *Agents of Deceit* is an especially timely and important book and a welcome addition to a growing body of literature. In impressive detail numerous telling forgeries and frauds are examined with respect to their background, political climate, and effect. The fact that the examples in this collection originated in or were directed against Russia or the Soviet Union makes the work all the more useful and worthwhile.

Happily, the author avoids the shrill melodrama that is so prevalent in the usual exposé. Instead, this is a lucid, erudite, well-written exposition of honest research, some of it original—exactly what we have come to expect of Paul W. Blackstock, whose previous book, *The Strategy of Subversion,* was widely praised by people in and out of the intelligence field.

Mr. Blackstock's credentials qualify him to write a detailed study of political intrigue. A former military intelligence specialist for the United States Government, he had experience in both overt and covert operations in Europe during and after the Second World War. This relevant background gives him an obvious competence in a complex subject about which too many others are producing distorted instant books to capitalize upon public interest.

Among the classic forgeries that the author scrutinizes are the Testament of Peter the Great and the Bulgarian Occupation Fund Documents, the highly inflammatory Zinoviev Letter, and the surprisingly durable Protocols of Zion.

In many ways the so-called Protocols, first published in Russia in the early 1900s, remain one of the most interesting frauds of all. Ostensibly the report of a series of twenty-four meetings of the First Zionist Congress in Basel, Switzerland, the document set forth a plan for a world state to be ruled by Jews and Freemasons, and to be achieved by such methods as the use of liquor to confuse opinion leaders, the corruption of European womanhood, and the contrivance of economic disasters. A crude and almost obvious hoax even at their first appearance, the Protocols sank roots into many lands and were believed, at one time or another, by such men as Winston Churchill and Henry Ford, Sr., whose Dearborn *Independent* published a series of articles based on the alleged conspiracy. Ford himself apologized several years later when he came to realize that the Protocols were gross forgeries.

In a useful chapter on the type of communications analysis intelligence people use to screen suspicious documents, Mr. Blackstock describes the flamboyant careers of several private adventurers who attempted to fob off the most transparent fictions as coming right out of the Kremlin, thanks of course to the usual anonymous patriots who somehow managed to smuggle the materials out despite all manner of blood-curdling risks to life, limb, and reasonable credibility.

Beyond doubt, the most fascinating section of the book concerns the *Penkovskiy Papers,* which created a controversy that has yet to fade. After discussing the case from several points of view, the author registers his own blunt doubts as to the authenticity of these papers, at least as presented in the book. "Why did the editors choose the dubious format of a 'Secret Journal'?" Mr. Blackstock asks. "It would appear that the old Army motto, 'Stop! There must be a harder way!' (of doing something) was converted by agents of deceit into 'Stop! There must be a more devious way!' Surely Penkovskiy himself, who knowingly died for his convictions, deserved better than this from those who profited by his legacy."

One wishes that Mr. Blackstock had included a section on the specific ways and means of committing a political forgery, from planning through document execution right up to the distribution technique, along with an accompanying play-by-play commentary. But in the case of an otherwise comprehensive and immensely valuable study of the sort of stuff history occasionally hinges on, this is a mere quibble, nothing more.

(*Book reviews continue on page* 56)

The Tipping

By Judson Jerome

SLOW building is best, the card
on trembling card kind of slow

piling of sensation, hard
aching, reaching and just touch

so that the lines of one skin know
those of the other, any thought

likely to pull all down and much
turning of the mind, batting soft

as a moth with one wing warm, not
quite daring to cross the flame, intent

on sense and senselessness, the trough
feeding drop by drop into the pail

imperceptibly filling, bent
on the process, not the filling, clean

and convex surface swelling until
at some instant almost unforeseen

you tip and sigh to feel the spill.

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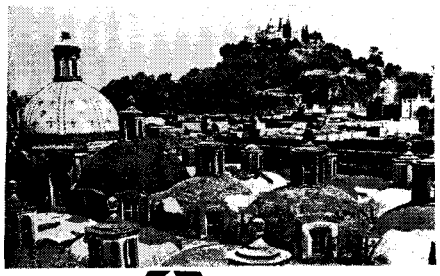

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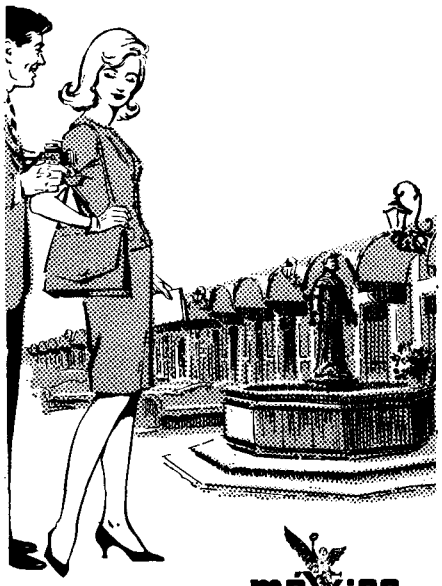

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The Placid Corrida

—*Holzgraf (Monkmeyer).*

In Spain—The *matador* plays the bull with the cape while the handlers at ringside watch.

FROM THE VIEWPOINT of the bull, no less than from that of the average American spectator, a Portuguese bullfight is vastly preferable to the far more famous *corrida* of Spain. For one thing the bull has a sporting chance to win in Portugal, and sometimes does. Furthermore, he is *never* killed. Bull-wise, therefore, Portugal is much to be preferred.

In addition to the fact that the snorting, pawing beast and his opposite human number are more evenly matched in Portugal, the affair is far less brutal. One doesn't have to be a charter member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to be revolted by the systematic torture and slaughter that occurs in every Spanish bullring. This last is a part of Spain's national mystique, and he who demurs to it is likely to be written off as pusillanimous or worse. But the shaken tourist from the United States often leaves the ring long before the sixth bull is dispatched. (There are always six dead *toros* at the end of the day, in accordance with the time-honored Spanish ritual.)

Thanks to Ernest Hemingway and numerous others, the basic facts of the Spanish *corrida* are widely known. The supreme object is to kill the bull, and to do it within a specified period by means of a well-directed thrust of the sword. If this operation takes more than twenty minutes and is badly botched, the *matador* is subject to a fine and even to a jail term! By contrast, an internationally famous bullfighter was fined in Portugal *because* he killed the bull. (The Portuguese equivalent of the *matador* is the *espada*. The term *toreador*, popularized in *Carmen*, is used in neither country.)

In Spain the bull is subjected to painful wounding before being stabbed to death. The process begins with two or three jabs into its back with a sharp lance, wielded by a *picador* seated on an ancient and well-nigh stationary nag, which is blindfolded and wears thick padding around its middle. The enraged bull, bleeding from the wounds, tries repeatedly to gore the horse, and sometimes succeeds.

Not many years ago, the spavined mounts of the *picadores* wore no padding, with the not infrequent result that almost as many horses as bulls were slain on a given afternoon. Today we are spared that much.

Another welcome change has been made in Spain. Although, following the wounding by the *picador*, the bull is in-

(*Continued on page* 47)

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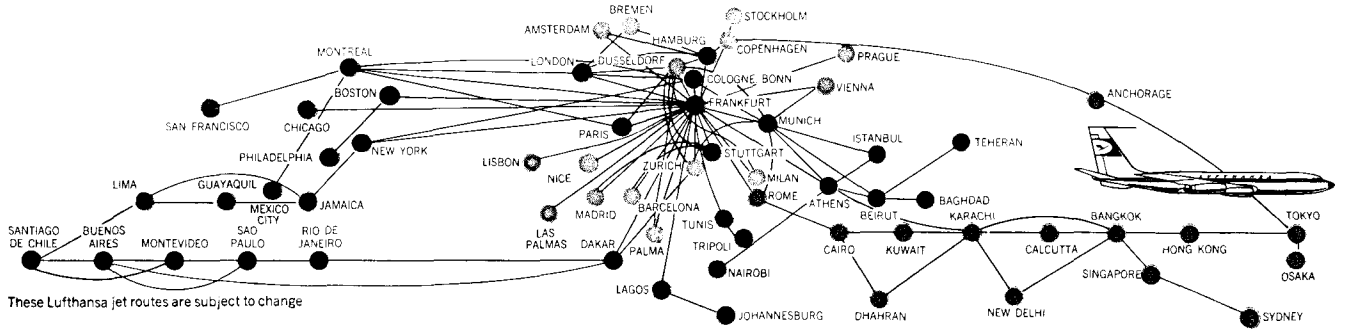

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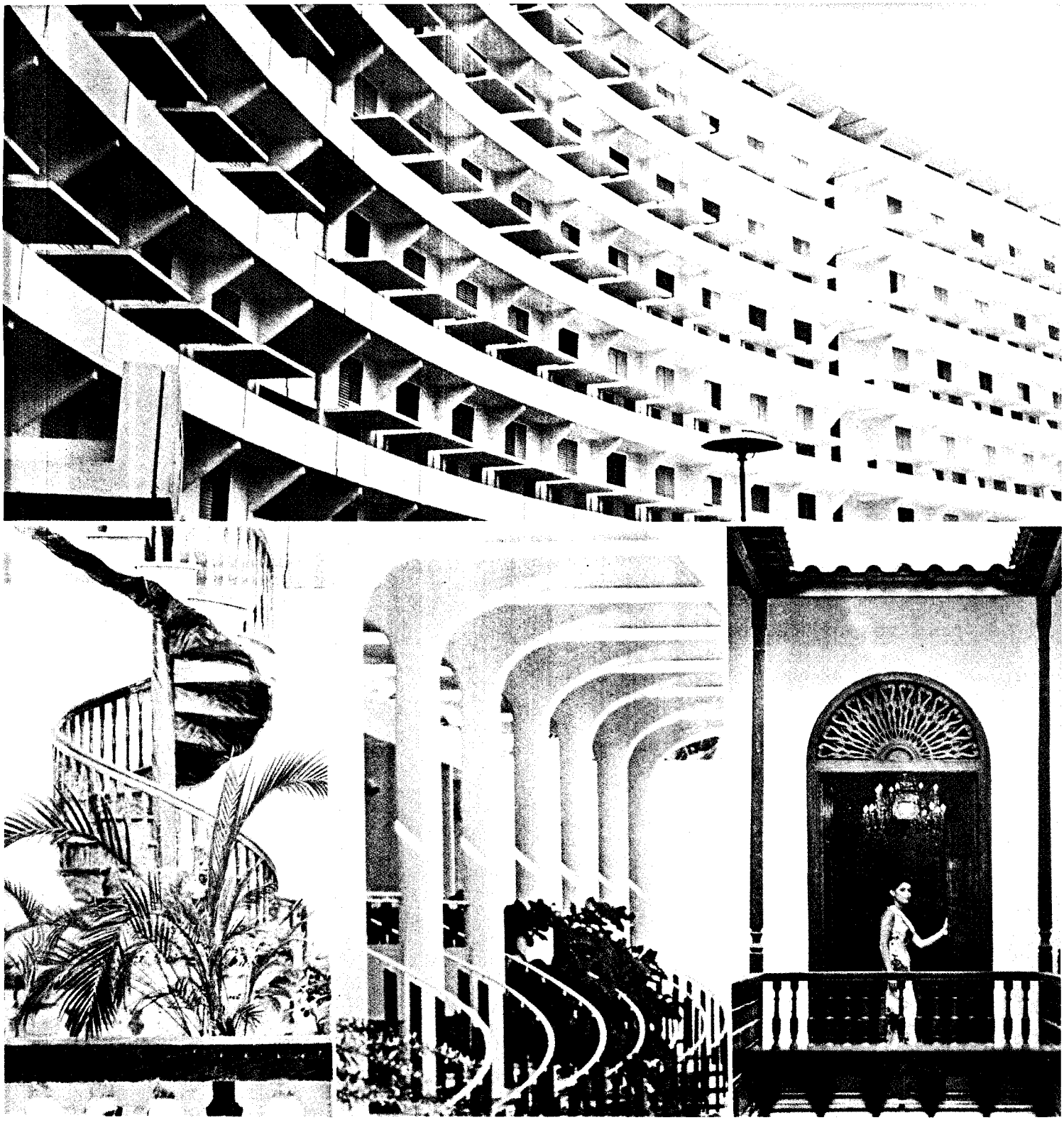

Top, *apartments in San Juan.* Bottom (l & r) *restorations in Old San Juan.* Bottom (center), *cabanas, Sheraton Hotel.*

Puerto Rico gives the Caribbean a new look

This young Commonwealth is adding 20th-century architecture to its tropical beauty—and creating a unique kind of Caribbean island.

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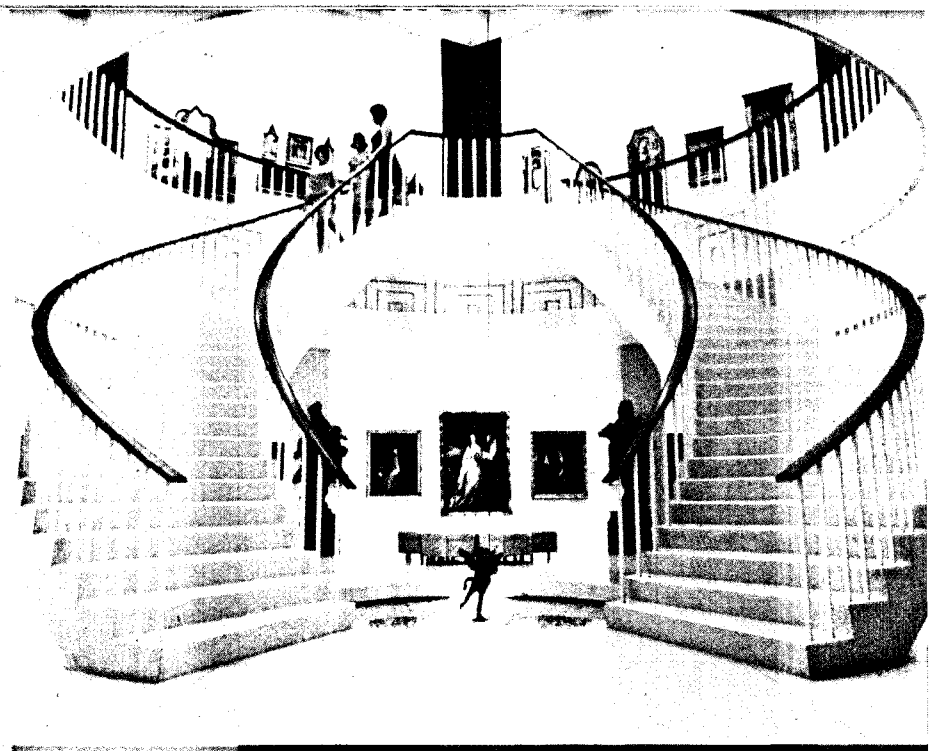

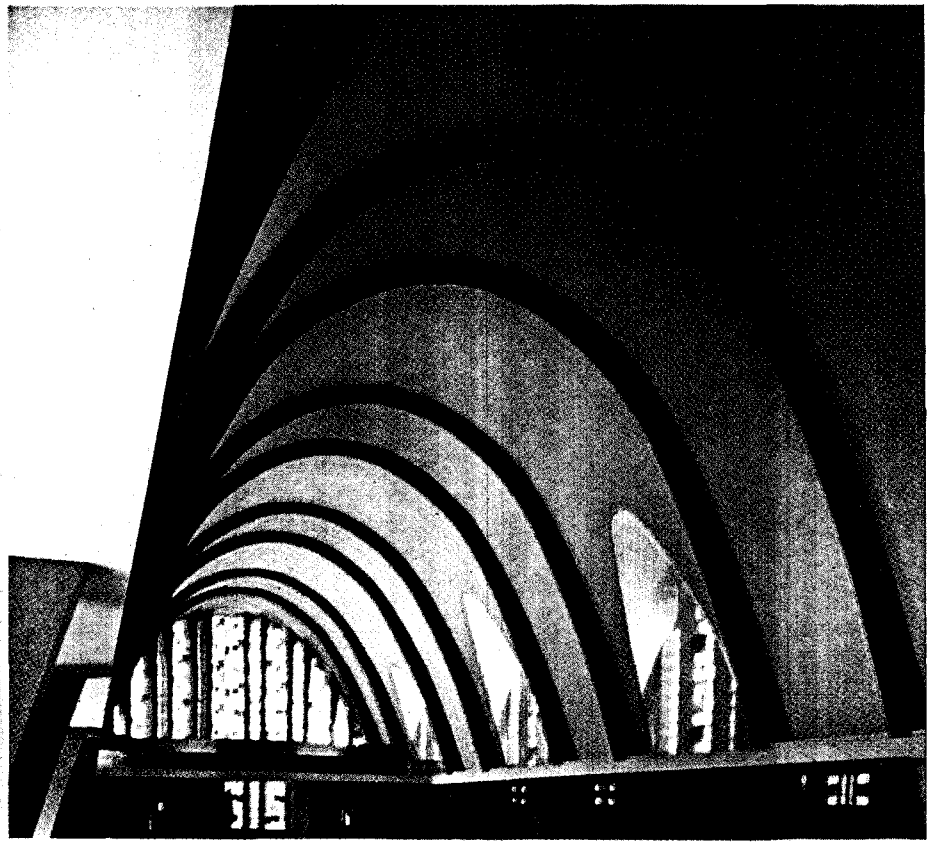

Left, *new medical center, San Juan.* Top, *foyer of new art gallery in Ponce.* Bottom, *university chapel, Ponce.*

ing a chance to live in modern apartments. To send their children to spacious schools and colleges. To work in efficient offices. To spend their leisure time enjoying the beaches and mountains.

Even the exquisite colonial homes in Old San Juan are not merely surviving—they are being *restored.*

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Continued from page 42

furiated still further by the sticking of half a dozen *banderillas*, with fishhook barbs, into the back of his neck, these no longer have small torpedoes on their tips, which explode on contact. But the whole confrontation, while undeniably exciting and memorable as a spectacle, is cruel and bloody.

In Portugal, by contrast, it is an exercise in skill, involving superb horsemanship, the same sort of intrepid and graceful capework by the *espada* that one sees in Spain, and an astounding exhibition of raw courage by youths who wrestle the charging bull with their bare hands.

In Portugal, too, the enthusiasm shown by the crowd is altogether comparable to that in Spain. Spine-tingling trumpets herald the various events in both countries, and there are other ceremonial aspects in both that add to the drama.

There is, however, much more variety in Portugal. First, there is the truly exquisite horsemanship exhibited by riders on beautifully trained thoroughbreds—which wear no padding. In this, the opening phase of the program, the bull charges into the ring and immediately takes out after the horseman, attempting to gore his horse. (Why a bull should wish to rip the entrails out of a horse that has done him no harm, and is merely stepping gracefully around the arena, is by no means clear.) These "fighting bulls" are as bellicose in Portugal as in Spain. In fact, one of them was so full of fire that he jumped over the four-foot fence surrounding the Lisbon ring three times, scattering the attendants and causing much excitement.

After horse and rider have been chased futilely by the raging bull for perhaps five minutes, and the horseman has executed graceful and intricate maneuvers, and deftly deposited several *banderillas* in the back of the bull's neck, he rides out of the ring. The bull is in a foul and frustrated humor by that time, and the *espada* who then takes over must be particularly careful not to be gored, as he moves about the beast on foot, waving his cape.

Portuguese bulls have their horns taped or sawed off at the tip, so that they are not as dangerous as their counterparts in Spain. But most of the bulls I saw in the ring in Portugal had their horns well-nigh intact and completely bare. Although the tips were gone, so sharp an edge was left that several bulls ripped either the *espada's* cape or his clothing.

The one whose clothes were torn was a slender youth, who appeared to weigh not more than 120 pounds and to be not more than sixteen years old. He stood up to two 1,200-pound bulls in succession, alone in the middle of the ring, doing beautiful capework and winning thun-

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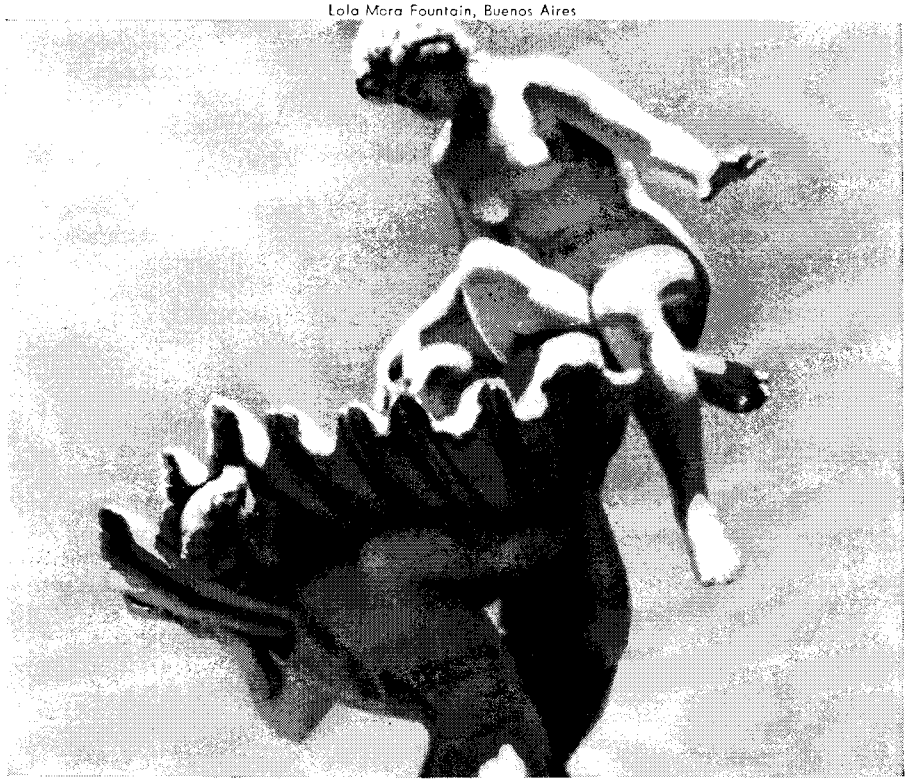
Lola Mora Fountain, Buenos Aires



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derous applause. But the third bull, the meanest of the lot, got inside the boy's guard, ripped his trousers, and knocked him down. It looked for a moment as though he might be killed. But he managed to stagger to his feet, and walk out of the ring, with help.

After the capework for each animal has been completed by the *espada*, the climax comes with the "bull tackling" by eight young men armed with nothing but intestinal fortitude and their bare hands. In most cases they get no pay for this risky business, and if they are injured, as often happens, they must meet their own medical bills.

One of them moves out in front of the others, as the tableau opens, and places himself some ten yards from the pawing bull. The youth stands relaxed with hands on hips, facing the beast and taunting him to come on. In a minute or less, the bull takes off, breathing fire and moving like a battering ram. The intrepid young man stands his ground, and at the psychological moment makes a flying leap at the bull's head and horns, as the furious animal bangs into him.

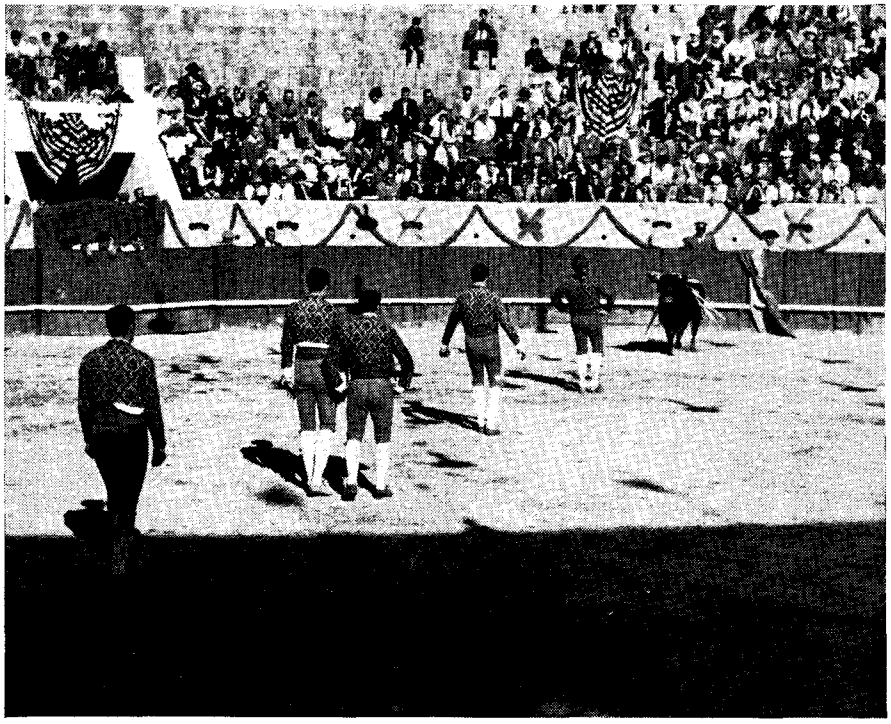
If he can hang on, he slows down the bull sufficiently for his seven companions to move in and grab a leg, a horn, or the tail. If, on the other hand, the bull shakes him off, as frequently happens, he is in danger of being knocked out, trampled, or impaled. Usually he manages to scurry out of the way, but even if he is mauled or knocked almost senseless, he reels to his feet and faces the bull's onslaught again. This time he is almost always successful. His companions swarm about and bring the animal to a full stop. Once this is accomplished, everybody lets go except the one who has hold of the tail. The bull yanks him around briefly, amid general laughter and cheers. That is the end of the act.

The bull then leaves the arena, often led to the exit by several mild-mannered steers wearing jingling cowbells. By that time the bull is so mad with everything in general that he sometimes tries to gore the steers who, like Ferdinand in the tale, aren't mad at anybody and appear merely to want to get it over with and "smell the flowers" under a cork tree.

When the fighting bull takes his departure, he is out of breath from his exertions, but unwounded except for the abrasions in his back caused by the *banderillas*. He is applauded, but the applause is by no means comparable to that accorded the better *espadas*, the more brilliant *cavaleiros* on their high-stepping mounts, or the intrepid *forcados* who have wrestled the brute with their bare hands.

Indeed, the enthusiasm shown for their performances even surpassed that for the *matadores* in Madrid. One of the latter got a standing ovation from thousands, but in Lisbon ladies threw their shoes into the ring, men sailed their hats across the sand, and bouquets showered down from many directions. So that the star performers strode around the arena with armfuls of shoes, hats, and blossoms, acknowledging the accolades.

Without detracting in the least from the bravery, dexterity, and resourcefulness of the bullfighters in both Spain and



—*Holzgraf (Monkmeyer).*

Bullfight at the Villa Franca ring near Lisbon—The practice of "Tackling the Bull," or *Pegas*, is performed by a team in Portuguese bullfighting.

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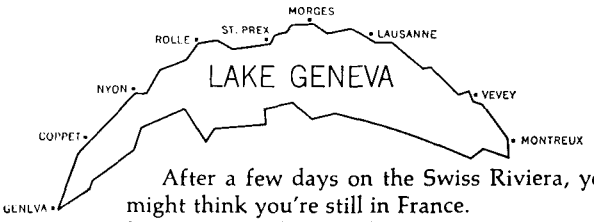
The Swiss Riviera. Everything about it is French except the prices.



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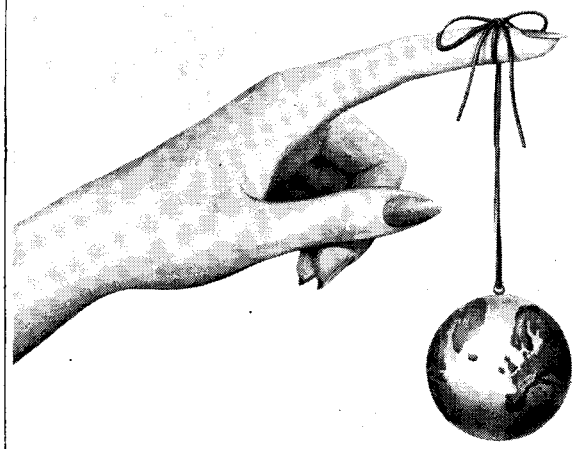

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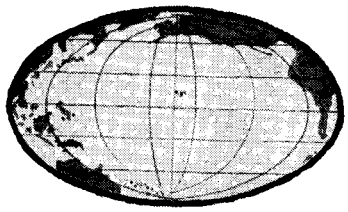

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Portugal, one fact must be emphasized: It is the colossal stupidity of the bull that makes bullfighting possible. Bulls, all bulls, seem to be completely devoid of reasoning powers.

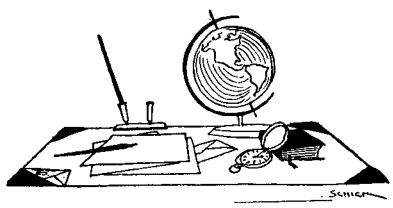
This is most evident in the capework routines of the *matadores* and *espadas*. These fearless men stand within touching distance of the animal for several minutes, stepping expertly around him, manipulating the cape in such a manner as to rivet his attention, and repeatedly causing him to miss goring them by inches. With supreme stupidity, the bull lunges time and again at the cape, instead of at the man who is waving it. If only once, just once, a bull would refuse to be diverted by the brightly colored cloth, and would concentrate on settling matters with the *matador*, that would be the end of the *matador*. But the latter knows from long experience that no bull has ever done that—not since the first bullfight. The cape is always the center of taurine attention. When any of the various persons who participate in a bullfight is in danger, the wave of a cape by an assistant will immediately cause the bull to change direction.

TRUE, bullfighters are gored from time to time, and even killed. That is largely because they are almost touching the bull's horns, as they maneuver around him. A toss of the animal's head, even an accidental one, at the crucial moment can be lethal.

Even so, the bullfighters, in Spain particularly, risk death whenever they go into the ring. Medical and surgical services are kept immediately available. Many pray in special chapels at the ring, before they enter it, and some churches are known as their special favorites. In Seville, for example, a leading church has among its treasures the gold-embroidered jackets of famous *matadores*. One of them gave the church a large and costly piece of ceremonial jewelry, heavily encrusted with precious stones, for use in religious processions.

All of which is part of the drama surrounding the bullring, and those who lay their lives on the line inside it. But give me the Portuguese bullring every time. There is much less blood on the sand, much less cruelty and brutality. At the same time, there is more grace, elegance and variety—and the cards aren't hopelessly stacked against the bull.

—VIRGINIUS DABNEY.



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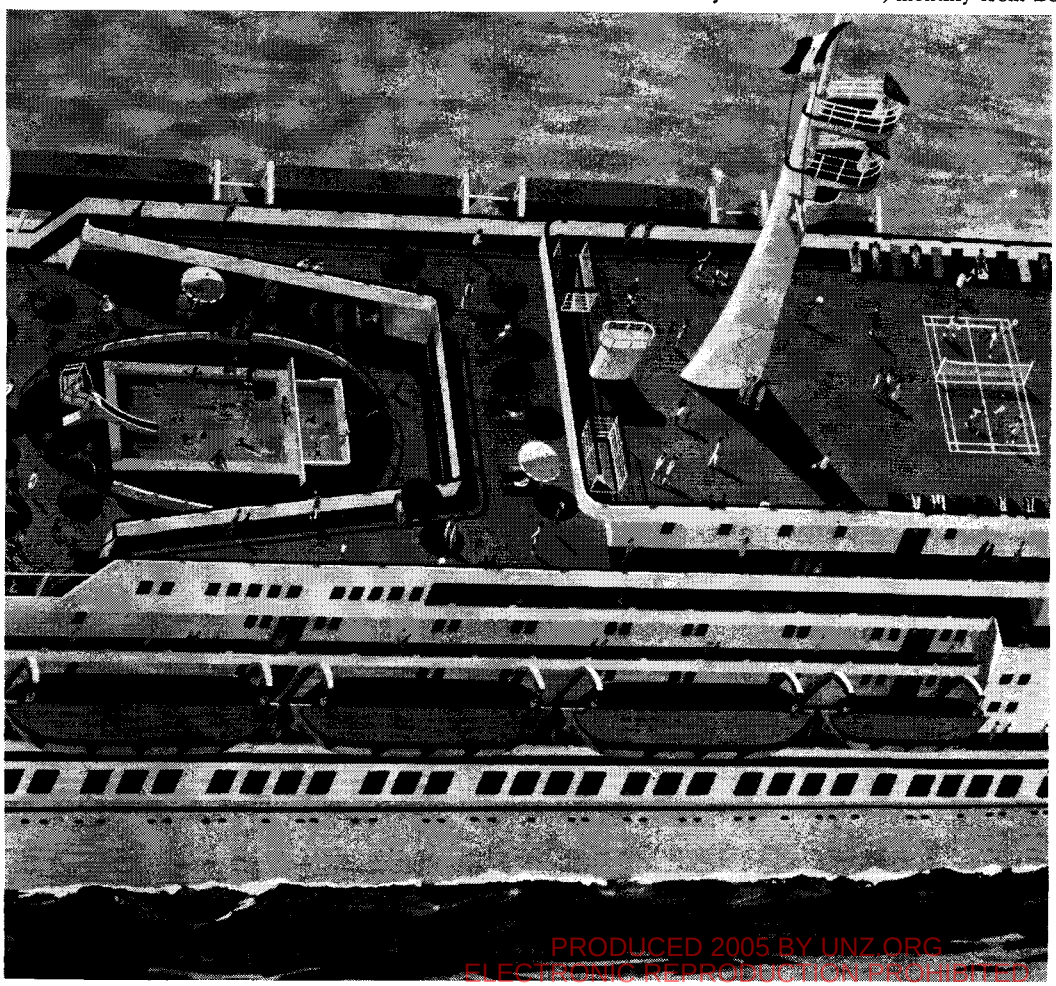

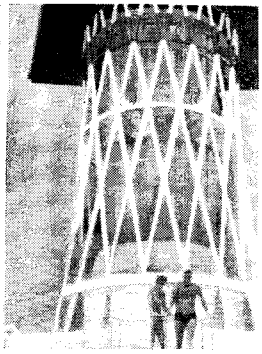

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Opera Evenings at Saratoga

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

NO LONGER a mere budget of promises for the future, the Saratoga Performing Arts Center ended its first season with a solid record of accomplishment by its twin participants, the New York City Ballet and the Philadelphia Orchestra. And, as a good cultural attraction should, it left its well wishers with a bright prospect of even more interesting things to come—this time by devoting its two final evenings to concert performances of stage works by the Strausses: Johann Jr.'s *Fledermaus* and Richard N.R. (no relation) Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*.

For some, the rich sound of the orchestral introduction to *Rosenkavalier* evoked memories of perhaps the best performances of the work ever heard on this continent. Those, of course, were the ones of the Thirties in which the orchestra of the same name—and possibly with some of the same players—took part in the Academy of Music under the direction of Fritz Reiner. It would be irrelevant to invoke the names of the singers whose voices added luster to those performances, but the same concept of orchestral playing laid a shine on the sound of Strauss's craftily calculated sonorities that put in the clearest possible terms the continuing tradition of greatness this organization has sustained under Eugene Ormandy's direction. To judge from some comments in the local press, this magnificence was wasted on some, but many in the audience of about 5,100 seemed to know and appreciate the quality of what they were hearing.

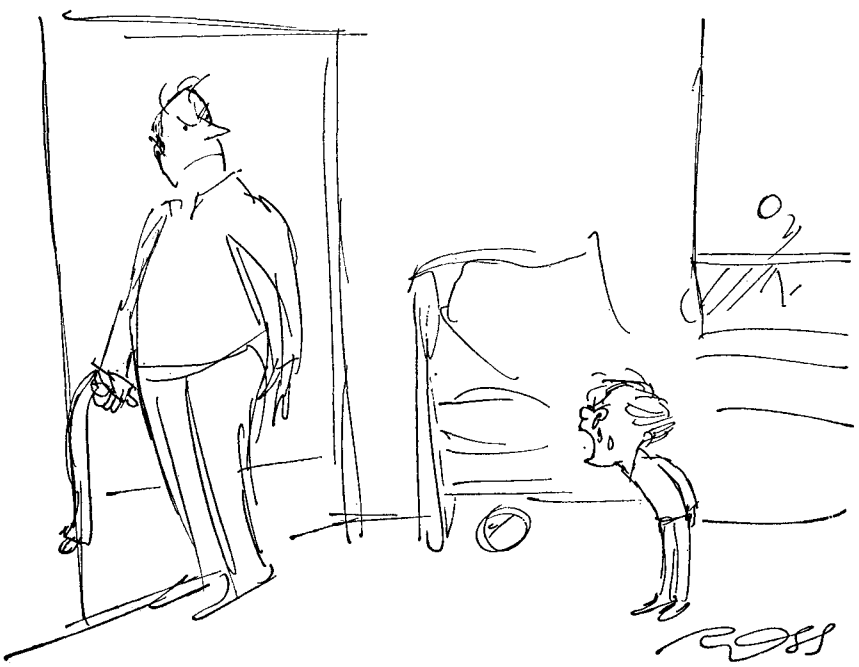
INDEED, the welling up of strings and woodwinds, deep brass and mellow horns, caused Christa Ludwig, the evening's Octavian, to turn an appreciative smile to Walter Berry, the Ochs, sitting next to her. (As she is also Frau Berry, the communication was something more than merely artistic.) Her appreciation was translated into more meaningful terms when it came her turn to add her own sound in "Wie du warst," the first words of Octavian's part. A much more mature artist than when she was singing at the Metropolitan in 1959-60, Ludwig has that inner urge to "perform" which marks the natural stage talent from the manufactured. She has, of course, been missed at the Metropolitan, and it is the best possible word for her imminent reappearance that she returns in thorough command of as glowing a sound as a mezzo soprano (or a soprano mezzo) could have.

Sharing honors with her were Hilde Gueden, whose singing of Sophie remains a paragon, and Berry, an Ochs who sings a high F as readily as a low E. Gladys Kuchta, a third choice for the Marschallin—behind Montserrat Caballé and Leonie Rysanek, both of whom asked to be excused (for different reasons)—showed a sure technical command of the musical detail of the part. However, she has not the grasp of the character to make it "play" in evening dress and minus the advantages of costume, makeup, props, etc.

THIS, of course, brought to a focus the extent to which this venture into opera, good as it was, fell short of the best uses that could have been made of the resources available. *Der Rosenkavalier* has obvious attractions for the conductor of an orchestra of the Philadelphia's quality. But, as presented, it merely pointed the real achievement of Strauss and Hofmannsthal in writing their "Comedy for Music." Isolated as they were, the excerpts (many in Act I, fewer in Act II, and least of all in Act III) made a hash of dramatic coherence, especially for those to whom the work was unfamiliar. If this was a trial run for purposes of appraising the suitability of the surroundings for such use, it achieved that end triumphantly. Save for the intrusive gush of a nearby waterfall (prior efforts to silence it were defeated this time by the previous evening's cloudburst and the extra flow that resulted) it showed them at their acoustical best.

Another kind of trial run was visible in *Fledermaus,* for which the Orlofsky was Kitty Carlisle. This would be merely a typical passing fancy of the summer circuit (or a fancy pass at the box office) were Miss Carlisle not already nominated to perform the same role when the work returns to the Metropolitan's repertory at Lincoln Center. To say that she looked better than she sounded is to render a compliment as obvious as it is inevitable—the Creator does not usually dispense beauty of voice and person to the same individual. By reducing his already reduced orchestra to a whisper, Ormandy made a gentleman's gesture toward meeting the *sotto voce* volume of her "Chacun à son goût." However, if Cyril Ritchard could meet the flexible Metropolitan standard, why not Miss Carlisle?

It was, otherwise, a spirited reminder of Ormandy's original effort on behalf of the Dietz-Strauss *Fledermaus*, with such practiced performers as Miss Gueden (Rosalinda), Roberta Peters, Theodor Uppman, Frank Guarrera, and Barry Morell (Alfred) plying their comic trade. This combination of attractions brought nearly 7,500 to the attractive amphitheater, with all 5,100 seats filled and the other listeners spread out on the spacious lawns. —IRVING KOLODIN.



"Just wait till Father's Day!"

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A Director Strikes Back

THE AMERICAN ENTRY in this year's Venice Film Festival (August 28-September 10) turns out to be *The Wild Angels*, a film produced and directed by Roger Corman for the firm of American-International, and commented upon bleakly by this reviewer in a recent issue of *SR*. Not only was the film selected by festival director, Luigi Chiarini, but it was further singled out by being placed as the festival opener. The reactions to this crudely violent study of terroristic motorcyclists in California were not yet in at this writing, but it seems to me that interested Americans ought to know something of the circumstances under which such a screening takes place. In addition to the world press, so avidly in attendance at a major film festival, there are the official representatives of dozens of governments, many of them on a relatively high diplomatic level. Film industries, East and West, are on the watch, too.

In the past, sporadic efforts have been made by American officials to see to it that this international audience gets the best possible examples of American filmmaking, and some thought has been given, too, to the fact that the so-called American "image" is also on display at major festivals. These efforts seem to have all but collapsed, mainly because of the failure of the major film companies to cooperate in supplying their best films. Thus, it is now a hit or miss affair as to which films get shown when or where. For a time, the Motion Picture Association of America (of which A-I is not a member), and its corollary organization, the Motion Picture Export Association, attempted to take a hand in the choices, but faced with the intractability of the majors, who often rightly fear poor advance publicity and adverse reviews, they have been able to do little about the situation.

It is a situation that applies, also, to the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. This year, the selection committee previewed Billy Wilder's new film, *The Fortune Cookie*, made strenuous efforts to obtain it for festival showing, but were handcuffed by the executives of United Artists, the releasing firm that over-rode Mr. Wilder's own wishes in the matter. The abnegation of responsibility on the part of the majors is now beginning to take on serious overtones. For what is being seen at Venice is a sensationalistic view of one small aspect of American life, replete with purposeless violence, and with little or no attempt to supply it with understanding or meaning. Propaganda motives are being served by the showing of *The Wild Angels* at Venice, and little else (and hardly our own propaganda motives at that).

As it happened, Mr. Corman read my review of his film and asked to have a talk with me. He presented his point of view, and I mine. He had not wished to make any explicit comment on the brutish doings of his motorcycle gang, he said, because this seemed to him "inartistic." As it was, the film was racking up remarkable earnings wherever it was shown, and was patronized largely by teen-agers who were vastly taken by the spectacle of the rape of a young Negro nurse in a hospital, the gang rape of a girl in church, which takes place after the beating and tying up of a minister, the beer and marijuana orgies whenever the gang could get away from their doltish annoyers, the police. Said Mr. Corman: little shown on the screen had not occurred in reality; he had used actual leather "boys," all in their mature twenties; and lifelike were the compliant girl gang-followers, among them Nancy Sinatra, who is "hot" box office right now.

Upon questioning, he revealed that the gang members portrayed were all on the low side in intelligence, that not a few were homosexually inclined, that they had failed to find a place for themselves in "square" society, and behaved as they did for psychopathic reasons, as well as because of parental and social neglect. He had hoped audiences would be able to discern for themselves these motivations, but may have missed a beat here and there. But it is precisely because the meanings are not there in *The Wild Angels*, because nothing is shown of the psychological or social background, that the film is faulty, and, in a sense, irresponsible. For, with social excrescences such as these, it is not enough, ever, to merely show the surface; an umbra of meaning is required. Bikini beaches exist, too (a specialty of American-International), but no one takes movies about them seriously. Their appeal is to adolescents, and they are made for "exploitation" purposes only, for a fast buck, in other words. And this is the use to which the same firm is putting *The Wild Angels*, with the benign approval of Signor Chiarini of Venice.

As it also happens, American-International is releasing the newly dubbed

(*Continued on page* 83)

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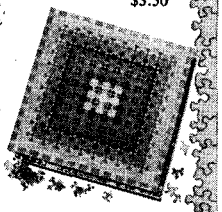

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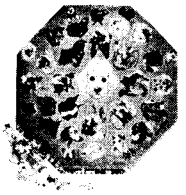

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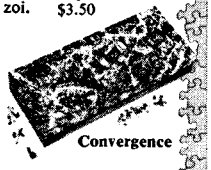

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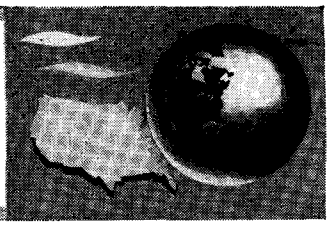
As Others See Us



MONTREAL:

1984 Too Close for Comfort

IT IS HEARTENING to note that many members of the American Congress are fighting the federal bureaucracy's attempt to speed up the Orwellian clock by establishing a National Data Center in Washington. The center would bring together under one roof and one computer system all the personal data on individuals now in the files of twenty federal agencies. . . . The end result could be the creation of the sort of device that enabled "Big Brother" to keep a watch on everyone, everywhere, in *1984*. As *The New York Times* has warned, we could face a situation in which some clerk would be able to push a button and promptly dredge up all that is known about anyone.

A special subcommittee of the U.S. House of Representatives, which is charged with the laudable task of investigating invasion of privacy . . . has won from the budget bureau a promise that the monster won't be created without Congressional approval. But the betting is that the machine will be assembled, sooner or later, in the interests of "efficiency." . . .

There is no doubt that the "dossier bank" could prove useful in getting rid of red tape. . . . But, because computers are machines, they may one day treat us as machines; and this is too big a price to pay for efficiency. . . .

It is not enough to say, "it can't happen here." Our grandfathers said that about television. —*The Montreal Star.*

LONDON:

Civil Rights and Housing

DESPITE PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S proud description of it as "an important new milestone" toward racial justice, the 1966 Civil Rights Bill, which passed the House . . . has had a less than rapturous reception among American liberals.

The progressive pressure group, Americans for Democratic Action, has branded it "a pale imitation of what a 1966 Civil Rights Bill ought to be"; Dr. Martin Luther King has denounced it as being "likely to increase Negro despair and discontent"; . . . Far from covering all American housing, the Bill will affect only large blocks of flats and new commercial housing developments. Both of these tend to go up within cities rather than in the established all-white suburbs where new building is often guarded against by covenant. . . .

The one fact that America seems reluctant to face is how far already numberless city areas represent vast tracks of disillusionment and despair, where Negroes have been left abandoned to bad schools, appalling housing, and, for many, the prospect of aimless unemployment. But in the White House at least there is today realization of the dimension and scope of the challenge that in the next decade could only too easily upset the whole traditional pattern of American society. . . .

The real domestic test of L. B. J.'s presidency could well be whether, recognizing the challenge as he does, he possesses the political courage to force the nation to confront it head-on.

—*Anthony Howard in the Observer.*

Thirst for Justice

THE LEGAL AID SOCIETY [of New York City] is one of those wonderful, charitable organizations . . . whose motives no one would ever question. People give freely to support the organization which provides free legal services to the poor and needy. . . . Well, someone has now started questioning the essential "goodness" of the Legal Aid Society. In fact, about 10,000 "someones" who make up the city's "Bowery Bum," or derelict, population are up in arms against it. . . .

For years, police have . . . arrested drunken derelicts they found sleeping in Bowery hallways and alleys. . . .

Then, the Legal Aid Society's "do-gooders" came along and discovered that there is no law in New York City against public intoxication and that public intoxication *per se* is not legally a form of disorderly conduct. . . . Arrests of all derelicts have, therefore, halted. . . . The derelicts, quite simply, are furious about now being unable to get periodical free room and board, courtesy of the city's prison system. This will be an especial hardship for them as winter approaches.

The police, on the other hand, are upset because they find the once-peaceful derelicts resorting to violence as a means of getting themselves charged with disorderly conduct. Many derelicts, seeking a jail-cell bed for a few days, are now resorting to staging feigned fights with each other on the public streets. . . . But the majority are now wandering about the city . . . seeking benches in the city's vast array of parks. This is interfering with the city's drive to clean up the parks. . . .

One solution may lie in construction of a network of detoxification centers. Mayor Lindsay has now ordered a study into such a project. —*Statist.*

PARIS:

What's Behind the Violence?

IN ALL COUNTRIES, opinion is reacting. . . . What's wrong with the United States? What are the real motives for these riots, these series of murders? What needs to be corrected in the heart of the most prosperous society in the world?

It would seem to be a purely American phenomenon, whose explanation is found in the very origins of the nation. . . . In the last century, the American pioneer pursued his conquest of the West with gun in hand, and in the conditions of violence which "Westerns" now faithfully retrace. . . . The American child is conditioned by this climate of violence. He plays with a pistol, settles his own accounts, and makes his own justice. It is not unusual to see a youngster of five or six point a toy pistol at his parents and say, "I've just killed you, you're dead, lie down."

The confrontation in the United States of peoples from all parts of the world can only aggravate a climate of tension against which the basis of English law is not especially meaningful. Incertitude before the law . . . and the fact that each ethnic group has always had to fend for itself has created a tradition of self-defense from which has emerged the American phenomenon of the gang. . . . Al Capone and the all-powerful Mafia succeeded the bands of outlaws. Today, rival Negro and white groups sow terror in their neighborhoods. —*L'Express.*

New York's Budgetary Woes

ONE MIGHT THINK that 20 cents for a subway token that gives access to the longest and most rapid transit system in the world is not an excessively high fare to pay. . . . And yet, Mr. John Lindsay's promise not to augment New York's 15-cent transportation fare was certainly not foreign to his election last autumn. But, after having resisted for six months, the new Mayor had to capitulate in the attempt to save the city from financial ruin. There was no other alternative than to authorize the City Transit Authority to raise the fares so as to balance its budget.

However, this repudiation of a solemn

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electoral promise did not signal the end of the serious problems for the young, elegant, and dynamic Mayor. . . [who] lacks, in effect, $520 million to balance his first budget. . . . The former Mayor [Robert Wagner] has dotted the "i's" in stating recently that even if Mr. Lindsay were able to balance his budget for the present year, he would have to meet a "monstrous deficit" for the next. And, according to Mr. Wagner, the other big cities in the United States must meet an analogous problem. —*Le Monde.*

WARSAW:

Double Standard for POWs

WASHINGTON'S SPOKESMEN and the American press have shown much interest in the fate of several score of American airmen captured in Vietnam. . . . And what is, at the same time, the fate of the Vietcong fighters? If one is to believe official Washington communiqués, every day and every week tens and hundreds of Vietcong fighters are taken prisoner. Does anybody remember their human rights, applying to them the humanitarian provisions of the Geneva conventions? . . .

The American side hands over all captured Vietcong fighters to the South Vietnamese authorities. It is not difficult to guess how their fate looks. Such handing over of prisoners of war is, of course, a complete and glaring violation of all international decisions and conventions on prisoners of war. . . . Thus, the American course of thinking is confirmed, according to which every [American] airman constitutes a value worthy of attention and defense. On the other hand every partisan . . . is a nameless being who can . . . be handed over to the Saigon hangmen, thus being condemned to death. —*Zycie Warszawy.*

HANOI:

America's Weak Point

UNITED STATES IMPERIALISTS say . . . that they cannot be defeated, that our army and people cannot drive them out of South Vietnam because they have unimaginable military power. . . . It is clear that, although inferior to the United States in certain technical matters, we have many basic strong points such as politics, morale, strategic position, leadership of the war and armed forces, and particularly the infantry main force, which plays a decisive role on the battlefield.

As for the United States, although materially and technically superior, it has many basic weaknesses which can never be done away with. . . . To conduct a war on the ground one must rely on the infantry. Obsessed by their weapons' fetish to the extent of regarding infantry as auxiliary, the U. S. aggressors now have to send in infantry forces and rely on them. But the U. S. infantry is weak, so U. S. officers are finding themselves in a series of tight spots in the war.

—*Radio Hanoi.*

PEKING:

Triple Threat to China

A TREATY of military alliance between the United States and Japan has been in existence for a long time. Now what is known as a Soviet-Japanese "Commission for Economic Co-operation" has been established. . . . In addition, ministers of the two governments will hold periodic consultations. Thus, a new counter-revolutionary "Holy Alliance" of the United States, Japan, and the Soviet Union has in fact been formed in Asia.

[Soviet Foreign Minister] Gromyko went to Japan close on the heels of Dean Rusk. Rusk's Tokyo tour was mainly to engineer an aggressive military alliance in Asia, with Japan as its core, in order to further reinforce the ring of encirclement around China and to intensify the suppression of the revolutionary struggles of the peoples of Vietnam, Korea, and other Asian countries. Rusk openly approved the Japanese militarists' collaboration with the Soviet revisionist leading clique in serving U.S. imperialism's policy of shifting the weight of its strategic deployment to the East. . . .

On public occasions, Gromyko had to declare that "the Vietnam dispute is the outcome of U.S. aggression," so as to create the impression that the Soviet revisionist leading clique was not interested in "peace talks." But everyone can see that after U.S. imperialism flagrantly started bombing Hanoi and Haiphong to push ahead its scheme of "forcing peace talks through bombing," Moscow at once became a marketplace for peddling the U.S.-style "peace talks" intrigue. —*Peking Review.*

American Know-How: For the first time in several years I am at the European end of the summer, and can recall without actually suffering from it the brickoven heat of New York in July and August. I look at all the flowering English gardens and I remember how my carefully nurtured window-box plants would just wither away in New York at this time of year and how the small lawn below my window would turn a murky brown.

Many friends here ask me if I am not overjoyed to be back in Europe, away from the rush and buzz of America, from its Vietnam policies, from Madison Avenue, from its generally materialistic approach to life. Well, the answer is not really; and whatever the reasons are for welcoming a return to England they are not the negative reason of escaping from America. Quite the opposite. It always seems to me that the people who moralize about the horrors and materialism of America are often precisely the people who close their eyes to the urgent need for far-reaching change in England. There is a great tendency in England to reject efficiency as something rather inferior. . . .

Actually I found that it is pleasant if the telephone system works quickly and efficiently and cheaply, even if it's a capitalist enterprise. It's pleasant to catch an airplane to almost any destination in the United States and be reasonably certain, barring strikes, that it will leave on time and that there will not be the constant chorus of apology that I heard at London Airport the other day. It's pleasant to be able to use credit cards without people writing letters to the editor asking how we are going to be able to protect ourselves against fraud. These may be minor matters, but what I am getting at is that America's commercialism is geared toward a constant search for professionalism and efficiency. This is certainly not to be dismissed with a shrug of an amateur shoulder. . . .

One can make any number of comparisons between England and America, and I'll be the first to agree that there is much that is sick in the body politic of America. But I find that what I am missing more than anything else is the sheer exuberance of American politics and the range of political discussion. . . .

Over the whole range of life here there is too much acceptance of things as they are; not enough search for improvement. Let me sum it up this way: New York taxi-drivers talk about Vietnam with their fares, or about Civil Rights, as well as about the weather or their wives. . . . London taxi-drivers firmly close their partitions and some silently display a newspaper cutting that says "Minicabs are dearer." But the world isn't like that any more and it gets us nowhere to pretend that it is.

—*Hella Pick in the Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

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Our Electronic Oracles

Men, Machines, and Modern Times, *by Elting E. Morison (M.I.T. Press. 235 pp. $5.95), proposes that we become an experimental society with respect to new technology. Spencer Pollard is a professor of economics at the University of Southern California and an arbitrator of labor-management disputes. He is the author of the recently published "How Capitalism Can Succeed."*

By SPENCER POLLARD

ELTING E. MORISON, a professor of management at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writes in the tradition of Elton Mayo. His special interest lies in what new machines do to us and how we can control them so that they will serve us as individuals rather than dictate to us how we shall live. Dr. Morison begins with Schumpeter's concept of the "gale of creative destruction" blowing through modern society, and repeats Aldous Huxley's question: "What are you going to do with all these new things?"

In considering the uses of the most dramatic new machines, computers, Professor Morison is optimistic, since history shows us, he says, that men have learned to live with new machinery at least as well as, and probably a good deal better than, with one another. But he has a word of caution. Earlier forms of machines resisted human ignorance and stupidity. "Overloaded, abused, they stopped work, stalled, broke down, blew up, and there was the end of it." When a computer is asked a foolish question, it does not collapse but answers the fool according to his folly. Dr. Morison's illustration is this:

> Hamlet had a problem which he defined for himself as follows: What happened to the late King of Denmark, and what should he, Hamlet, do about it? Framing the question accurately—a good program—he took it to a ghost, the most sophisticated mechanism in the late sixteenth century for giving answers to hard questions. From the ghost he got back a very detailed reply which included a recommendation for a specific course of action. Responding to these advices, Hamlet created a political, social, moral, and administrative mess that was simply hair-raising. The trouble was that he had got the right answer, the answer he deserved, to a question that was totally wrong. He had asked about his father when he should have asked, as any psychologist will tell you, about himself and his relations with his mother.

The major proposal in the book is that we should become an "experimental society." This would mean that rather than rushing in to install the latest technology in any area of life, we should set up a series of experimental situations, using new machines in various situations, and comparing the results, to find out which set-up is the most favorable to the development of ourselves as individuals. Suitable subjects for such treatment would be the means of transport, the organization of cities, the control of traffic, the care of the sick, and the process of education. Such experiments might convince us not to teach students in groups of 2,000 in auditoriums wired for sound. They might persuade us not to move old people from their accustomed neighborhoods into the boredom and isolation of concrete apartment blocks in the suburbs. Dr. Morison is sure that the experiments would show our human preference for smaller units than we now have in cities, corporations, apartment houses, universities, and schools.

It is interesting to note the kind of research that is undertaken by industrial philosophers such as Dr. Morison. They spend their lives scrutinizing a few situations as aids to their reflections rather than making large statistical surveys. Professor Morison has included in this volume his detailed case studies of innovations in naval gunnery, naval propulsion, and the convoy system, and a long essay on the Bessemer innovation in steel-making, which he calls "almost the greatest invention."

This is an interesting book, and it is comforting to know that M.I.T. values philosophy as well as technology.

The Fine Art of Swindling

The Vulnerable Americans, *by Curt Gentry (Doubleday. 333 pp. $4.95), is a compendium of the chicaneries with which consumers are bilked. George Schwartz is associate professor of marketing at the School of Business Administration, University of Massachusetts.*

By GEORGE SCHWARTZ

CURT GENTRY'S *The Vulnerable Americans* is an encyclopedia of practically every dishonest scheme that businessmen and enterprises have used to enrich themselves at the expense of naïve, trusting persons, many of whom fall for chicanery because they are under the illusion that they can get something for nothing. A portion of the book also details practices used by employees and others to defraud such business enterprises as department stores and banks, telephone, insurance, and credit card companies. "Never before in the history of the U.S.," asserts Mr. Gentry, "have so many been swindled so often in so many different ways out of so much—with so few protesting voices."

The stratagems he cites are indeed despicable, reflecting adversely on the U.S. business community. They include short-weighting, the use of deceptive slogans, deceptive advertising, deceptive pricing, deceptive packages, deceptive expedients to gain entry into a potential customer's home, and many other ruses. The relevant regulatory agencies, as Mr. Gentry observes, are all but impotent either because adequate legislation does not exist or because the agency does not receive sufficient funds to protect buyers fully from unscrupulous sellers.

The Vulnerable Americans can help consumers to protect themselves. Unfortunately, it may also serve as a source of new tricks for unethical businessmen who are not sufficiently creative in devising their own.

My main objection to Gentry's compendium is that it is itself guilty of deception: A foreigner or an ingenuous citizen of this country could well infer from the book that all businessmen in the United States are crooks whose principal activity consists of bilking naïve, unsuspecting consumers. The truth of the matter is that millions of Americans are engaged in selling products and services, and the bulk of them make a useful contribution to our society.

Business enterprises in the United States have utilized the country's resources in such a way that not only do we have the highest level of living in the world, but as a nation we are able

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to help millions of indigent people. Moreover, the prospects are that, barring a nuclear war, U.S. business enterprises will use our resources even more effectively, with the result that incomes will continue to rise, and many families will enjoy even greater material well-being.

Our world in general and the business world in particular are, of course, imperfect. We need and should support individuals who wish to make these worlds better. But this reviewer doubts that the reformer is helping to improve conditions when he himself is guilty of half-truths. The significant difference between the bona-fide scholar and popular writers like Vance Packard and Curt Gentry is that the scholar will present all of the facts bearing on a situation he is investigating and from them draw his conclusions. Such studies, however, do not sell millions of copies.

THERE WAS A SAYING in Virginia that only a Randolph was good enough for a Randolph. Few families figured more prominently in the early history of the colony and the nation. Thomas Jefferson had a Randolph mother. John Marshall had a Randolph grandmother. The first president of the Continental Congress was a Randolph, as was the first Attorney General of the United States.

And St. George Tucker had three Randolph stepsons, one of whom, John Randolph of Roanoke, was one of the strangest, perhaps most brilliant, characters in American history.

For a short period as Jefferson's floor leader in the House of Representatives, John Randolph was a powerful and positive force in national politics. However, after breaking with his Presidential cousin, his influence was never more than that of a dangerous gadfly whose sharp sting could inflict mortal harm. To Benjamin Rush he seemed "a mischievous boy with a squirt in his hands, throwing its dirty contents into the eyes of everybody that looked at him." Among his targets were the two Adams Presidents, and his destructive aim was uncannily accurate.

During his more than a quarter century in Congress, Randolph, aided by liquor and narcotics, grew more and more eccentric. Some attributed his weird behavior to sexual impotence. He brought his dogs into Congress; he fought needless duels with Henry Clay and others; he became so fussy about the proper use of English that he rose in wrath from his deathbed to correct his doctor's pronunciation—"OmnIPotent, sir, read it *always* omnIPotent, sir!" were virtually his last words.

—*From "America's Political Dynasties."*

This Country's Ruling Clans

America's Political Dynasties: From Adams to Kennedy, *by Stephen Hess (Doubleday. 736 pp. $7.95), demonstrates that "hereditary aristocracy" has played a far larger role in our government than is generally admitted. Margaret L. Coit is currently studying New England's ruling families for a forthcoming book on Massachusetts.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

THERE is nothing new about the Kennedys.

Those concerned about the constant presence of a Ruling Family upon our national scene will find little cause for comfort in Stephen Hess's panoramic portrait, *America's Political Dynasties.* That Horatio Alger is dead is no secret; that he may never even have existed is the theme of this book. The facts of history are at variance with the American myth, and the Kennedys are a lot closer to the way things really are than Horatio Alger ever thought of being.

Ironically, Mr. Hess cites both Senator Edward Kennedy and historian Arthur M. Schlesinger as feeling that dynastic succession is both undemocratic and un-American. For Mr. Schlesinger himself is the heir to what might be called a historical dynasty, not only through his father but by virtue of his Bancroft connections on his mother's side.

Mr. Hess also quotes sociologist E. Digby Baltzell, who saw the election of President John F. Kennedy as significant not because of his Catholicism but because it signified "a trend" towards the rule of an élite in America. Mr. Hess sees not so much a trend as a pattern, dating back in fact to the first President Adams, whose social antecedents were looked upon as dubiously by the Proper Bostonians of his day as those of the Kennedys are by their descendants. In both cases, aristocracy was in the formative phase.

Fifteen political "dynasties" are studied in this book. The author could easily have cited innumerable others if he had gone below the national scene; but his book, already long, would have broken all bounds had he included, for instance, such mixed dynasties as the Rockefellers and the Peabodys, or nonpolitical dynasties like the Calders, whose artistic talents have flowered through four generations.

But the evidence is impressive enough. Harrisons and Stocktons have held office in one long, unbroken line. There is nothing new about "bands of brothers":

"And do be careful, dear, not to start a war by accident."

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Washburn brothers served in Congress from four different states; no one state was big enough to hold them all. Sullivans were Governors of both Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and a "carpetbagger" from Massachusetts named Lodge was eventually defeated in Connecticut by a self-styled personification of the American Dream named Abe Ribicoff.

WHAT distinguishes these scions of our hereditary aristocracy? Mr. Hess cites their general attractiveness and animal vitality; their eye for the main chance; their sense of history, of duty; their feeling of obligation to serve the people, although they are never really of the people. Except for the rampaging Longs, seldom have they been mistaken for common men. They have believed firmly in breeding and interbreeding; even the Lodges and Kennedys are curiously intermingled. Nor are they all of pure Anglo-Saxon backgrounds: there are Irish, French, Dutch, and German strains among them.

Hess also gives the lie to another myth: that men tend to take their inferiors as wives. On the contrary, as former President Dwight D. Eisenhower observed, men on the make usually marry above themselves. Scions of the would-be ruling families have married genuine helpmates, women of independence and courage and even eccentricity. These included suffragettes and civil rights fighters who would get themselves jailed for a cause, and President-makers who might will an unwilling husband into the White House, like the "fascinating" Nellie Taft. The Kennedy and Roosevelt women have not been alone on the playing field. In 1938 a Cleveland newspaper headline noted: "Bob and Martha Taft Elected to the Senate."

Equally notable have been the remarkable women members of the ruling clans themselves. They included Nancy Randolph, who soared above scandal; Dinah Frelinghuysen, whose faith in prayer saved a foundering ship, and the valiant Hannah Lee, so devout a Baptist that she lived with and bore children to her lover out of wedlock rather than go through a Church of England marriage ceremony.

It is indeed a fascinating portrait gallery that Stephen Hess gives us in this new look at old history. Here are the "otherwise-minded" Adamses, the Lees and their "staggering achievements," the wildly witty Tuckers, the Roosevelts, with their capacity for "organized frenzy" and "but one name to give to their country," the Breckinridges, tragically divided in the Brothers' War, and the Tafts, Middle-Westerners quarried out of Vermont marble, completely dedicated and infinitely charming ("Can I kiss you first?" the four-year-old future Senator asked his father before a whipping).

Here too are William Livingston, who first exposed "the American way of death," and Frederick Muhlenberg, who pushed the immigrant Germans into the mainstream of American life. Here is the fascinating "Bay" Lodge, father of the present "young Henry," with his probing mind and his own private political party, the Conservative Christian Anarchists, and here is the dying Earl Long, fighting off the rising tide of racial bigotry. Hess even succeeds in giving us the feel and flavor of the Kennedys: the "robust elegance" of JFK, who felt he was not equipped for public life, the luminous Jacqueline, the emotional and puritanical Robert, and the fresh-minted Ethel.

The book is spiced with repeatable quotes and nuggets of history: "Why, you perfect damn fool," an Adams burst out to a woman who refused his proposal of marriage. It is a goldmine for future biographies, histories, and historical novels. The research is monumental: notes, bibliographies, and charts comprise a quarter of the length of the text. Yet some of the sources are of dubious value, and occasionally Stephen Hess resists cold facts for a better story. He exhumes perhaps a few too many family skeletons, and falls into several errors. Thomas Lee was not the first native American to be named a Royal Governor; the daughters of the first Vice President Johnson were not mulattoes, and it was Stephen A., not Stephen B. Douglas.

The author makes a good case for his belief that neither the two greatest Tafts nor the complexly motivated Lodges were temperamentally suited to be President. On the other hand, he lightly brushes off Ambassador Lodge's part in the Diem coup and only touches on Huey Long's much underestimated role in the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But these are minor flaws. In sum, *America's Political Dynasties* is popular history at its best: readable, provocative, even fascinating. Science has pretty well proved that emotional instability can be genetically inherited; Mr. Hess goes a long way towards proving that the same is true of political aptitudes, potent though good connections and a brand name may be. Mr. Hess demonstrates what many have long suspected: that we are far more of an aristocracy than is generally admitted, and he predicts that the future bids fair to repeat the patterns of the past.

True, some of the dynasties have died out or gracefully retired into the Social Register. Some have declined, like the Breckinridges, though Hess doubts that Kentucky has seen the last of them. But the Lodges are still irrepressible, the Longs are very much with us, the Tafts are going strong, and, by any standard but their own, the Roosevelts would be considered remarkable. As for the Kennedys, it is hardly audacious to predict that they will be "factors for many years to come."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

MORE JACKS OF TWO TRADES

Here is a fresh list of famous people—all authors this time—who also pursued other careers for a brief period or longer. Their names and alternate occupations have been supplied by Herbert L. Mager, Jr., and Doyle Darragh of Washington, D.C., and by Bernard M. Pohoryles of New York City. For the correct matches, turn to page 60.

John Buchan ( )	1. actor
Cervantes ( )	2. advocate
Corneille ( )	3. ambassador
Thomas Hardy ( )	4. architect
Franz Kafka ( )	5. clergyman
Edward Lear ( )	6. customhouse clerk
Pierre Loti ( )	7. governor general
Stéphane Mallarmé ( )	8. insurance clerk
Marguerite d'Angoulême ( )	9. insurance executive
Herman Melville ( )	10. landscape painter
Molière ( )	11. mayor
Montaigne ( )	12. naval officer
Rabelais ( )	13. physician
Samuel Richardson ( )	14. physicist
Edwin Arlington Robinson ( )	15. priest
C. P. Snow ( )	16. printer
Laurence Sterne ( )	17. professor
Wallace Stevens ( )	18. purchasing agent
Lew Wallace ( )	19. sailor
William Carlos Williams ( )	20. sovereign

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The Wild Life of a Naturalist

John James Audubon: A Biography, *by Alexander B. Adams (Putnam. 510 pp. $7.95), reveals the many sides of a complex personality that was at once arrogant and morbidly sensitive. Peter Farb's numerous books on nature include the recent "The Atlantic Shore," written in collaboration with John Hay.*

By PETER FARB

LESS than two years ago (*SR*, Jan. 2, 1965) I reviewed Alice Ford's scholarly but somewhat tedious biography of Audubon. I lamented that a truly readable volume on this complex human being and extraordinary artist still did not exist. Now Alexander Adams offers us an admirable study. Well-fashioned and well-phrased, the book is evocative, and often has considerable emotional impact. It is as readable a biography as we are likely to get; but several shortcomings spoil what might have been a virtuoso performance.

Mr. Adams skillfully manipulates a prose now luxuriant, now wiry. He is adept in the use of irony as he chides Americans for the atrocities perpetrated on the land since Audubon's time. He gives us almost all of the old material, often with fresh insights, and he has included a considerable amount of new particulars.

Yes, it is all here, the many sides of a complicated personality – the tantrums and fantasies, the volatile temperament, the Audubon both morbidly sensitive and arrogant. Here is told the confusion surrounding Audubon's illegitimate birth, his seeming need to fail, his strange ambition to be successful as a merchant and not as an artist. Mr. Adams makes no apologies for Audubon's errors in bird identification (he thought the immature bald eagle was a new species, the "Bird of Washington" he called it) or his delinquency in scientific accuracy.

The author tells us that he has rummaged through the libraries that have Audubon collections, visited the many cities familiar to Audubon, and even retraced his subject's routes across North America. The wealth of detail leaves no doubt that Mr. Adams did his research well and that he traveled hither and yon. Where he fell down is in his limited itinerary of excursions into the darker trails of Audubon's psyche.

As just one example, Audubon claimed that he studied painting with the master David, but it is most improbable that he ever did so. Mr. Adams ignores this in the text, and in a note at the end of the book says: "Whether he took lessons with David or not seems a matter of small importance, because they could

—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Great Northern Diver or Loon," by John James Audubon.

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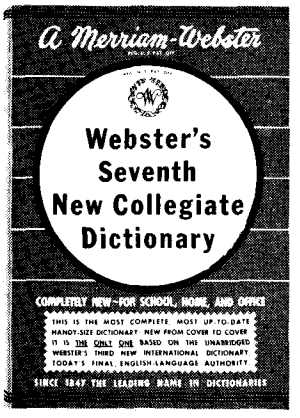

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not have lasted any length of time and he did not acquire any significant skill." Mr. Adams misses the point here. The reader does not care whether or not Audubon studied with David; he does want to know what sort of personality could feel this as an insufficiency.

The trouble, I think, is that Mr. Adams adopted a format that does not give him much room in which to maneuver. The story marches in strict chronological order, each chapter devoted to a few years of Audubon's life (except for an unfortunate first chapter that hurdles eighteen years at harrowing speed). The advantage of this method is that it is as eminently logical as a straight road. But the author pays a penalty in giving up the twists, turns, and switchbacks. Where can Mr. Adams find a place to come to grips with the Audubon who participated in a wanton slaughter of wild life? Where can he pause for a perceptive analysis of Audubon's relations with Lucy, certainly the most forbearing of wives, or his cavalier treatment of younger artists?

Finally, I feel the lack of a critical stance toward Audubon's work. Mr. Adams is hesitant about putting forward judgments on Audubon's particular paintings or on his work as a whole, and nowhere is the position he holds in world art made explicit. From a scholarly point of view, I miss specific references to Audubon's extant paintings, when they were executed and where they are now, as well as details on the various published editions of his art and prose.

Since two biographies of Audubon have appeared so close together in time, a comparison is mandatory. The dust of the library clings to Alice Ford's book, the freshness of the outdoors to Mr. Adams's. But where Mr. Adams is comradely, Miss Ford is often more authentic and profound. For facts about Audubon I would go to Miss Ford, for joy to Mr. Adams. But for a full-length portrait of Audubon both books are necessary.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Columns 1 and 3 should read: 7, 18, 2, 4, 8, 10, 12, 17, 20, 19; 1, 11, 15, 16, 6, 14, 5, 9, 3, 13. (These answers are correct but not necessarily exclusive in every instance.)

Coming September 24

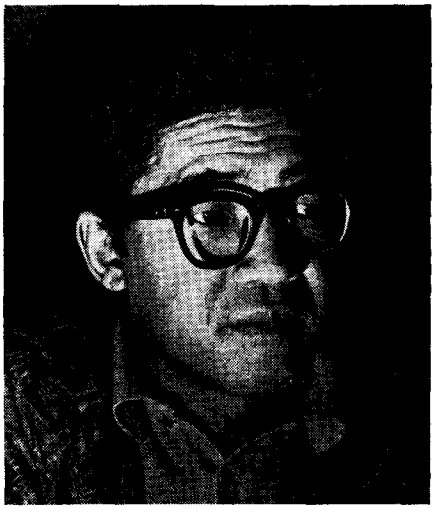
"A Show of Color"

By Margaret R. Weiss

Man Without an Image

The Face of Another, *by Kobo Abé (Knopf. 239 pp. $4.95), probes the emotions of a man who loses countenance after acquiring a new visage. A poet, Thomas Fitzsimmons is professor of English at Oakland University in Rochester, Mich.*

By THOMAS FITZSIMMONS



—*Harold Strauss.*

Kobo Abé—"metaphysical overtones."

LOSS of face. Actual, not metaphorical. How much of the man is his face? Made monstrous, does he become a monster? And if he can and does create a new face, will the character of that mask be determined by some previously hidden aspects of self now let loose to tyrannize the whole man? And masked, who is he: the new man or the old? Both? Simultaneously? Alternately?

At forty-four, Kobo Abé already has demonstrated to the West, in the novel and film *Woman in the Dunes*, his taste for bizarre situations loaded with metaphysical overtones. Now, in *The Face of Another*, he once again probes the edges of a waking nightmare as it wraps itself around and through an extremely self-conscious mind.

The man without a face is a scientist, and one proud of his intellect: conditions that make it damnably hard for him to admit that a mere face, a film of highly mobile flesh pierced here and there for eyes, mouth, nostrils can be perhaps the single most important factor in determining his relationship with other humans. What about his mind? His character? His entire personality?

He begins by refusing validity to his emotions. But in time the facts of human intercourse—his colleagues turn away in dismay and disgust, unknown children accidently met are terror-struck, his wife rejects him sexually—hammer upon him until he is forced first to admit, finally to surrender to his actual emotional condition: total estrangement, utter loneliness.

Then he turns all his skill and knowledge to constructing another face; not just an expressionless mask, but a *face*. Yet now, suddenly, he must choose that face. That is a shattering freedom. And once having chosen and made it, he must deal with the equally shattering freedom that comes with perfect disguise. We are made to share the shock of his discovery of the importance of mere appearance, share his near-madness in forced isolation, his actual schizophrenia once masked, the bubbling up of a paralyzingly destructive ambivalence now that he is free to choose between identities, and, finally, his gradual disintegration into a creature of sheer need—to know who he is, to define himself through action. The mild-mannered man of the laboratory becomes in turn a fugitive from light and eyes, an alchemist, a feverish plotter who seduces his own wife while wearing the face and manner of another, a sweating lout crouching in a dark lane as he listens to the approaching footsteps of an unknown woman.

The central, shaping metaphor of face and facelessness is brilliant, and Abé's relentless pursuit of its every implication is powerful. Yet he chooses certain conventional storytelling strategies that work against him. By presenting the novel as several notebooks in which the faceless man seeks to explain himself to his wife (and totally undo her? totally subjugate her?) after having seduced her while posing as another, Kobo Abé imprisons us in the mind of that man, who is himself imprisoned there. Not one other person exists in the book, and only one small girl briefly achieves the intensity of a presence.

People imprisoned alone together are apt to get a little bored with each other. Especially if one of them is given to interminable monologues. This fact unfortunately tends to reinforce what seems to me one of the weaknesses of

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much current Japanese prose fiction (the poets are bolder): the seeming inability to present interior states with a few bold strokes of imagery, scene, and rhythm, the reliance upon textbook psychology to painstakingly (and painfully) expound, explain, and exhaust whatever aspects of being can be reduced to linear discourse. Since the best Japanese film directors (protected by their cameras) have not yet succumbed to this disease, the film now being made by Hiroshi Teshigahara may well be better than the book.

The book does have power and brilliance. And it has one other quality that will make it of special interest to Western readers. In moments of compulsive neatness, sociologists and social anthropologists are given to slicing up mankind into "shame" cultures and "guilt" cultures. Like most oversimplifications, this one focuses attention upon an important distinction and at the same time obscures important modulations. Within this scheme, countries of the Christian West, like ours, obviously are examples of guilt cultures: controls on behavior are to a very great degree internalized (conscience); and paying too much attention to "what other people think" is, ideally at least, seen as a weakness that may culminate in hypocrisy, a most contemptible thing. Again within the scheme, Japan is an excellent example of a shame culture: there, it is precisely what other people think (or have thought) that constitutes the single most powerful control on behavior; and too much concern for one's own internal promptings is seen as dangerous egoism that may culminate in antisocial behavior, the most contemptible thing.

Oversimple as it is, the scheme calls attention to an important difference in emphasis. And one of the fascinations *The Face of Another* may hold for a Western reader is the opportunity to inhabit for a time a state of being very different from what he is used to.

Ideological Framework for Fiction

Introduction to Rumanian Literature, *edited by Jacob Steinberg (Twayne. 441 pp. $6.95), and* ***The Extreme Occident,*** *by Petru Dumitriu, translated from the French by Peter Wiles (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 378 pp. $6.95), exemplify in different ways the constraints of ideology upon the art of Rumanian fiction. Robert L. Stilwell is an assistant professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

THESE two volumes—one an extensive sampler of Rumanian fiction from the later nineteenth century to the present, the other a new novel by a writer whose allegiances to contemporary Rumania are largely those of birth and ambivalent self-exile – evoke responses that can best be described as centrifugal. After reading them, that is to say, one does not itch to discuss the books themselves. (I personally find the anthology mildly attractive, the novel derivative and otherwise undistinguished.)

Instead, one's thoughts are propelled outward toward all sorts of extrinsic subjects. One longs to meditate on the uses and abuses of anthologies, on the current state of the European socio-political novel, on "nationalism" in literature, on the impossibility of representing a country's literary achievement between a single pair of covers, on artistic "influence," on the conflicting doctrines and passions that rend our time, and on much else. Above all, perhaps, these volumes furnish melancholy occasions for contemplating the encroachments of ideology upon the art of Rumanian fiction. Throughout the anthology, such encroachments come principally from the editorial matter, which encircles everything with a barbed wire fence of special pleading. In the novel, they arise from

Petru Dumitriu—"didacticism."

A wonderfully eclectic anthology

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Edited by
RICHARD STERN
author of *Stitch*

A selection of writings representing thirteen lands and seven centuries. Each author displays his own unique way of telling a tale, whether epic, memoir, fable, case history, letter, confession, or prose romance. Such masters as Yeats, Baroja, Heine, Kierkegaard, and Proust keep company with Casanova, Bellow, Joyce, Robbe-Grillet, Nabokov, Arreola, and Mahmud Taimur. This entertaining collection will be treasured by those seeking the new-minted coin of many centuries. Illustrated by Joan FitzGerald. $7.50

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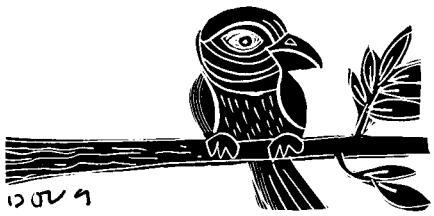
a fundamental upsetting of that complicated reciprocity which must always operate between esthetic form and metaphysical content.

Introduction to Rumanian Literature is the fourth volume to be published in this country under the cultural exchange agreement between the United States and Rumania (the earlier installments were three books by Mihail Sadoveanu, one of the shaping spirits in twentieth-century Rumanian letters). Its title is somewhat misleading, since one must explore the fine print in its "Editor's Note" before learning that it includes only fiction and that a companion anthology, devoted to poetry and drama, is still under preparation. The present volume gathers twenty-four stories and excerpts from novels by as many writers, ranging in time from Ion Creanga, who lived from 1837 to 1889 and has sometimes been regarded as the Tolstoy of Rumanian literature, to Fanus Neagu, who was born in 1935 and thus belongs within the younger generation of short-story producers. Between these two, one finds selections from the classical pantheon of Sadoveanu, Ion Slavici, Barbu Delavrancea, Ion Caragiale, Zaharia Stancu, and Liviu Rebreanu, as well as work by such lesser but nonetheless capable figures as George Calinescu, Gala Galaction, Ion Agirbiceanu, and Camil Petrescu. Everything has been rendered into unexceptionable English prose, save for several passages which emerge with that curiously pallid color that often marks translations from the East European languages.

The fiction itself, so far as one can determine, has been picked for inclusion largely on the basis of its "human interest" qualities; and it is probably on such terms that it will offer its widest appeal. The artistic powers displayed are not especially impressive. For the most part, the chosen writers rest content with a straightforward and rather flat narrative mode, streaked here and there by touches of lyricism. They are liable, moreover, to seem decidedly old-fashioned (significantly, the most recent writers construct their stories through much the same technical resources that were employed by the earlier ones). But all in all this is a collection of competent examples from a literature that deserves —like all literatures—to be better known among English-speaking readers.

The editorial apparatus, however, constitutes nothing less than a blemish on the whole enterprise. It is true that the foreword by Demostene Botez, of the Academy of the Socialist Republic of Rumania, contains a measure of informed thoughtfulness and humane understanding. Botez's main offenses are his stylistic vices, which make him sound occasionally like the commentator at a Sunday evening travelogue for children



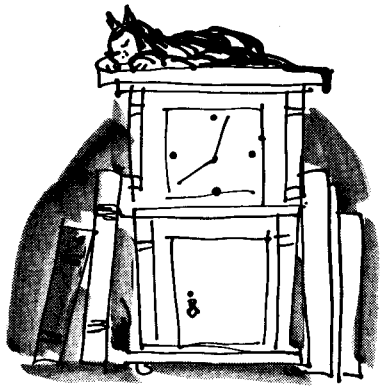
("The American reader of this book will discover a distant shore washed by the foamy waters of the Black Sea"), but more often like some professor of belles-lettres around 1890 ("The translation of literary works from one language into another . . . opens the gates of the golden-domed fane of world literature"). On the other hand, the separate headnotes to each section are depressingly poor. For one thing, they have been composed in a grating variety of pidgin, neither good Rumanian nor good English, which a few hours of close editorial collaboration might have licked into acceptable shape. For another thing, they are models of sketchy or irrelevant information: the nonspecialist reader, for whom the anthology was designed, is simply not told enough about the writers who are being introduced. Furthermore, these headnotes contain no end of exaggerated claims, uncritical praise, and cloudy impressionism.

MORE seriously, they have been tinged (to put it mildly) with the party-line dogmas and jargon that sometimes threaten to atrophy the currently reviving health of letters inside Rumania. One is assured, for instance, that the writings of Geo Bogze "pay tribute to the working people and their magnificent achievements." Marin Preda deals with "the life of the contemporary Rumanian villages, which—in the new socialist system—are undergoing a vital transformation." The characters of Radu Popescu "embody the virtues of socialist morality" and figure forth "the new way of life and world in opposition to traditional customs and middle conservatism." And the fiction of Calinescu "evokes the instauration of the people's power, the work of reconstruction carried out by the new régime in Rumania, the resistance to or the integration in productive work of some elements of the former ruling classes, the building up of the socialistic society."

Well, maybe; although it struck me that most of the stories and novel-slices were reasonably free of proselytizing. But here my immediate argument lies not with the rote Marxism and the facile and grossly oversimplified species of Marxist esthetics that generate such assertions. What does seem regrettable is that *any* kind of propaganda, either political or literary, should have manifested itself within a volume conceived, as its editor promises, to show that "literature is pre-eminently a common ground, demonstrating how truly universal is the human condition." To expect "culture" and receive loaded dice is rather like asking for bread and being given a stone; and one hopes that we will not retaliate by notifying Rumanian readers that Hawthorne and James, Hemingway and Faulkner were solemn expositors of the American economic and political system.

Petru Dumitriu has not been represented in the *Introduction* anthology for obvious reasons, considering its "official" auspices, but he can post some claim to being the contemporary Rumanian writer most familiar to Western audiences. That claim rests almost exclusively on his big anti-Stalinist novel *Incognito*, which was published in England and the United States in 1964, to what I believe used to be called "a chorus of rave reviews." Even George Steiner and Irving Howe, critics not ordinarily given to promiscuous praising, were quite carried away by their admiration. *The Extreme Occident* provides an immediate sequel to *Incognito*, a sort of "further adventures" of the previous book's narrator, as distinguished from its martyred protagonist; and it is a joyless task to report that I think it almost as shrill in its didacticism, almost as stale in its perceptions, as was its predecessor. The focus for the didacticism has now shifted, however; and this shift bestows upon the present work much of the interest, minimal at best, that it possesses. For whereas *Incognito* contemplated the dark night of Eastern Europe during and after World War II, *The Extreme Occident* sets out to display the whole of present-day Western Europe as one vast cesspool of aimlessness, desperation, and lost or corrupted values.

In this new story we see the narrator of *Incognito* (Dumitriu himself, under a cellophane disguise) mysteriously employed in a northern commercial city that looks suspiciously like Amsterdam or Frankfurt. Having escaped from the terrors of Rumanian Stalinism, he has tepidly committed himself to existence in the West—only to find himself snatched up, as bystander and marginal participant, in a hectic melodrama involving



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financial double-dealings, colonialism, midnight meetings, a general strike, sadism, thalidomide deformities, governmental intrigues, erotic frustration, quests for religious faith, tension-fraught dinner parties, anarchist plottings, yacht races, sexual mutilation, a sidewalk assassination, a second murder, and all manner of assorted goings-on. He has also experienced, with tacit but peevish disapproval, such signs of wholesale decadence as bearded students, junk sculpture, rock-'n'-roll idols, "happenings," blonde waitresses, sport cars, fashion shows, Swedish movies, starched shirtfronts, and white telephones. The upshot—and no wonder—is that his hopes for the non-Communist world get severely shaken; and the novel concludes on a muted pedal point of ambiguity and disappointment.

My deepest misgivings about *Incognito* concerned its tone of self-righteous lecturing, and this same tone operates, although not quite so tiresomely, throughout *The Extreme Occident*. Dumitriu and his ventriloquist-narrator have become a bit more subdued, a bit less dogmatic; yet it seems to me that their scheme of norms and preconceptions—and, by extension, their ideology—still obtrude far too overtly upon the structure of the fiction. Mallarmé, we know, remarked to Degas that poetry is made not with ideas but with words. Perhaps this is less than the whole truth. But at least we may agree that only a supreme artist, like the Tolstoy of *Anna Karenina* or *Resurrection*, can fuse poem and tract into a single radiance.

One is also troubled, while reading and rereading certain pages from *The Extreme Occident*, by a nagging memory that one has been there before; and the reason is that Dumitriu has turned out what must surely constitute the most unblushing imitation of Dostoevsky to come along in recent decades. (Somebody has observed that nearly all modern socio-political fictions have represented, in essence, a series of running footnotes to Dostoevsky—a leaky generalization that holds water in the present instance.) There are melodramatic compressions of a tangled plot, mad youths with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, improbably long monologues, a covey of revolutionaries who meet in a rat-infested garret where their mastermind lies bedfast, labyrinthine maneuvers to effect grandiose but obscure ends, and Stavrogin-like confessions of outrages perpetrated upon children. The fatally beautiful and much-sought-after Annerose Brant has almost unquestionably been modeled on Nastasia Philipovna from *The Idiot*. And there is even a saintly fool, a Prince Muishkin, in the person of the young ex-scientist Axel Oevermans.

Sometimes literature can be its own trickiest enemy.

Tales Told Out of Time

***Summering**, by Joanne Greenberg (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 208 pp. $4.95), contains short stories with subjects ranging from a conflict between generations to a woman prisoner facing parole. Daniel Stern's fifth novel, "After the War," will be published next spring.*

By DANIEL STERN

PICKING up this collection of well-written, highly readable, and sensitive stories, one has a strong sense of *déjà vu*. Here are the moments of sensibility and minor revelation ensconced in often elegant little narratives. Dialogue, setting, small touches from which large insights into character and fate may be inferred—all are given their due attention. But the feeling that these stories are somehow vestigial survivals from the past is unavoidable. There is absolutely no reason why most of them could not have been written in, say, 1934, though enough has happened since then to revolutionize many writers' conceptions of the nature of man and civilization. At the same time, such stories as "Lullabies," "Two Annas," or "You Can Still Grow Flowers" are well worth reading.

What is the answer? Does the writer *not* have to be of his time? When is style fashion, and when is it true style? Is a story that could as well have been written in 1934 as in 1966 dated, or classic? I think we may find the solution by examining the notions of that fashionable (and brilliant) oracle Marshall McLuhan. The linear age, the age of straight cause and effect initiated by Gutenberg and his movable type, says McLuhan, is dead. The Electric Age is upon us. True. And also false. Hundreds of thousands of people, perhaps millions, are caught in the massive lag that always accompanies great cultural change. Australian bushmen wear loincloths while astronauts wear space suits. This defines our common predicament. Thus, while a new, contemporary tone is being announced and explored by the most

Joanne Greenberg and son—"listening for her own voice."

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—J. A. T. ROBINSON
Bishop of Woolwich

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talented of our young writers, many still practice the ancient narrative art.

The best example of such art—or artifice—in *Summering* is the long title story, which appeared first in the *Hudson Review*. "Summering" is a strange memoir of a childhood summer among anonymous hill people in unnamed hill country. It is a curious tale of innocence and its encounter with the world's wisdom. The story's fascination is also its weakness. When the folk dialogue, which is couched in a kind of invented rural poetry, works, it is compelling; when it fails, it is embarrassing.

The author walks the same dangerous tightrope between poetic pathos and the bathetic in the story "Two Annas." Anna is the inmate of a woman's prison. We are not told what her crime was or her sentence. We are simply exposed, on the eve of her potential parole, to the struggle of a soul, long deadened in self-protection, to come back to life. The story is bitter, and at its best has the bright taste of surprise. But in inept passages (which Mrs. Greenberg seems unable to avoid) it is sentimental.

There are wit and tenderness in "L'-Olam and White Shell Woman," in which a Jewish waitress in Navaho country plays at the game of racial counterpoint with the other waitresses, who are Navahos. This story is more successful than the ambitious "Summering"; here the poetry is convincing throughout, the truth gritty and, most authentic of all, not fully discovered.

The story that is perhaps most dated (classic?) is also the best. "Lullabies" tells the simple tale of an upper-middle-class Jewish girl about to marry a young man whose career in social work will force them to reside in a skid-row slum, the scene of her grandfather's origins. A rugged survivor of the immigrant struggle, the grandfather is horrified that his granddaughter will be going back to live amid those discarded shades of early misery. In the confrontation between the generations—the unsentimental conflict between old and young—Mrs. Greenberg shows her strongest gifts. The dialogue rings truest, the prose has just the right sound, and the absence of a resolution in any accepted sense is right and more touching than a contrived dénouement could have been.

"A Passion in Eden," "Virtuoso," and many of the other stories add to the impression that Joanne Greenberg is a gifted writer listening for her own voice. Often in these pages she seems to have found it; at other times the music fails her. Her inventive imagery seems to be asking for equal invention in form. Should she succeed in fusing the two, I think all the quibbles about newness or datedness will be forgotten. In the meantime, Mrs. Greenberg shows in this volume that she is worth attending.

The Mischief in the Miracle

At Swim-Two-Birds, *by Flann O'Brien (Walker. 316 pp. $4.95), mingles contemporary Dublin types with parodies of Gaelic myth in a fantasy of Irish humor. A. M. Sullivan is a poet and lifelong student of Irish literature.*

By A. M. SULLIVAN

THE HAPPY announcement of this reprint of an Irish semiclassic brought with it news of the death of the author in Dublin. Brian Nolan used two pen names, "Flann O'Brien" for his fantastic prose and "Myles na gCopaleen" (Myles of the Ponies) for his poetry and his column in the Irish *Times*. James Joyce praised him for "the true comic spirit," and there is something of a Joycean roguery of language in *At Swim-Two-Birds*, an arcane title from the Gaelic. Joyce was an Irishman who reveled in Thomas Aquinas, mixing mockery and reverence; but Flann O'Brien, a fluent Gaelic writer, mixed the pagan and Christian with humor and mischief. He had an intimate knowledge of the Gaelic epics: the *Taun Bo Cooley* ("The Cattle Drive of Connaught"), *The Knights of the Red Branch*, *The Tales of the Fianna*, as well as the medieval Irish poetry of the shadowy transition period between St. Patrick and St. Columkille.

O'Brien's ancient protagonist in his pagan stories was "Bricriu of the Bitter Tongue," who was always ready to deflate pride and humble the braggart. Modern Dublin often glanced at the satirist's column in the Irish *Times* with a sense of trepidation. Yet all Dublin and much of London were willing to agree with the American poet Horace Gregory a generation ago when he called *At Swim-Two-Birds* "one of the masterpieces of twentieth-century Irish literature."

Unless the reader is saturated with the pagan legends of Cuchulainn, the Irish warrior of prodigious feats of arms and physical transformations in battle; unless he is familiar with Oisin, defender of the pagan dynasty against Patrick and his crosier; unless he knows the wiles of Queen Maev and the love curse of Diarmuid, O'Brien's subtleties of paraphrase and paradox are likely to escape him. Nothing is sacred to Trellis, Flann O'Brien's alter ego as storyteller, and nothing is degraded by his parody; but writers ancient and modern are chastened by the tongue-in-cheek judgments of a man who could think in Gaelic and write in English at the same time.

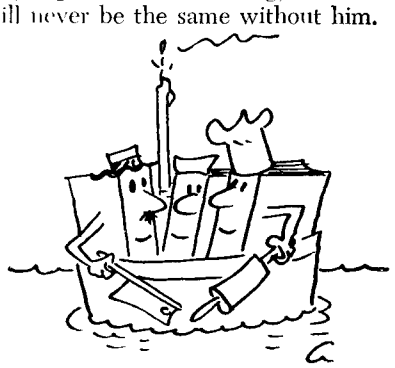
The dialogues in the pubs remind one distantly of the characters in *Dubliners* and of the repartee in *Juno and the Paycock*; but neither Joyce nor O'Casey match the outrageous rhetoric of Trellis, Brinsley, and Furriskey or Byrne, Shanahan, and Kerrigan, as they range in topic from alcohol to medicine, the church, literature, and society in general. The ease with which O'Brien welds antiquity and modernity might be disturbing in any other narrative, but since the plan of the book is hidden behind a blank calendar, there seems to be no need for logic or chronology.

Parodying the grandiloquent *Colloquy of the Ancients,* in which Oisin son of Finn is debating with St. Patrick, O'Brien deflates the complaint of Oisin to: "Where is the living human man who could beat Finn at the making of generous cheese, at the spearing of ganders, at the magic of thumb-suck, at the shaving of hog-hair. . . ." Yet there is a magnificent earlier moment when Finn "could best God . . . at the honeyed discourse of sweet Irish with jewels and gold for bards, or at the listening of distant harpers in a black hole at evening."

Shanahan and Lamont at the dockside run into two Greeks named Timothy Danaos and Dona Ferentes, an intellectual pun worthy of Joyce.

Near the beginning of the book we meet the Pooka, from whom Shakespeare borrowed Puck. The Pooka is half fool and half devil, and the cronies in their dialogues with him gain a liberal education in manners, ethics, and rough play. Discussing his ability to conquer gravity, the Pooka tells them: "To fly toward the east to discover the seam between night and day that is an esthetic delight."

The shifting masks of Flann O'Brien remind us that it is often the poet Myles na gCopaleen who is talking, and Dublin will never be the same without him.



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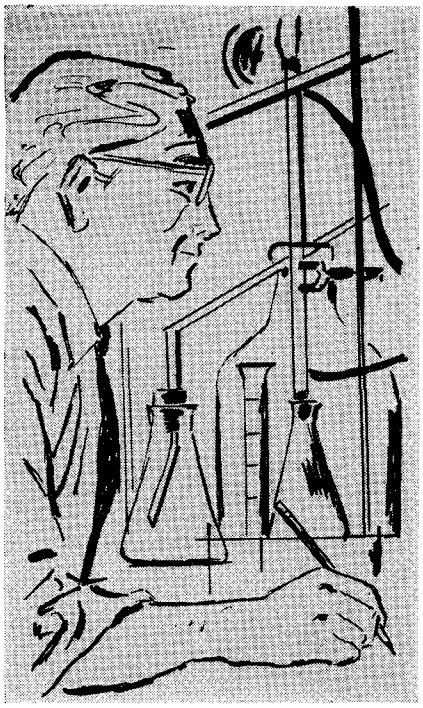

Leprosy

. . . a present day understanding.

When I returned to the U.S. a few years ago, after twenty years as a surgeon in India, it was a traumatic experience to discover how unconcerned the American public was about leprosy.

I think what bothered me most was jealousy—at the enthusiasm brought to the fight against polio, cancer and multiple sclerosis, while leprosy was thought of in terms of the cry that greeted Ben Hur's mother and sister, "unclean, unclean."

Perhaps part of the blame lies with leprosy organizations. Emotional appeals have been the major means used to loosen purse strings. Little wonder Americans have never been able to view leprosy as a disease, rather than a curse.

Please Don't Call Them Lepers.

The traditional use of the term "leper" symbolizes centuries of ignorance and disgrace.

This discrimination is probably the saddest example of man's inhumanity to man. Thus the social problems facing a leprosy patient are greater than the medical problems. Leprosy can usually be cured. But *superstitions* are much harder to treat.

The word leprosy itself is simply a poor Greek translation of a Hebrew word, "tsara'ath," which has no particular medical meaning. "Leprosy" could apply to any number of skin diseases.

Hansen's disease, the medical name for what we call leprosy, should be used, but too few Americans would know what we were talking about! Hansen found the bacteria to be a stubby, rod-shaped microorganism, closely resembling the tuberculosis bacteria. Both belong to the mycobacterium family, both are encapsulated, and both are acid-fast.

But public knowledge about such matters remains practically nil. For example, some people still think fingers and toes of leprosy patients "drop off."

Or that bones are "eaten away." Actually, the bacilli attack the peripheral nerves, causing loss of sensation. Sores, blisters, cuts go unheeded, and fingers and toes, without feeling, simply wear away from constant abuse.

Many times the badly deformed people you see overseas, begging in the streets, no longer have leprosy. They are "burnt out" cases. Had the first signs of leprosy been reported, and treatment begun early, they would probably be leading normal lives today.

How many people have leprosy today? No one knows exactly, mainly because most victims will try to conceal their condition. Perhaps fifteen million is a fair estimate, but even more important is the seriousness of the disease compared with other diseases. The duration is long, disabilities severe, social relations are cut off, and families separated.

A Quiet Revolution

Few people have heard about diaminodiphenyl-sulfone, (DDS). Yet this dramatic new drug was discovered here in America back in 1942! And under most conditions, it can actually *cure* leprosy.

Now, through the pioneering research of Dr. Paul Brand, it is even possible to perform surgery which will restore "claw hands" to usefulness. But there is such a shortage of qualified personnel, that few patients benefit from Dr. Brand's breakthrough.

We need physicians, occupational therapists, physiotherapists, vocational counselors, social workers, chaplains, administrators, laboratory technicians—and the funds to recruit them, train them, transport them, feed and shelter them.

What Can Be Done?

Medical research must go forward, training facilities must be updated, and reparative surgery continued. But at the same time, education of the American public must keep apace with scientific advancements.

To meet this challenge, the Board of Directors has authorized me to extend an invitation to membership in American Leprosy Missions. (See coupon below.)

You will receive, free of cost, Patrick Feeny's book, THE FIGHT AGAINST LEPROSY. And as a member you will be informed of leprosy advancements throughout the world by the publications, WORLD LEPROSY NEWS, and YOUR ALM REPORTER. And of course, your gifts of any amount will be appreciated if you do not wish to become a member at this time.

Sincerely yours,

O. W. Hasselblad, M.D.
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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Classics

FABLES OF AESOP. By Ennis Rees. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

CANDIDE AND OTHER STORIES. By Voltaire. Translated by Joan Spencer. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.

Crime, Suspense

BRINK OF DISASTER. By Guy Cullingford. Roy. $3.25.

CONCEAL AND DISGUISE. By Henry Kane. Macmillan. $3.95.

DANGER: Hospital Zone. By Ursula Curtiss. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

DEADLINE. By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

DUSTY DEATH. By Osmington Mills. Roy. $3.25.

FANCY'S KNELL. By Babs H. Deal. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE INFERNO. By John Creasey. Walker. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE OSWALD AFFAIR: An Examination of the Contradictions and Omissions of the Warren Report. By Leo Sauvage. World. $6.95.

Fiction

ATTENDANCE LIST FOR A FUNERAL. By Alexander Kluge. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE CAMP. By Gordon Williams. Stein & Day. $5.95.

CAPABLE OF HONOR. By Allen Drury. Doubleday. $6.50.

THE DAY TELEVISION DIED. By Don McGuire. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE GOLD IN THE SEA. By Brian Friel. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE HUNTRESS. By Mitchell Wilson. Doubleday. $5.95.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE. By Edwin P. Hoyt. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5.95.

ST. FIDGETA AND OTHER PARODIES. By John Bellairs. Macmillan. $2.95.

THREE CHEERS AND A TIGER. By Edwin McDowell. Macmillan. $4.95.

TWO TALES BY S. Y. AGNON: "Betrothed" and "Edo and Enam." Schocken. $4.95.

History

CHANGING VIEWS ON BRITISH HISTORY: Essays on Historical Writing since 1939. Edited by Elizabeth Chapin Furber. Harvard Univ. Press. $9.

HISTORY OF THE DONNER PARTY: A Tragedy of the Sierra. By C. F. McGlashan. Stanford Univ. Press. Paperback, $2.95.

HITLER AND RUSSIA: The Third Reich in a Two-Front War, 1937-1943. By Trumbull Higgins. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE PASSOVER PLOT. By Hugh J. Schoenfield. Bernard Geis. $4.95.

THE STRUGGLE FOR INDOCHINA, 1940-1955. By Ellen J. Hammer. Stanford Univ. Press. Hardbound, $8.50. Paperback, $2.95.

THE ZEPPELIN FIGHTERS. By Arch Whitehouse. Doubleday. $4.95.

Literary History, Criticism

BYRON: A Critical Study. By Andrew Rutherford. Stanford Univ. Press. Paperback, $2.95.

HONEY AND WAX: Powers and Pleasures of Narrative. Assembled by Richard Stern. Univ. of Chicago Press. $7.95.

SALISBURY PLAIN: A Study in the Development of Wordsworth's Mind and Art. By Enid Welsford. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON. By Irving Howe. Stanford Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.95.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by J. Hillis Miller. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

DEAR INTERNAL REVENUE. Edited by Bill Adler. Doubleday. $2.95.

DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ARTISTS. By Paul Cummings. St. Martin's. $17.50.

THE LIVING WORLD OF THE SEA. By William J. Cromie. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

NEW ENGLAND GALLERY. By Philip Kappel. Little, Brown. $20.

THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Oscar James Campbell and Edward G. Quinn. Crowell. $15.

Personal History

GAUGUIN. By Georges Boudaille. Tudor. $5.95.

THE GENTLE RADICAL: A Biography of Roger Williams. By Cyclone Covey. Macmillan. $5.95.

JACOB G. LIPMAN: Agricultural Scientist, Humanitarian. By Selman A. Waksman. Rutgers Univ. Press. $5.

LIFE IN MEXICO: The Letters of Fanny Calderón de la Barca; With New Material from the Author's Private Journals. Edited by Howard T. and Marion Hall Fisher. Doubleday. $12.50. (Revised edition.)

LIGHT-HORSE HARRY: A Biography of Washington's Great Cavalryman, General Henry Lee. By Noel B. Gerson. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY. By Paul B. Fay, Jr. Harper & Row. $5.95.

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GOD AND THE HUMAN CONDITION. Vol. I: God and the Human Mind. By Frank J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward. $5.

THE HEALING OF SORROW. By Norman Vincent Peale. Inspirational Book Service, Pawling, New York/Doubleday. $2.95.

THE MEANING OF STOICISM. By Ludwig Edelstein. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.

THE OPEN CIRCLE: The Meaning of Christian Brotherhood. By Joseph Ratzinger. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

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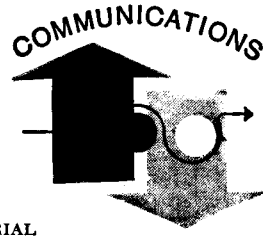

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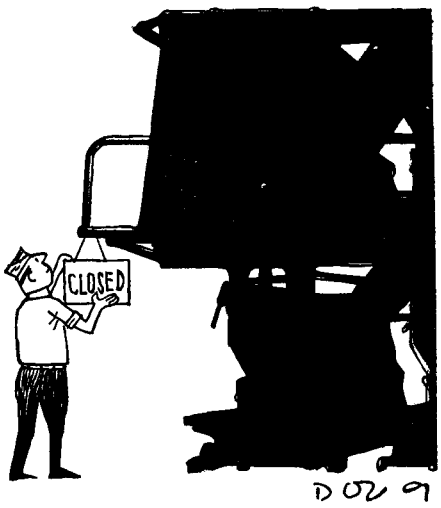
BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: THE NEW SEASON
By Alfred Balk **79**



Who Killed Cock Robin?

IN THE ancient nursery rhyme, the sparrow with his bow and arrow killed cock robin, the fly with his eye saw him die, the fish caught his blood, the beetle made his shroud, the owl dug his grave, the rook was his parson, the lark his funeral clerk, the dove his chief mourner, the linnet bore the torch, the thrush sang his dirge, the wren bore the pall, the kite carried the coffin, the bull tolled the bell, and all the birds of the air began sighing and sobbing when they heard the bell announce the death of poor cock robin. It was a simple tale. Each member of the cast had his part to play and played it well. No one refused to admit his responsibility.

The death of the New York *Herald Tribune* is by no means as simply told as the death in the nursery rhyme. In the first place, no sparrow is boasting that he killed the ancient and honorable newspaper that meant so much to so many people in and out of the newspaper business. Indeed, the Artful Dodger of Dickens was a bum by comparison to those sterling leaders of the pressmen's union, the Newspaper Guild, and the remainder of the dozen or so big and little labor groups whose shortsighted intransigence cannot be ignored in the complicated pattern of the newspaper's death. And pattern it must be called rather than plot because no rational workingman would lose sight of the fact that the ship has to keep afloat if all aboard are not to be dumped into the water. There is more than a suspicion, on the other hand, that the *Herald Tribune,* which had been going downhill for years and taken enormous losses from strikes, stoppages, and settlements, would probably not have survived had it resumed publication after so long a layoff. The *Herald Tribune* management said flatly in its requiem that it had lost many of its best editors and writers and faced the prospect of far smaller circulation and advertising income than it had had even before the last work stoppage.

The New York newspaper field has, therefore, settled into what is probably a more realistic pattern in the electronic age than before the *World Journal Tribune* merger. When the new standard-size afternoon paper comes out—and no reasonable man is suggesting that New York should be limited to one afternoon tabloid as specialized as the *Post*—the great city will have two morning and two evening papers, two tabloids and two standard-size, two conservatively edited in the old-style tradition, two adhering strictly to the tabloid format of features, columns, and precious little straight news. If the *World Journal Tribune* is somehow prevented by union sabotage from resuming, then the vacuum created by the absence of a good standard-size evening paper will surely draw into it a new conservative publication of some sort to take the place of the old *Sun, World-Telegram,* and *Journal American.* Obviously, the newspaper unions now entrenched will have the final say when or if a new New York afternoon-Sunday paper is to be born or stillborn. A Guild now dominated by non-editorial employees won't be of much help here.

But it is not the Newspaper Guild alone that killed cock robin, nor the idiotic maneuverings of pressmen who refused to compromise, thereby

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holding up publication of the merged papers because the new company could not agree to a 6½-hour Saturday press shift on the planned new Sunday paper. Other unions demanding over the years what the paper could not begin to afford all had a hand in the death of the *Trib*, yet they alone did not kill it. The *Herald Tribune* died, basically, because the competition was too severe, competition from the excellent *Times* and sprightly *News* in the morning field, competition from more and more efficient radio and TV news, stupidity on the part of managements long since forgotten who stubbornly refused to modernize their mechanical procedures and editorial outlook until the ship had sunk so far in the water that she could not be salvaged by emergency pumping. No one sparrow killed cock robin. It was a sort of insane, unspoken conspiracy in which circumstance, competition, greed, and incompetence wrote the tragi-comic curtain line.

SEVERAL paths suggest themselves as we look at the future of newspapers in New York. Suburban papers like *Newsday* undoubtedly will continue to flourish and take circulation and advertising away from center city. Many now out of the habit of evening newspaper reading will, as if to prove Marshall McLuhan's thesis, depend henceforth solely on the electronic media for their news. An attempt probably will be made in one legislature or another to bring labor unions of every sort under the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust statutes, and it is even possible that some sort of Supreme Court decision will eventually find that unions like the Guild and the pressmen have acted unconstitutionally in thwarting the freedom of the press we Americans have always talked so much about but which is now a hideous joke in New York. Legislation may come that will prohibit strikes of any sort in communications industries, substituting arbitration for shutdowns wherever the public welfare is gravely affected—newspapers and news magazines, radio and TV news, airlines and railroads, telephone and telegraph, subway and bus strikes. Finally, we foresee an end to half a decade of violent change in the New York newspaper field, a shaking down that has come to rock bottom. Not even the Guild or the newspaper pressmen can be judged ultimately suicidal, and somewhere in their organizations leadership will surely arise to make it possible for two morning and two evening newspapers to publish in peace and relative prosperity in the enormous metropolitan area. If we didn't believe this we'd leave the journalism business altogether and spend the rest of our life reading the great books we never quite got around to. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Settling Communications Strikes

YOUR EDITORIAL entitled "The Only Sensible Way" [*SR*, Aug. 13] contains information which should have been published many times in the past. The public in this nation, as you point out, have passed far beyond the point where they should continue to be subjected to the arrogance exhibited in equal part by labor and management and particularly with reference to public transportation. There is nothing more disgusting to me than to read about the hand-wringing on the part of our political cowards about the necessity of saving the sanctity of collective bargaining. Collective bargaining is just about as modern as ordeal by fire. Every time any judge in this nation makes a ruling he engages in the practice of compulsory arbitration and I fail to recall any assault made upon the validity of the proven judicial system. This is not to imply for one moment that I think the courts are the proper repository for labor disputes, but certainly we have outlived the barbaric practices which continue to be used in disputes of the kind referred to in your article. Each side overlooks, with a cavalier attitude not found elsewhere in this country, that it is the public that "picks up the tab" whatever the result may be, and that same public is entitled to some fair consideration which it is not getting, and has not received in the past.

VICTOR H. FALL,
District Judge,
First Judicial District.
Helena, Mont.

KUDOS, sir, to your editorial on the status of we-the-people and strikes! To take sides in the airline strike is not our privilege. The two disputants, however, have carefully seen to it that we-the-people become *dependent* on their service, a move which entails an obligation on their part. Our only representation to counter the flouting of this obligation is the government, not only currently futile but also suspect, perhaps correctly, by litigants who leave us no alternative.

MAX S. MARSHALL,
University of California,
San Francisco Medical Center.
San Francisco, Calif.

Views on Racial News

WOULD THAT THE ARTICLE "The Racial News Gap," by Alfred Balk [*SR*, Aug. 13], were required reading for everyone involved in communications media. The facts given in the first part of the article are alarming and seem to prove again that there is too much freedom without responsibility. Truly, we *can't* believe what we read and hear if Mr. Balk is even partly correct in his facts.

But the remainder of the article is what is encouraging. It is a fervent plea shared by many lay people like me for some news that isn't sensational, alarming, and frightening. We know and must accept the fact that these things exist and are happening, but when we seldom hear anything else, for what can we hope? Mr. Balk's suggestions are fine and if followed would give us the heartening information we need, along with the other kind of news which we must have to keep a perspective, not just about the race question but about so many other phases of our lives: education, religion and churches, politics, etc.

Thank you for this constructive article. May it have some real effect in the areas of news communication.

MRS. SAMUEL N. PICKARD.
Neenah, Wisc.

I CHECKED THROUGH an accumulation of local newspapers and, sure enough, there *is* a racial news gap as Alfred Balk illustrated in his article. I noticed that obits for Negroes are used as fillers and in very abbreviated style. It appeared that a Negro had to suffer having her child kidnaped to rate the front page of the second section. Or a Negro had to have been caught and convicted of murder to rate the first page. I saw no mention of Negro births as such. Accomplishments by Negroes were played down with pictures only a half column wide, sometimes a column wide. In fairness I must say that Negro brides' pictures appeared in Saturday papers with short reports. This is relatively new here. A feature story about a Negro is the exception here, not the rule.

In the mid-Forties I had an assignment to write a feature on the oldest school teacher still teaching. Lo and behold, the teacher turned out to be a Negro. I wrote it anyway but was told that the newspaper was afraid of it. Later, after joining the staff of the paper I showed the rejected story to a night city editor who happened to be from Maine. He saw nothing wrong with it and published it with the grand old lady's smiling picture. No explosions. A school is now named for her.

While on the staff I handed a picture of a respected Negro minister to a Carolinian top editor who rejected it on the spot with the wry comment: "Don't believe we can use that, he looks a little bit sunburned."

The local newspapers are keeping quiet the big story of integration here. It is going on peacefully even if on only a token basis. Our public library is open to Negroes and they are using it without any trouble. Stores are using Negro clerks. Parks, theaters, and most restaurants have been opened to Negroes. Spartanburg can be proud of itself for its attitude toward the

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Negro today. Who knows, the paper may hire a Negro reporter some day soon!

J. WILSON HARRISON.

Spartanburg, S.C.

Journalism Schools

JOHN TEBBEL'S article about the rise of quantified research in journalism education ["What Are the Journalism Schools Teaching?" *SR*, Aug. 13] shocks me. He says that eighty-one catalogues were collected, that 66.5 per cent listed courses in the teaching of high school journalism, and that 27 per cent offered courses in communication research.

Doesn't he realize what he's done? He has, God help us, collected data; an unscrupulous quantifier could make a Table I out of that information. Shouldn't he have said that New York University collected a lot of catalogues, a majority listed high school journalism courses, and too many listed courses in research?

The point is simple. A good journalism professor, like a good journalist, is always pressing for a little more truth. There are many ways to do this. Some men examine with great care the documents and testimony of the past and then generalize about, say, the *Saturday Evening Post* under G. H. Lorimer. Mr. Tebbel is one of the most distinguished of contemporary journalism teachers because of his skill in that traditional method.

There is another method, also traditional (after all, Walter Lippmann's *Public Opinion* was published 44 years ago), which is based upon taking apart and identifying and counting. This is what Mr. Tebbel did with his catalogues. But sometimes the counting gets very complicated, and concepts are developed which can be best expressed in numbers. The users of this method have produced a great deal of pompous nonsense, quite a lot of useful stuff, and a few profound new insights. They've done about as well, in other words, as the historical-method boys.

To ask departments of journalism to stand up and be counted as for or against quantified research, which is what Mr. Tebbel seems to be doing, is as pointless as asking them to declare for or against the homogenization of milk. It all depends upon the kind of product you need.

WILLIAM E. PORTER,
Department of Journalism,
The University of Michigan.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Footnote to Film Showings

IN ARTHUR KNIGHT'S ARTICLE, "Why We Need a Film Institute" [*SR*, Aug. 13], I note that Henri Langlois of the Cinémathèque Française makes an unwarranted criticism of our Museum of Modern Art. . . . He appears to be under the impression that masterpieces alone are preserved and shown on its screen.

As a frequent viewer of the presentations there, I have not—to my sorrow—invariably found this to be true. Leafing through my records, such swashbuckling sagas as *The Private Life of Don Juan* . . . vie with other fairly routine Hollywood items, notably *The Good Fairy* and *The Long Hot Summer*. On the other hand, we doubtless should be grateful that nothing of the *Hercules* series, so favored by television—and Mr. Langlois—has been inflicted upon us.

I was a bit taken aback by Mr. Knight's revelation that "titles are constantly being withdrawn from the museum by the major companies." Surely this is an insupportable infringement upon the concept of historic continuity and a blow to the cinema as a serious artistic medium. Is it conceivable that a donor who had presented books could subsequently expect to have them returned? Would any library of stature even consider such a demand?

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

A Challenge to Libraries

"BATTLE FOR A LIBRARY" by John R. Tunis [*SR*, July 9] is an example in courage for all library trustees. Compromise and downgrading of library service puts a stigma of inertia on trustees, friends and citizens alike. The library trustees of Fitchburg have added a new dimension to all library boards. They discovered ". . . that being a library trustee is not merely an honor; it is an obligation to the citizens to whom they must account." This message should challenge all library boards in the nation and serve as a "Battle Hymn" for their community problems. Libraries today and in the future deserve an all-out effort in the battle for adequate library service for all citizens.

LUCILE V. MOHR, Commissioner,
San Francisco Public Library,
California State Library
Development Board.

San Francisco, Calif.

Grammatical Gripes

ALICE PHELPS complained in *SR*, August 13, that people feel "badly" instead of bad. "Why," she asks, "not 'feel goodly' too?" The fact is, people don't answer a question regarding their health with, "I feel very good, thank you;" it's "feel well." Noting that "well" is an adverb in most cases, the person described as "trying for the superior pose" could very possibly have decided logically that the negative of "well" should also be an adverb. . . . It would be nice if the language were simplified with steadfast rules, nice because then I'd know how to use it. Keep trying!

PETER FELS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

INTO THE STILL BUBBLING cauldron of "like-as" someone should throw—maybe instead of the poisoned entrails—the obvious deduction that the confusion came several decades ago when floods of German-speaking folk reached our shores; in German the same word, *wie*, is used for both. To those who stand up for the conjunctional *like* one could hardly do better than to recite the Lord's Prayer with these changes: "Thy will be done on earth *like* it is in heaven . . . trespasses *like* we forgive those . . ." At the rate that Bible translations are using the vernacular, we may as well face the inevitable.

RICHARD T. GORE.

Wooster, O.

LETTER WRITER Barbara V. Gibbons in *SR*, July 9, bewails the official use of "Drive Slow" signs in her state. I remember reading of a lawsuit involving a grammar purist who destroyed a "Drive Slow" sign. The prosecuting lawyer pointed out that *slow* as well as *slowly* is an adverb, and our defendant paid his fine along with court costs. Surely destruction of a highway sign south of Quakertown, Pennsylvania, reading "Jesus Saves. Are you?" could be grammatically supported in court. I have found that an ungrammatical public pronouncement frustrates. Are you?

IRENE THOMAS.

Millersburg, O.

"And now we switch cameras to Bill Brayton who will give you the bright side of the news."

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JOHNSON AND THE PRESS

By FRANK CORMIER, *who covers the White House for the AP.*

MORE THAN A FEW Americans were dismayed when President Johnson, in the autumn of last year, hoisted his pajama top to display, for the benefit of reporters and photographers, the fresh 12-inch scar from his gall bladder-kidney-stone operation. Many assumed Johnson's exhibition was dictated by sudden impulse. In this context, they judged the gesture crude and unseemly.

In actuality, the President's move was calculated and well-intentioned. Shock value had nothing to do with it; Johnson felt he was being informative.

The Chief Executive was suffering considerable pain at the time and knew he faced a rather protracted period of recuperation. Thus his first thought was to allay any fears that he was a very sick man. He simply wanted the Washington press corps to get a firsthand look at the ugly incision, running from his belly to his back, so they would better understand—and communicate to the public—the plain fact that he was hurting, like any post-operative patient, and would be forced to maintain a slow pace for some weeks.

Although this episode was negligible in the larger scheme of fast-moving events, it did embrace a number of elements that have marked Johnson's relations with the press. These dealings have been unpredictable, sometimes bizarre, occasionally intimate and, frequently enough, have produced unintended results.

Surely no President ever invested greater time and effort in cultivating good press relations, particularly during his first year in office. The initial result was a rather remarkable honeymoon between President and press that lasted until after the 1964 election.

Since the balloting of two years ago, there has been a succession of small spats and large quarrels that have taken a cumulative toll on both sides. Although newsmen believe Lyndon Johnson still enjoys a very favorable press, the President, with his evident thin skin and his tendency to hold "the press" collectively responsible for any published slight, presumably thinks otherwise.

There still are occasions when the Chief Executive and the men who report his activities get together in a spirit of good fellowship—but a somewhat abrasive strain runs through many of these sessions.

As an example, Johnson was irritated a few weeks ago when all press photographers were at lunch at the precise moment he wanted his picture taken with a guest in his oval office. Later in the day, the camera-wielders were summoned anew, and this time they answered the call. The President seized the chance to inquire if photographers now were enjoying four-hour lunches.

"Mr. President," one responded, "this is Friday—and there were an awful lot of bones in that fish!"

Johnson doubled over with laughter.

Banter of this sort is more frequent than might be thought. On that same day, for instance, a very distinguished reporter entered the President's office wearing a sports jacket that would have been very much in place at the race track. The Chief Executive immediately wondered aloud whether the man had paid money for the coat or accepted it as a gift.

"I got it with trading stamps, sir," was the reply, which Johnson appreciated.

Lyndon Johnson has been dealing with the press in Washington for nearly thirty-five years and is convinced he knows it well. Most reporters have other thoughts. Although the President is familiar with the jargon of journalism and can talk knowingly about "backgrounders" and "think pieces," it seems apparent to many in the profession that he does not understand or appreciate the basic, independent function of the reporter. It sometimes seems as if he believes newsmen are—or should be—an unofficial but cooperative arm of government. His initial approaches to the press were in that context.

When Johnson first took office he sought to base his press relations on a mutual aid concept that, while ideal from the politician's viewpoint, was recognized by most reporters as foredoomed.

"I need your help," the President told individual newsmen, and it was implicit that any help received would be repaid. He emphasized that he wanted the White House "regulars"—the twenty or so reporters who cover the Presidency on a full-time basis – to be the recognized, and highly paid, élite of the Washington press corps. He vowed he would work closely with them, share with them his innermost thoughts, and offer them the same access to his oval office that is enjoyed by Cabinet officers. In return, he said, he only wanted to be treated fairly.

During Johnson's first year in the White House, he went far—much farther than any other Chief Executive—to make good on such promises. Never before, in fact, did any President spend so many hours with reporters—in his office, at the LBJ Ranch, and on humidity-defying walks around the back lawn at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

In that era Pierre Salinger, and later George E. Reedy, held the title of press secretary. No newsman was deceived, however. There was but one press secretary: Lyndon Johnson. That still is the case, although Bill D. Moyers has done much to re-establish the potency of the press office.

As an illustration of L. B. J.'s all-per-

President Johnson talks with reporters as he takes a lap around White House grounds with his pets.

—Wide World.

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vading hand, a reporter who was assigned to write an article about the Presidential beagles asked the press office to set up an interview with the White House electrician who doubles as dog handler. Within a very few hours, the newsman was summoned for his interview—not with the dog handler but with the President.

On another occasion a columnist tried to reach the press secretary by telephone during the evening. The White House switchboard operator reported he was not available. The writer, remembering that Johnson once had urged him to call directly when necessary, asked to be connected with the President.

Within seconds the columnist was put through to a press office assistant who promised to do what he could to arrange a chat with the Chief Executive. Just two hours later the columnist was ushered into Johnson's bedroom, where the President was getting his evening rubdown. They talked for an hour. This is the stuff of which legends are made. Truthfully, there have been many such episodes during the tenure of L. B. J.

In the course of time, the President even proved that his mutual aid idea could be practical—in limited circumstances. An example came during his triumphal campaign motorcade through Brooklyn, past a million people who sometimes lost their footing in the tumult and fell to the pavement in great writhing masses that seemed truly terrifying because of the obvious threat to life and limb.

JOHNSON knew Barry Goldwater never saw a crowd like that one, and so, with the instincts of a born showman-politician, he invited two reporters to climb aboard his open car. The representatives of the press thus got a Presidential view of the throng, and were able to report it fully.

This was practical mutual aid, and it did not end there. Johnson next waved four press photographers aboard and they joined their pencil-and-notebook colleagues on a precarious perch atop the trunk lid of the Presidential Cadillac. The photographers took memorable pictures that, inevitably, showed Johnson to good effect.

On another occasion the mutual aid concept, while again proving practical under unusual circumstances, was employed by Johnson in rather a two-edged fashion—to enlighten the press while chastising it. This happened at Providence, Rhode Island, where the President got another rousing welcome from a shrieking airport audience. As Johnson made his way slowly along a chain-link fence that seemed at times to offer scant protection from the excited humanity beyond, he gave every evidence of shaking or touching every outstretched hand. For him it must have been an ordeal as well as a triumph. Yet he apparently was thinking all the while about a columnist who had written, a few days earlier, that he could not inspire enthusiastic crowd reaction.

Turning away from the metal mesh barrier, Johnson spotted a Washington reporter he knew. Halting, to repeat the columnist's thesis, the President took the newsman by the elbow and, insisting they walk side by side, steered the reporter along that same long length of fence again—pressing the flesh and proving his point. This fact was duly, and objectively, reported.

Quite obviously, mutual aid involving President and press can work on some occasions, in which each is a beneficiary. In a larger sense, however, Johnson's initial, stated blueprint for his relations with White House reporters went awry on several counts:

First, the President did share many confidences with the newsmen but, on a great many occasions, he stated that his words were off the record. However, many of these same confidences cropped up, sometimes within twenty-four hours, in syndicated columns written by men known to be friends of the President.

Second, a large proportion of Johnson's confidences were, on their face, self-serving. Newsmen recoil instinctively from the notion of serving as conduits for propaganda—and they are particularly sensitive to this element in an election year, which 1964 was of course.

Third, and perhaps most important, the great majority of White House reporters realized that any kind of mutual aid society joining President and press is basically impractical, even though it can work on such occasions as those in Brooklyn and Providence.

When the President was only six weeks in office, one newsman tried, a bit indirectly, to suggest to Johnson that this idea would not work. He did so by telling the Chief Executive that, sooner or later, each reporter covering the White House was certain to write something that would make Johnson "mad as hell."

With some show of emotion, the President replied that he never got angry with newsmen—except for one broadcaster, not named, who broke his confidence. He insisted he did not even get upset with one very prominent reporter who, in his opinion, "writes black Republican stories."

In time, of course, the very articles, columns, and editorials that did make Johnson "mad as hell" were forthcoming. But, even allowing for the President's sensitivity to any sort of criticism, these were few and far between in that year of his campaign against Goldwater.

The Chief Executive did erupt when it was reported that he hoisted beagles by the ears and drove at high speed, beer can within sipping distance, near his Texas ranch. Then there was a news conference inquiry as to whether the President was worried about "overexposure," because of his frequent appearances on television and on newspaper front pages. The latter apparently prompted the first of a series of Johnsonian retirements. He rarely—well, hardly ever—saw reporters during the ensuing month.

These were but honeymoon spats however. There was a campaign to be waged, and the care and feeding of newsmen still loomed large in Johnson's blueprint for the assault on Goldwater.

The big change came after the election. It was not an abrupt one; in fact, it did not become marked until the spring of 1965. That was after the Dominican intervention and Johnson's decision to get into Vietnam with both feet. These moves, as everyone knows, produced measurable disquiet among some commentators, columnists, and editorialists.

AS printed and broadcast criticism of the President's foreign policies mounted, the Johnsonian clam shell closed—no doubt in self-defense, as he saw it. He began spending less and less time with reporters. And he began speaking more and more, in biting tones, about "the press."

One can only speculate on his rationale. Perhaps he felt that he had carried out his part of the mutual aid bargain he initiated—and was convinced that the press, with its criticisms, had been unfair and ungrateful.

Just as the Johnson administration has produced extremes in personal relations involving the President and the men and women who report his activities, the routine mechanics of White House news coverage also have changed.

As in past administrations, the press secretary still holds two briefings a day, normally at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., Monday through Friday, to distribute press releases, make announcements, and respond to questions. Most other routines have been altered, however, and Johnson has threatened repeatedly to limit briefings to one a day.

Some of the most marked changes have involved the Presidential news conference, which had followed an announced-in-advance pattern since the days of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Johnson rarely announces his conferences in advance—which serves to limit attendance largely to the "regulars"—and, unlike John F. Kennedy, he seldom permits live-television coverage. Most Johnson conferences are more intimate and informal than the televised performances of Kennedy and Dwight D. Eisenhower. The usual setting is the President's oval office, but there have been question-and-answer sessions in

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Texas pastures, at the New York World's Fair, and in half a dozen other locales.

There have been noteworthy changes, too, in travel arrangements. Until Johnson, all recent Presidents generally had made known their travel plans well in advance. Johnson travels on short notice. Members of the press corps who follow him everywhere aboard a chartered airliner once were aloft before Johnson would disclose his destination—a funeral in Brooklyn.

Until early 1965, four newsmen always traveled aboard the Presidential plane as a "pool" reporting back to the entire traveling press on any publishable developments en route. Kennedy had inaugurated the practice so the press would be represented in the event of a forced landing or other unpredictable event. Johnson banished the pool during the first marked chill in his press relations. Word of in-flight developments now is relayed by the White House press office.

The rather remote location of Johnson's Texas ranch has produced still another change in the routine of presidential coverage. The press corps normally sets up headquarters as close as possible to the place where the President is staying. However, there are no hotels near Johnson City large enough to accommodate the group. Because of this, the White House first set up press headquarters at Austin, seventy-five miles from the ranch, and then, for reasons never disclosed, moved early this year to San Antonio, ninety miles away.

Under these circumstances, press coverage in Texas often is by remote control, with the White House press office normally serving as the sole source of information. However, both the Associated Press and United Press International station reporters and photographers near the ranch whenever Johnson is in residence. These staffs try to keep tabs on his activities outside the ranch gates, but it is a hit-or-miss operation since the White House offers no cooperation.

In Texas, as in Washington, the press secretary or his stand-in usually conducts two-a-day briefings. Very occasionally, the press corps travels to the ranch—by invitation—to see the President himself. More typically, he is on view but once a week, when he drives to one of the neighboring churches on Sunday.

What further changes the future may bring is an open question. It is known that, as his ratings in public opinion polls dipped earlier this year, Johnson became concerned about his shaky press relations. Some of his aides predict that the next year will see them greatly strengthened. Since few people claim to truly understand the complex ways of Lyndon Johnson, nothing is considered impossible.

THE NEWSMAN'S LOT—II

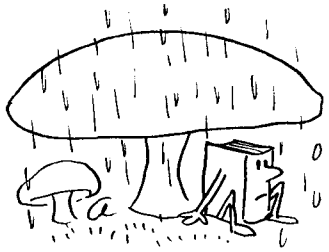
COVERING THE MOSCOW BEAT

By STEWART RAMSEY, *former bureau chief for McGraw-Hill publications in Moscow and now assistant foreign editor of Business Week.*

THERE ARE twenty-one American correspondents now working in Moscow, an all-time high. Correspondents from the two wire services (three men each), *The New York Times* (two men), and the other big newspaper, magazine, and radio-TV newsgathering organizations (one each) are rotated in and out of the Soviet Union without too much difficulty nowadays, compared to Stalin's time.

This reflects a general thawing of conditions in Russia that came initially with the Khrushchev era, and continues under the leadership of Leonid Brezhnev and Aleksei Kosygin. Direct Soviet censorship of written material ended in 1961, although restrictions still exist on shipping undeveloped film out of the Soviet Union. Most correspondents in recent years have been able to move out of cramped hotel rooms into reasonably comfortable apartments. The wire services have been allowed to install teleprinters linking them with bureau points in Western Europe, and, in recent months, Telex machines.

Still, outside of a war zone, Moscow is probably the toughest and the most frustrating capital in the world, except for Peking (Americans aren't welcome there yet). The ending of direct censorship brought on an unpleasant war of nerves in which correspondents live under the threat, implied or overt, of being expelled, of being attacked in the Soviet press, or of being reprimanded by Soviet officials for having written something the Russians didn't like. The aim, of course, is to persuade the correspondent to censor himself, to avoid looking in what the Soviets call "back alleys" and "rubbish heaps" in favor of a generally brighter view of Soviet life. Actually, a correspondent is most likely to get into hot water by making disparaging personal references to Soviet leaders (it was a joke about Khrushchev that helped get *Newsweek* thrown out a few years back), or by telling his readers that there is dissension in the Kremlin.



But even if the correspondent avoids these pitfalls, he may not last long. *Time* magazine's man was expelled in 1964 because of a cover story about Lenin that was written by staffers in New York, and last year the Washington *Post*'s correspondent was ordered to leave because the newspaper published the notes of the Soviet traitor, Oleg Penkovsky.

While living conditions have definitely improved, Moscow is still considered a hardship post, and most correspondents earn a special increment for living there. Many things, sometimes of the most mundane nature, are just not available, which complicates housekeeping. For example, when I first went to Moscow and set up in an apartment, I searched around for some ordinary bed pillows, but couldn't find any. Finally, I wrote a letter to a government agency, called UPDK, which supposedly aids foreigners in their personal problems, and UPDK found some.

It doesn't make matters pleasanter when you know that you can't travel more than twenty-five miles from downtown Moscow without getting special permission, and that you can't leave the Soviet Union without getting an exit visa, which may take a few days in the normal course of events. Surveillance by the police contributes to a generally spooky atmosphere. Outside each apartment building inhabited by foreigners—they are generally segregated from Russians—a uniformed policeman stands watch twenty-four hours a day. Although no correspondents that I know have ever found microphones hidden in their apartments, many of them have had the experience of being followed by unmarked Soviet cars at one time or another, particularly if they have Russian friends.

It's true that, for most new correspondents on the Moscow scene, the first few months are exciting. There's exploring Moscow: the marvelous Kremlin; GUM, the big state department store; Lenin Hills, where the Soviet bigshots live; the onion-domed churches and the Old Believers worshiping at Russian Easter; the Bolshoi Theatre, with Maya Plisetskaya dancing Odette-Odile in Swan Lake. It's fun to sample Russian caviar, vodka, and the garlicky chicken

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at the Aragvi, a Georgian restaurant, and to start a conversation with Russians at the next table. It's interesting to meet other correspondents and diplomats at the nightly round of parties given by the Western community.

Then, the restrictions, the drabness, the war of nerves and the drumbeat of anti-American propaganda take their toll. Moscow becomes a dull, dark, overcrowded city, with the same people showing up at the same places every night—except for the Russians, who have somehow disappeared. The problems of getting the simplest chores done sap the energy bit by bit, until finally the correspondent feels that he is going to "climb up the walls" if he doesn't get out for a breather (often this means a short trip to Helsinki, Copenhagen, or Vienna).

BY the time the average correspondent's tour of duty is up—two, three, or four years—he is most likely happy to leave Moscow, although perhaps regretting that he never was able to make more Russian friends, or to penetrate more deeply into Russian life.

It's the professional rewards that make Moscow a coveted assignment, of course. As Ernest B. "Pat" Furgurson, formerly the Baltimore Sun correspondent in the Soviet capital, liked to put it: "Over the years, a higher percentage of the Moscow man's copy ends up above the fold on Page One than almost anyone else's."

To be sure, there are some hardy old-timers in Moscow. Henry Shapiro, head of United Press International's bureau, came first in 1933. Edmund Stevens is another veteran Moscow hand. But these are men with a proven ability to straddle two worlds, and more power to them. Among the newer generation of correspondents, Theodore Shabad has probably done as well as any adapting to life here. Shabad, who spent four and a half years in Russia as a member of *The New York Times* bureau, placed his children in Moscow schools, took vacations in Russia, and in various ways sought to enter into Russian every-day life. "I did not find Moscow a particularly arduous assignment," Shabad says.

For any newsman in Russia, the No. 1 problem in doing his job is lack of first-hand sources. The Soviets generally take the attitude that anything that is printed in the Soviet press is okay to copy, but anything else may be suspect (the Soviet press is, of course, censored). Although the rule is not always rigidly enforced, correspondents are not supposed to have official contacts with Soviet citizens unless they are authorized by government officials.

The problem of sources is most serious in trying to get a reading on Soviet government policy on a fast-breaking story. As Henry Shapiro has pointed out: "In most capitals of the world, a correspondent can pick up a phone in the middle of the night and get an answer from a government official in an emergency. In the Soviet Union, one can seldom get such service even in the middle of the day." When Nikita Khrushchev was deposed in 1964, a couple of correspondents got skimpy tips, but most had nothing official or unofficial from Soviet sources to go on, and had to revert to such hoary old Kremlinological devices as watching to see where Khrushchev's portrait was taken down.

Khrushchev, in the decade he was in power, personally was one of the best sources Moscow correspondents had. He knew some of the newsmen by sight, and at receptions in the Kremlin he would banter with them and clink glasses. Sometimes he would respond in a rather off-hand manner to an inquiry from a correspondent with a remark that made headlines around the world (such as mentioning the number of missiles that were going to be withdrawn from Cuba after the 1962 missile crisis). Beyond that, Khrushchev was almost always "good copy"—as when he debated the merits of jazz (which he didn't appreciate) with Benny Goodman. His overthrow was a serious loss; his successors have shown none of his eagerness to fraternize with the press.

In theory, the Soviet Foreign Ministry's press department can be called about government matters, but this seldom turns out to be the case. Nine out of ten times, the duty man responds by saying, "I don't know the answer to that," or refers the correspondent to next morning's *Pravda*. This state of affairs results in stories that have as sources "informed observers" or "usually reliable sources," meaning what the correspondent thinks after ruminating and possibly conferring with other newsmen or diplomats.

But the Foreign Ministry's press department nevertheless plays an important part in the correspondent's life. Located in the skyscraper Foreign Ministry Building, it is the place where the correspondent goes when he first comes to Moscow to get the precious little blue booklet that accredits him to work in Russia for a year at a time; it is the place where he is called to be warned that he has transgressed, that the "Soviet people protest" the way he is "fanning the flames of the Cold War," and that he must leave.

IF he has managed to survive his full tour of duty, it is the place the correspondent goes to introduce his successor, to prove he has paid his taxes (maximum 13 per cent), and, having done so, to receive permission to leave the Soviet Union. The press department must also give the correspondent permission to travel outside Moscow. Such permission is often granted, after a wait of a few days or weeks, if it is for visiting an area of the Soviet Union normally open to foreigners. But sometimes it is not, and no explanation may be forthcoming.

A second organization that plays a role in the correspondent's professional life is the State Committee for Cultural

(*Continued on page* 81)

"Wait! I've changed my mind!"

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LEON SHIMKIN:

The Businessman As Publisher

—*Florence Ellsworth.*

Leon Shimkin—"one of the book industry's most remarkable men."

By JOHN TEBBEL

FROM A WINDOW of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, the city where American book publishing began, Leon Shimkin contemplated the swan boats trailing along the pond in the Common one day last month and remarked that the date was historic. Exactly forty-two years before, on August 15, 1924, he had reported for work in the offices of a small and still struggling new publishing firm, Simon & Schuster.

At the end of June 1966, Shimkin had become president of that firm, and by a maneuver which must be considered adroit even in a business noteworthy for its wheeling and dealing, he had also become head of a publishing combine that is the world's largest distributor of books, if mass dissemination is the criterion.

The deal had the lovely simplicity of large money. It began with the wish of Shimkin's old friend and partner, M. Lincoln (Max) Schuster to retire from the house he had founded with the late Richard Simon. Two million dollars was taken from the firm's operating funds as payment to Schuster for his 50 per cent share of the business. That left Shimkin in complete control of S.&S. stock, since he owned the other 50 per cent, and this newly acquired share he promptly turned over to his own company, Pocket Books, of whose publicly owned stock he already held 46 per cent. In return he got 320,000 more shares of P.B. stock, worth $1,640,000. Thus Shimkin emerged with better than 51 per cent of the consolidated properties, and a new era for Simon & Schuster began.

It is this kind of business sense, and an unusual ability to anticipate cause-and-effect relationships (a characteristic of all successful entrepreneurs), which has made Leon Shimkin at fifty-nine one of the book industry's most remarkable men. If there are literati who do not admire his dollars-and-sense approach to publishing, there is also much respect in the industry for his formidable accomplishments.

Shimkin regards himself quite frankly as a businessman in publishing, applying business methods to an occupation notoriously resistant to them, but he also believes that the opposite side of the coin—the publisher in business—fairly describes his role in the creation of books. It is a role that has produced some of the biggest best sellers of this century.

One often hears nostalgic regret expressed in the book trade for the grand old days of the nineteenth century, when publishers were literary gentlemen and book publishing a gentleman's pursuit. This is always seen in dismal contrast to the present big-business state of publishing, which this year will be a $2 billion industry. Now, say the sentimentalists, we live in an era of the "non-book," the "made book," and publishing has become paper selling.

Like so many other aspects of the good old days, however, this literary Eden never actually existed. True, the splendid pioneers of the industry—Dan Appleton, the Harper brothers, the Scribners, Henry Holt, and others—read manuscripts themselves and loved literature in varying degree. They also took a direct part in the editorial process, something which would be impossible for the executive heads of large houses today, where 5,000 or 6,000 manuscripts are received and perhaps 500 or 600 published. It is true, too, that on a comparative basis their business principles were high—much higher than those of contemporaries like Jim Fisk or Jay Gould. On the other hand, they pirated books without scruple before international copyright existed, their treatment of authors was sometimes without humanity and not infrequently of dubious honesty, and in the matter of discounts and relationships with the booksellers, there was continuous and often bitter warfare.

The truth is that nineteenth-century publishers were also businessmen, and quite often not very good ones. They practiced a peculiar kind of business, since they were dealing with such in-

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tangibles as books, as compared with soap or glassware or gadgets. Many of their long since outmoded business practices persisted well into this century, and some have still not entirely disappeared.

Shimkin represents the new breed in publishing, the management man who has brought modern business methods to an industry sadly in need of them. Where others have tried unsuccessfully to apply the techniques of conventional business, Shimkin has from the beginning adapted them to that unconventional product, books. He has the essential characteristic of the successful businessman—a passionate love of business for its own sake. His quick, alert mind moves over the complicated surfaces of business affairs like some smooth, devouring machine, absorbing what is necessary, analyzing, planning, developing. All this is camouflaged by an amiable, pleasant exterior. A medium-sized, round, balding man, Shimkin is all quick, driving energy and soft-spoken intensity, with a warm interest in human beings and their affairs, and a mild manner. He is literate, well-read and knowledgeable about the world; like most bookmen, and other workers in the print media, he knows something about a great many things.

HIS career follows the well-worn nineteenth-century success pattern of steady climb from the bottom rung to the top of the ladder, but with interesting twentieth-century variations. In common with Lord Thomson, the international press tycoon, he was in love with business from the first. Born in Brooklyn, the sixth child in the family, he was a subscription canvasser for *Cosmopolitan* Magazine and Hearst's International while he was still in high school, pursuing ladies fanning themselves on the porches of Rockaway Beach during the hot summer vacation days.

Naturally, he was good at it and accumulated enough money to enter the School of Commerce at New York University, where he applied himself to acquiring the tools of the profession he had already decided upon—business. "I had one brother who was a lawyer," he says, "but I concluded that I would study the profession, or science, of business. I wanted to understand not only *how* things were done in business, but *why* they were done. Unfortunately, there are a good many businessmen who don't understand business; they really don't have a license to practice."

After a freshman year spent in learning shorthand, accounting, and the elements of business administration, Shimkin decided to look for a summer job so that he could go on. He was particular about what the job must be. It had to be in a place where he could move around from department to department, learning how a business operates at first-hand. He didn't care what kind of business it happened to be.

Consequently it was sheer accident that brought him into publishing. The first job he applied for led him to the office of Boni & Liveright's business manager, Arthur Pell. Shimkin still enjoys telling the story of that interview, how he rehearsed his presentation before a mirror the night before, and astounded Pell with it next day.

NO doubt few office managers had ever been confronted by a job candidate who announced his intention of being a pinch-hitter for whatever summer vacancies were left by vacationing personnel. If secretarial help was needed, he could take shorthand. If bookkeeping was required, he could do that too. If the credit and collection department was shorthanded, he was prepared to serve there. Then, with a carefully calculated pause rehearsed the night before, he concluded, "And if you need anyone on the switchboard, I know how to run one."

Recalling the effect of this sales pitch on Pell, Shimkin says, "I think it was the switchboard that really got to him. That and my insistence that what I really wanted was to do all of those jobs if possible during the summer."

"How about $25 a week?" Pell said, when he recovered his aplomb. "All right? Then you can start right away."

Shimkin delivered on his promises so effectively that in August the business manager called him in and remarked that if he wanted to stay in publishing, there was a job at the new house of Simon & Schuster, at 37 W. 57th St. Shimkin hurried right over and confronted the partners. Although they looked like impressive older men to him—he was only seventeen—they were actually freshly minted publishers of virtually no experience. Both were in their mid-twenties; Schuster was not long out of the Columbia University School of Journalism.

The interview was brief. "Report to work Monday morning," Max Schuster said. That would be August 15, and it posed a problem. School was to begin soon. Should he take the job or go back to his studies? To a man like Shimkin, this was a problem with an easy answer. He would do both. The remainder of his college career took place at night, at the tag end of a long day in the office and as part of the accumulation of a sixty-six-hour week. Occasionally his attention was distracted from the classroom to the windows of the manufacturing building which then stood next to the School of Commerce. Through them he could see the wheels of machinery turning, and the sight stimulated him, tired as he was. That, too, was business, and he found it perennially exciting.

In the office he was learning rapidly about publishing. The firm consisted at that point of the two partners, two girls who did the office work, and Shimkin. As in any small business, all of them were capable of doing anything that was required. Shimkin even delivered books on the way home at night.

By 1926 he had completed his college course. He has always been grateful to New York University for the opportunity it provided him to go to school at night (it operated almost exclusively for such night students in those days), and he has shown his gratitude by a substantial and continuing interest in the affairs of the university. In his own special area, he initiated the first course in book publishing ever taught in an American university, in the Division of General Education. This course has since expanded into the division's Center for Publishing and the Graphic Arts. Later he was one of the principal backers of the university's now defunct experimental program, the Graduate Institute of Book Publishing.

SHIMKIN'S first major contribution to publishing came as a result of his search for a staple to fortify Simon & Schuster against the dizzy ups-and-downs of publishing seasons, which sometimes seemed to him like leaping perilously from the peak of one best seller to another, with bankruptcy yawning beneath. Older houses could depend on their backlists, or profitable continuing series of standard books, like the Random House Modern Library or Dutton's Everyman's Library. S.&S. was too young to have much of a backlist, and it did not have a series.

It seemed to Shimkin and the others that paperback publishing was the answer, if nothing else was available. He had recommended earlier that the firm buy the Modern Library, and a substantial offer had been made for it, but Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer, the Random House partners, replied that *they* were too young a house to consider selling such a property.

Shimkin says Simon conceived the original idea for Pocket Books, but that Robert de Graff was the man who developed it successfully. "I," says Shimkin, "was only the midwife." To him the creation of Pocket Books was the application of the standard business technique of research and development —that is, finding out whether the public wanted a product, then creating it and distributing it on a mass basis.

Pocket Books emerged on June 19, 1939, and S.&S. quickly discovered that

(*Continued on page* 80)

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—*Phoebe Dunn.*

Pipe-line communication for a print message from Bell Telephone

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gentle Persuasion

By MARGARET R. WEISS

SCANNING the annually published list of the hundred largest national advertisers, photographer Phoebe Dunn should experience a double exposure of satisfaction. For not only can she tick off among them dozens of her own "satisfied customers," but she can be sure that her appealing camera subjects have helped make customers for her clients' products and services.

This talent for "special delivery" of visual sales messages is something that first attracted advertising agency art directors about fifteen years ago, when the Dunn photo-credit line began appearing on magazine covers. Up to that time, she had been a familiar figure to the communications world—but as a cover girl in the literal sense.

Her decision to make a career of looking through the camera instead of at it came after marriage to Tris Dunn, who in turn left his account-executive post to put the studio operations on a full-partnership basis. Between them, they have brought a custom-made combination of backgrounds to the needs of advertising clients—all of whom appreciate the Dunns' realistic grasp of marketing concepts and ability to produce the kind of photography with which readers and viewers can easily identify.

"Our emphasis is always on naturalness and believability, whether the assignment involves babies, children, young people, family situations, or grandparent-parent-child relationships." If these last words are somewhat reminiscent of a psychologist's notebook, it is not coincidental. As her husband explains, "Phoebe's degree in psychology has been tremendously helpful to her. She never has to force her subjects into unnatural situations, but through patience and gentle prodding she is always able to 'cause' situations to happen naturally."

"Natural" is a word that is basic to the Dunn dialogue. It also keys the photographer's approach to each day's assignment: Put a natural-looking subject into a pre-selected natural setting, set up a natural situation, and stand back for the natural reactions that follow.

Once every two weeks, an entire day is devoted to screening child models who hopefully will turn out to be model children as well. Making sure that a small subject and his "picture parent" look as though they really belong to each other spells many extra hours of interviewing. "Hundreds of prospective models come to us via the mails and word-of-mouth, but few are selected for camera testing. If we interview a hundred young applicants, let's say, we may add only three or four names to our active file," explains casting director Tris, who is also story-and-sound man with a startling repertoire of duck talk and other nursery divertissements to his credit.

The active file is a bulging but orderly one: "Babies—up to 1 year"; "Toddlers—1 to 2"; "Little Girls—up to 6" and "Big Girls—6 and up"; "Little Boys" and "Big Boys." Two-to-three is an age level avoided whenever possible, since it usually is the most uncooperative to work with; all teen-agers and adults are professional models; local kennels and pet shops provide a list of impending "maternity cases" so that the file of small animal models is kept up to date, too.

"Careful casting, interesting camera angles and lighting, the use of varied natural settings and locations available within close range of our studios in New Canaan are all-important to picture effectiveness. We also spend hours on choosing suitable props and clothes for our models. For a single color shot of a child surrounded by fall foliage, we shopped a whole afternoon—yellow leaf in hand—to find the *exact* shade of yellow for the youngster's sweater. Always ready for action is a supply of out-at-the-knees dungarees for our 'authentic' young playboys to wear."

THE easy-going pattern of Connecticut studio life, however, is not without its hazards. In summer, thorns have to be removed from the roses blooming in profusion around the arched entranceway, and in winter the walks have to be carefully de-iced, lest young models suffer injury and damage suits ensue. There is the constant need to beat the season when a fishing picture may mean breaking ice in the pond, or when the spirit of Christmas must be caught in midsummer; climbing a tree or a ten-foot ladder to make a shadow picture, or soaring at sunrise in an aerial bucket to put the subject in new perspective; losing appetite for roast duck—even *à la bigarade*—since a home incubator was installed to keep a ready supply of newly hatched ducklings on hand as picture props.

Next time your eye is on the printed page or TV screen, watch for camera-work with a soft-sell approach—a visual sales message primed to push anything from Campbell's Soup to United States Savings Bonds, from IBM to ice cream. If you're sold on what you see, credit may well belong to the gentle persuasion of Phoebe Dunn.

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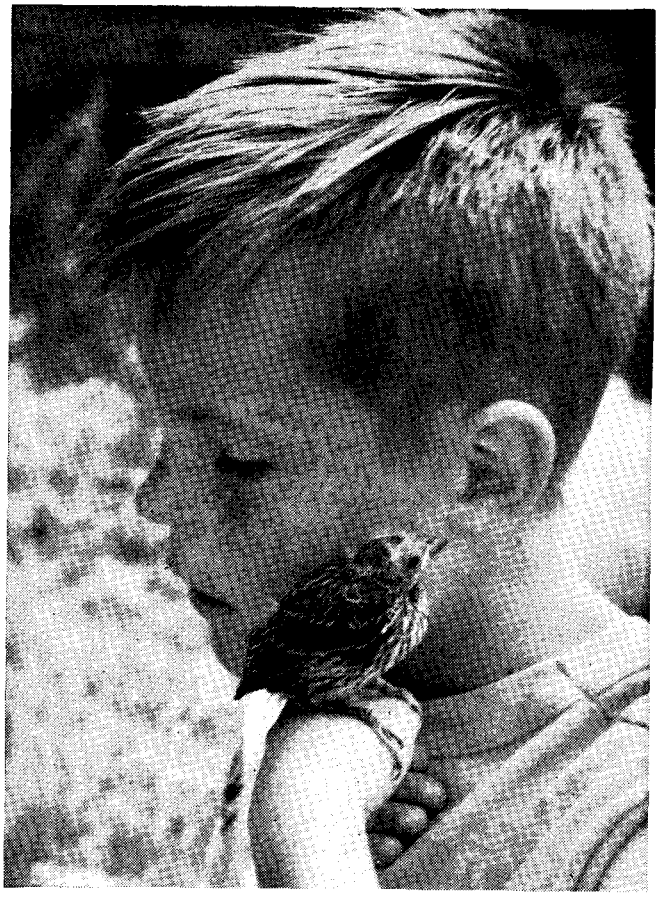
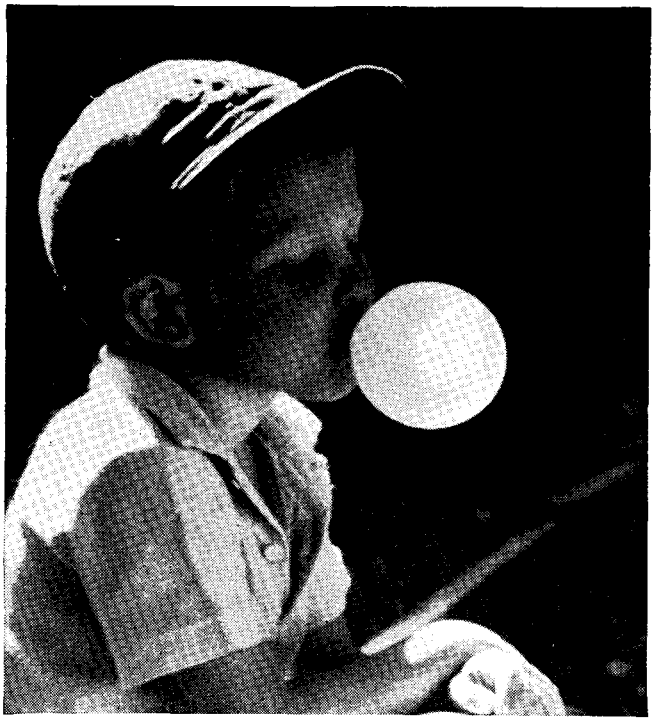
Photographs by Phoebe Dunn.

A small subject projects a large corporate image for Aetna Life Insurance



Freckled face and feathered friend soft-sell the Kodak product story



Frame from *Kids*, a one-minute TV commercial (produced by N. W. Ayer) for AT&T

"Real family" appeal keynotes a *Family Weekly* cover (duckling, courtesy of the Dunn hatchery)

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Public Relations

Blocking off the Press

ONE OF THE EARLIEST purposes of the establishment of a public relations department was to develop a better understanding between business and the public through the press. Newspapers, denied access to corporate executives, picked up business news where and when they could find it. Reporting about business, when it wasn't in awed admiration, was violently antagonistic. Rumors were reported as fact because facts were hidden from the public by business. "Tell 'em nothing" was the general approach of the corporation.

Today it is hard to find a well-run corporation of any size that does not have its public relations men. But instead of providing access to executives who know the whole story, they block such access to newspapermen, including those who work on the most reputable journals. Press releases, carefully prepared, often to hide the real story, are checked, cross-checked, and edited by so many departments, that when they do reach the financial desks they are little more than puffs. And when diligent reporters try to get clarification, or more facts, they are given the run-around or the public relations man pleads that he knows no more than what is in the release.

This is too often the habit of public relations agencies as it is of corporate public relations directors, even on the staffs of many large corporations. They resent being asked for additional facts, particularly if reporters are probing for what lies behind the release. All this has meant a growing disillusionment by business writers with public relations men. On occasion this develops into a chip-on-shoulder attitude by the press. So, finally, we are full swing in these cases—back to the stage where corporate information which the public should know is needlessly withheld.

When a barrier that should never exist is set up between the corporation and responsible journalists; when, as is often the case, an immovable obstacle is thrown up to block legitimate inquiries, it becomes serious for the corporation, not only the public relations business. And this complaint is not limited to those who just have no use for public relations men, it is extensive with business writers who know the function of public relations men and understand fully their great value in an overwhelming number of cases.

Many business editors grumble to each other or get angry. One, Thomas E. Mullaney, business and financial editor of *The New York Times*, has taken another tack. He speaks to groups of public relations men, urges them to convince their top executives that it is to their advantage to discuss a situation directly with the press and not rely solely on the public relations department. He has been outspoken in his argument, whether before the convention in Montreal of the Public Relations Society of America two years ago, or before individual chapters of the society. He has carried his message to all kinds of business leaders. In one of these speeches in New York, Mr. Mullaney said: "It is time for the public relations industry to review very seriously its relationship with the press. . . . Our reporters want the news with all of its ramifications, and they want it without the promotional gimmicks that typify so many present-day press announcements. And they especially demand unimpeded access to the principal sources of the news."

Mullaney deserves the most careful attention by public relations men, not alone because of the importance of the newspaper he works for, but because he is saying in public what so many of the better financial editors and reporters say in private. Mullaney is, in addition, not antagonistic to those who work in public relations. On the contrary, time and again he has said that they perform a valuable service to financial and business writers with their releases, pictures, background information. But he insists these should complement the news and not substitute for it. The modern public relations man, to Mr. Mullaney, must "not simply be the fellow with great ability to pipe out the canned corporate line—and utter inability to answer any other questions." He must have a vast store of knowledge about his company or clients and a more sophisticated understanding of the industry involved, so that he can propose meaningful stories to the press and not simply self-serving ones, and can meet the probing queries of the alert reporter.

There are, of course, many public relations directors, and some public relations agency men, who can meet the standards that Mr. Mullaney and others like him ask for. But there are still far too few, and many, instead of being valuable to their corporations, only get in the way of a good business story. The remedy, of course, lies with management. Senior executives get, with few exceptions, what they want. They, in too many cases, want puffery, not news stories in the press. They want to run their business behind the protection of a wall set up by their public relations men and their greatest desire is to have the public relations department build a façade for the business. As long as this continues the public relations men will refuse to provide the access to their executives.

Another aspect is often overlooked and that is that the senior men who run a corporation are so busy, have so many problems, that they can't find time to see the press. That in itself is a pity, for by seeing the press when it is essential that they do so, they are able to help build the kind of relationship that is, in the long run, fruitful for all concerned. In many cases, top corporate executives go from year to year without having the faintest idea what a business writer looks like, let alone what he thinks, though the writer's views can have an important bearing on the extent of the public's acceptance of business.

Good relations with the press are of course only one aspect of the responsibility of a first-rate public relations department. The community, governments, stockholders, employees, the colleges, all have their place in an effective program. But there has been a tendency for some corporate public relations directors to downgrade the importance of the press in their plans and this can have serious repercussions. Difficulties in dealing with the press are many. But the properly staffed public relations department will not take to fancy brochures and expensive films to get the corporation's story across in place of the mass media whose ability to reach vast numbers quickly should not need underlining. Warnings such as those by Mr. Mullaney cannot be brushed off.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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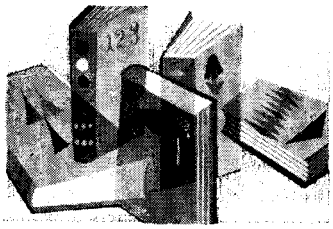
Books in Communications



The New Season

WITH THE LABOR DAY lull comes an opportunity to look ahead to the new publishing season. After a summer of relatively few Communications books of distinction, what do the fall and winter lists hold?

Not all are complete yet, of course, and of those that are, not all have crossed this desk. But from a sampling one is able to discern something of the variety, if not the quality, of works to be offered.

Putnam's will kick off the season next week with an offering on the light side, columnist Art Buchwald's latest humor anthology, *Son of Great Society*. As with Buchwald's previous books, although the humor at times sags, it seldom does for long, and even the dust jacket is funny. Also scheduled for release next week is Doubleday's *The Reasoner Report*, a selection of the best radio-TV commentaries by CBS correspondent Harry Reasoner.

In October, Princeton University Press will release a new biography, *Joseph Pulitzer and the New York World*, by George Juergens; Morehouse-Barlow, an anthology, *The Rocky Mountain Herald Reader*, edited by Thomas H. and Helen Ferril, with an introduction by Mark Van Doren; and Doubleday, a revised and updated edition of James Playsted Wood's bland but steady seller, *Of Lasting Interest: The Story of the Reader's Digest*.

Beacon lists for November publication, *Justice and the Press*, an examination by journalist-lawyer John Lofton of "the balance between the public's right to know and the individual's right of privacy." And Bobbs-Merrill has an even more ambitious project scheduled for January release: a two-volume history of the free press in America. Vol. 1, *Freedom of the Press—From Zenger to Jefferson*, is being edited by Leonard W. Levy; Vol. 2, *From Hamilton to the Warren Court*, by Harold L. Nelson.

For some months, friends of the late Edward R. Murrow have been gathering material for a biography-tribute which Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has placed on its spring list. When published, it seems certain to be one of the most attention-getting books in the field. Indeed, in view of Edward R. Murrow's singular stature and historic importance in American journalism, the work might well rank with the few classics of its type.

Closely related, and also one of the most widely anticipated books known to be in preparation, is the "professional memoir" of Murrow's longtime producer, "managing editor," collaborator, and confidant, Fred W. Friendly. Entitled *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control*, the book will recount Mr. Friendly's experiences and observations from 1951, when he began the partnership with Murrow that led to *See It Now* and other TV series of distinction, to last spring, when Friendly resigned as president of CBS News in a policy dispute.

I first met Friendly about five years ago, when he was executive producer of *CBS Reports*, and it was an experience I shall remember always. An interview had been arranged to provide me with material with which to interest a major magazine in assigning me an article about Friendly's crusade—for this is what Friendly's career always has amounted to. Pacing his office with the inexhaustible energy and unquenchable enthusiasm for which he is noted, this hawk-faced, wide-shouldered, restless giant of a man told of his fascinating professional pedigree of producing five-minute biographical programs on radio in Providence, Rhode Island; of conceiving and writing the *I Can Hear It Now* records, which led to his acquaintanceship with Murrow; of unforgettable *See It Now* programs on the Korean War, McCarthyism, poverty, and world hunger; and of his deep involvement in every project, typified by his experience with the *CBS Reports* program, "Biography of a Missile."

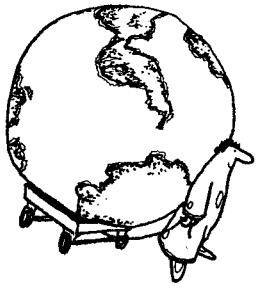
"We had an agreement with the government in advance that no matter whether the ultimate launching of the missile was a success or failure, we would show it," he recalled. "When the missile blew up on the pad, I cried. I remember taking a fragment of it home with me. I scarcely could work for a week."

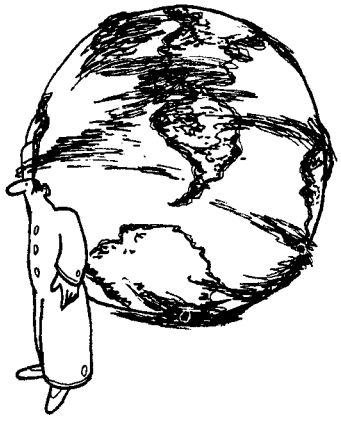
The magazine's then-editors discussed my outline, then decided not to assign an article. "There's not enough box-office appeal in such behind-the-scenes figures," one of them said. Nor would Friendly, who long before his resignation last spring became known for uncompromising integrity, even discuss anyone's ghost-writing an article to be published under his by-line. "Maybe some people could do that, but to me it wouldn't seem honest," he said. "And in this business, above all it's important to be honest."

FRIENDLY, who now is a professor at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism and a consultant on TV to the Ford Foundation, expects to finish his book in a few weeks, and Random House hopes to publish it early in 1967. Typically, however, Friendly's idea for allocating income from a commercial communications satellite for support of educational TV, since announced by President McGeorge Bundy of the Ford Foundation, has embroiled him so deeply in new activity that he is having difficulty keeping up.

"Writing a book is difficult at best," he says, "and the fact that Mr. Bundy and I have had such an exuberant reaction to our proposal has not made things any easier."

Along with memoirs of his career at CBS, the book will deal with the satellite TV proposal, presumably in the last chapter, which, Friendly revealed, will be entitled, "Circumstances Within Our Control." Whatever Friendly writes, as with anything else he undertakes, is certain to reflect both deep thought and vast conviction. If the book fulfils its promise, it alone could make the coming communications books season a success. —ALFRED BALK.





—*Jaf.*

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Shimkin

Continued from page 75

it had a gold mine. The house had come in early on the third great wave of paperback publishing in America (the first had occurred in the 1840s, the second in the Seventies and Eighties), and the business principle that the lower the price the greater the demand was daily being proved. It was Pocket Books' intention, as the firm said, to provide the best books possible at the lowest possible prices to the largest possible number of people. Their success has been one of the most spectacular in book publishing.

OBSERVING how well the principles of mass distribution had worked in the adult field, Shimkin asked himself if they couldn't be applied equally well to children's books, or as he put it, "How about hitching our wagon to a stork?" The hitching was done with the aid of a large commercial firm, Western Printing and Lithographing, of Wisconsin, which put $2,000,000 into the creation of a new S.&S. subsidiary, Little Golden Books, which was launched in 1943.

These, too, have become a highly successful part of publishing history. Shimkin was able to try out their appeal on his son Michael, with gratifying success.

By this time Shimkin's business mind was classifying these developments as "conceptual publishing." The Little Golden Books formed an important link between parents and children. Pocket Books, he said, were really "bookazines," a hybrid of book and magazine.

From this he moved to another concept, that of the "non-bought" book, in which books would be the conveyers of information important to people's daily lives—especially people who would probably never go into a store to buy a book. Applying business principles to this idea, Shimkin approached large corporations who might be interested in using books as an inducement to attract certain categories of customers to their product. The Ford Motor Company, for example, wanted to entice young people to their showrooms. For them, Shimkin developed a paperback called "How To Prepare For College," which could be obtained by anyone who visited a Ford showroom. This extension of the normal market resulted in 250,000 books distributed by the company. Similarly, Bankers Trust gave out 200,000 copies of another Shimkin-inspired paperback, "First Aid To The Ailing House," to applicants for home improvement loans.

Shimkin sees the publisher's role in business as discovering a need, finding the right author, and filling the need on as broad a basis as possible. He constantly practices what he preaches. Hearing Dale Carnegie lecture at a hall in Larchmont, where he lives, Shimkin tried to persuade him to do a book but Carnegie resisted the idea. The publisher applied Carnegie's own principles, had a stenotypist cover the next address, and presented a version of it to the lecturer so that he could see how his words would look in print. Carnegie was fascinated by the sight, and by Shimkin's argument that he could reach millions beyond the sound of his voice. It took Shimkin nearly two years to influence Carnegie, but the result was, of course, *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, one of the great best sellers.

Out of it all has come what Shimkin is calling these days "the new Simon & Schuster." He has a concept for it, founded on business principles. It is his contention that in the usual vertical structure of a publishing house, the author is inclined to be lost, particularly in a large company that does many different kinds of books. Shimkin calls these houses "skyscrapers."

"We don't have a skyscraper at the new S.&S.," Shimkin says. "What we have is a series of 'brownstone houses,' each one dedicated to a particular kind of publishing. The author is welcome in any one or all of them."

In practical terms, what this means is that Simon & Schuster is now organized into seven separate publishing divisions, each one under the direct control of a publisher who has his own complete staff covering editorial, advertising, production, promotion and publicity functions, as in a standard house. The publisher has his own budget and makes the final decisions about what to publish, subject only to consultation with the overall executive management if controversial matters of sex, politics, or religion are involved.

These seven "brownstones" include the trade division, which is the "old" S.&S.; Pocket Books, including its hardcover operation, Trident Books, and its new series of Pocket Book Specials, paperbacks in a larger format; Washington Square Press, paperback editions of "quality" books; Julian Messner, a recently acquired firm which specializes in school and literary books; Associated Editorial Services, S.&S.'s entry in the field of learning systems, or educational materials publishing; Special Projects, which will deal with the sponsored, or "non-bought" books; and Paper Texts.

The broad market for these seven "brownstones" in the S.&S. community is, Shimkin believes, to be found in what he calls "book needers," that is, people who need books at home and in the school, in understanding the arts, in comprehending public affairs, in keeping up with history. In the dictionary, he says, publishing is defined as "to disseminate," and if this is true, quality is related directly to quantity—an idea which will have the true ring of heresy to the literati, for Shimkin believes that the number of minds reached by a book is a true measure of its quality.

SHIMKIN is dedicated, and has been for years, to reaching those mass minds in as many different ways as he can think of, always employing the business principles that have created the publishing enterprises he heads. In the rapidly changing book business today, which has appeared to confuse some publishers, Shimkin is cheerfully at home. To him publishing is getting more business-like, or at least like other businesses, every day. It is still idiosyncratic enough dealing as it does with volatile commodities like ideas and writers, to make it a large gamble with high stakes, creating plenty of losers out of sure winners, but Shimkin is convinced the new generation of businessmen-publishers will play it better.

Moreover, he possesses that pearl of great price desired by most successful businessmen—a son who is not only at work in his business, but who promises to be as good at it as he is. In "the brownstone houses" at 630 Fifth Avenue, a new publishing dynasty appears to be in the making.

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The Moscow Beat

Continued from page 73

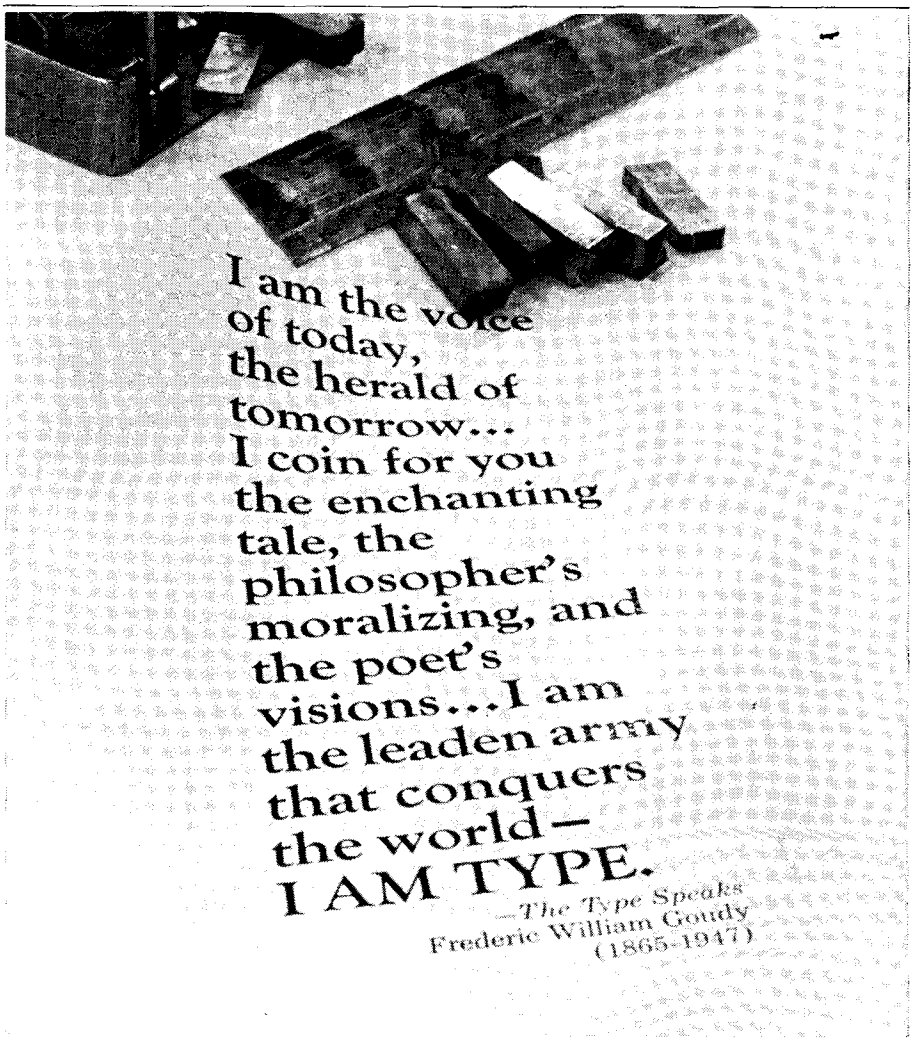
Relations with Foreign Countries. The "Cultural Committee," as it is generally known, can be appealed upon to set up interviews with Soviet citizens or to arrange visits to factories, schools, institutes, or whatever. The hitch is, perhaps only 15 per cent of the interviews the correspondent requests ever materialize, and they may take months to do so. Thus, many correspondents fire requests at the committee shotgun-style, hoping something will hit the mark. Partly to ease the pressure from correspondents, the committee sets up periodic press conferences at which important personages in various segments of Soviet life may appear. For example, the head of the giant state-owned airline, Aeroflot, may tell something about that organization's plans. Many of these press conferences are newsy, and they may provide an initial contact that a correspondent can follow up later. Many Russians involved in non-political and non-security work are perfectly agreeable to discussing what they are doing with foreign correspondents once an official contact has been made.

But sometimes they remain fearful of the consequences of dealing with "bourgeois" reporters even after an interview has been officially arranged. I once interviewed a young engineer from the Moscow subway administration about the experimental use of a driverless, computer-controlled subway train. Much to my astonishment, he broke down and wept during the interview. Later, still petrified with fear, he pleaded with me not to write anything that could get him into trouble.

ACTUALLY, almost every Moscow correspondent ultimately develops some sources who can be helpful in explaining certain matters or in providing minor tips. Sometimes these are "unofficial" Russians whom the correspondent somehow has managed to run across, and who are bold enough to risk having the police come to them and ask them a lot of disagreeable questions. But more often, they are Soviet officials, newsmen, or persons who have been cleared or even assigned to have dealings with Westerners. They are often friendly folks, who speak fair English and seem to know how to get things done. Novosti, a Soviet news-features agency set up a few years back, has spawned quite a number of them. But these sources usually have a line to sell, they may want favors of a somewhat dubious nature (such as information about the personal habits of some Americans in Moscow), and they may suddenly vanish.

Thus, for the average correspondent, the bulk of the story material he gets—whether it deals with international politics or just small vignettes of everyday life—comes from the Soviet press. *Pravda*, the Communist Party newspaper, which comes out in the morning, is the most important paper to read, but *Izvestia*, the government paper, which comes out about 6 p.m., is almost as important. The papers in Moscow are small by U.S. standards—perhaps only six or eight pages—but this does not make them easy to read. It's frequently necessary to plow through several thousand words of turgid Marxist prose to get to the point at the end. Sometimes the most important stories run in the form of innocuous-seeming, dry dissertations, and the correspondent has to be alert to know which are new and significant and which are not. The "profitability" concept now being widely employed in Soviet industry emerged publicly in a long article in *Pravda* by Professor Yevsei Liberman in 1962.

Sometimes Soviet newspapers contain some especially unpleasant reading: attacks of a personal nature on Americans and other Westerners living in Moscow. Often, newsmen are merely accused of having "dust in their eyes" or of being "vodka-soaked," as a result of something they wrote or did, but on occasion there have been some vicious attacks that at-



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tempted to prove moral depravity on the part of a correspondent. The aim here, primarily, is to warn Russians against having anything to do with Western correspondents, but also to tell the reporter that life will be unpleasant for him if he starts taking too many risks in trying to get a story. Generally, these attacks are not reported back in the United States.

The Russian press also spends a lot of time denouncing Soviet citizens—factory managers, bureaucrats, and others who are inefficient or who have botched their jobs, and petty "capitalists" or economic criminals who, the Communist leadership feels, must be exposed and rooted out. Some correspondents pounce on these stories as evidence of how bad off the Soviet Union is, and it is certainly true that they reflect deep-seated problems of Soviet life. But I sometimes had the feeling that the Russian writers weren't averse to a little exaggeration to get their points across. A correspondent who leans too heavily on a diet of this kind of story may end up giving his readers the impression that the Soviet Union is run exclusively by a gang of boobs and that the system is degenerating into chaos. In other words, he risks becoming the mirror image of the Soviet correspondent in the United States. But few Americans in Moscow overdo this.

It's probably true that there are more opportunities for first-hand coverage of Soviet life than many correspondents take advantage of. Press tours are conducted to provincial cities from time to time, and while these are of course carefully arranged and prepared, they often can shed some light on a little-known corner of Soviet life. Then, too, even in Moscow there are public events that can be covered, such as plays, films, and lectures. Public lectures on political affairs can be revealing because of the questions that come from the audience. Theodore Shabad worked hard at covering this type of event. But to do so requires a fluency in Russian, which many Americans do not have—and even more important, it requires time, an even more precious commodity in Moscow.

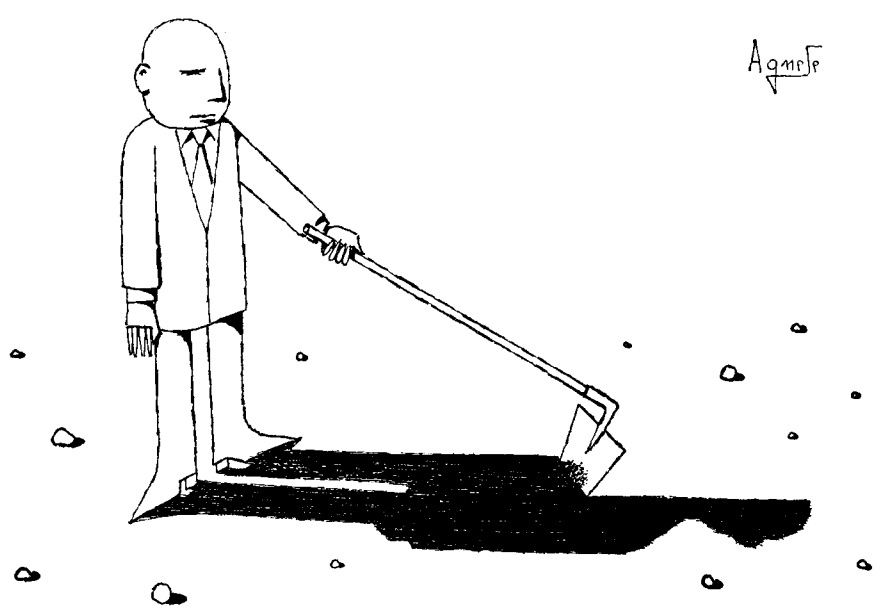
Of course, there are certain events involving foreigners in Moscow that make news—film festivals, women's congresses, and the like. The U.S.-Soviet Cultural Exchange program brings to the Soviet capital periodically Americans who are prominent in the arts, sciences, and sports. But the exchange shows signs of becoming a quasi-casualty of the Vietnam war; last summer, the Russians withdrew from two U.S.-Soviet sports events, claiming their athletes were upset by the American role in Vietnam. Still, an exhibit of American hand tools opened in Kharkov in August as scheduled under the program, and Washington hopes Soviet-American relations won't become so embittered that the exchange will be badly derailed.

Certainly, changes in the Soviet Union are making new requirements on correspondents. The sputnik age has meant that correspondents need to know something about science; some of the newer hands have this sort of background. Up to now, it isn't possible to "cover" Soviet space activities; foreign correspondents are not allowed anywhere near Russian launch sites. The Tass (government news agency) ticker provides most of the breaking news, but it is a frustrating source, since it is likely to omit anything that hints at failure and fuzzes over many key details. The Soviet press runs a lot of material about space, but it is of limited use.

Once I found out about the imminent return to earth of two Soviet cosmonauts in an odd way. I was in the Central Telegraph Office, right off Gorky Street, Moscow's Fifth Avenue, when a crew of Soviet television cameramen and technicians burst in. They hurriedly set up their cameras and lights in order to photograph Western newsmen in the act of sending out dispatches about the successful return to earth of the latest cosmonaut-heroes. Neither I nor any of the other Westerners in the office knew the cosmonauts had actually landed; the news was broadcast publicly a few minutes later. The presence of the TV crew was the tip that the flight was over. I was able to confirm it when I went outside and found that my car had been pushed down the street about twenty yards to make room for a large mobile toilet, a van that is always stationed at the same place when there is to be a celebration in Red Square.

Another aspect of Soviet coverage which seems likely to grow in years ahead is general economic and business news. Already, the "profit" system has begun bringing important changes to the way the Soviet Union operates. Foreign trade is also growing, as the Russians seek technology from the West to make their economy more efficient. It used to be that Moscow hotels were filled with occasional tourists and Communist sympathizers, but nowadays big capitalists from the West are among the guests. Just last month (August), Arjay Miller, president of Ford Motor Company, was in Moscow. As of now, only one organization specializing in covering business-technical-scientific news, McGraw-Hill, is accredited to Moscow, but others may seek to set up bureaus in the years ahead.

It seems likely that life in Moscow will get better year by year, but even so the correspondent's problems will be onerous for a long time because he is in the front lines of the ideological war. Most Soviet officials assume that the American correspondent is out to dig up all the dirt he can about their way of life, so they see no reason to do him any favors (not that they would, anyway). Once, in my apartment on Kutuzovsky Prospekt, a minor Soviet official and I were having a drink after a Kremlin reception when he asked me rather offhandedly if I were planning to write an "anti-Soviet book" when I returned to the United States. "You can probably get a lot of money for it from the publishing monopolies," he said. I was about to protest, but figured it wouldn't do much good. He assumed that all American correspondents wrote nothing but anti-Soviet, anti-Communist stories because that was their job. What he didn't know was that most Americans go to Russia with relatively open minds about the country, and for the most part attempt to report objectively about it under very difficult conditions. If some become professional anti-Communists, it's the Russians' own fault.



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Brandon

Continued from page 22

as in many countries in Europe, but the fact is that all these European countries are already having a difficult time in getting inflation under control and those governments which already have introduced drastic measures are, as a consequence, running into political troubles.

Another issue, whose influence on the elections—at least in urban areas—is being underrated, is the growing strife over Civil Rights, the hardening of the lines between militant Negroes and whites. The President's tactics in his appeals to the people is to neutralize the key issues that are likely to hurt. On Vietnam he is helped by the fact that the Republicans have not come up with an alternative policy—though recently Mr. Nixon and other Republicans, especially Charles Percy, who is challenging Senator Douglas in Illinois, have made strong attempts to use the idea of an Asian Peace Conference, suggested by Thailand, to somehow capture the peace issue. When the President talks about inflation, he tells people not to pay all that attention to the higher cost of living, but to the fact that more people than ever before in American history earn more and live better—that, in fact, the country never had it so good. And as for the growing militancy of the Negroes he counsels respect for the law as the best guarantee to further progress. I followed the President on his visit to New York State, Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, and the crowds that came to listen to him were as good as in a Presidential campaign. They were responsive, good-natured, and the anti-Vietnam posters were not as prevalent as one might have expected. He himself communicates best when he departs from his prepared speeches. He has learned to be informal without being corny, and partisan without losing credibility. But how much he will be able to help local candidates is difficult to judge. In fact, everything about this coming election is difficult to judge. Rarely have there been so many political imponderables.

As the problems grow, solutions are more difficult to come by, and consequently a mood of protest develops. The extent to which this mood is spreading and to which it ignores party lines is perhaps the biggest question mark. The sudden surge of Senator Robert Kennedy's popularity as against the President's, however much credit one gives the Senator for his political acumen, may also be a reflection of that surge of protest. It will be good, for a change, to be able to gauge the mood of the American people by an election rather than a poll.

—Henry Brandon.

Movies

Continued from page 53

version of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, first shown here five years ago, and tied up since because of the bankruptcy of its American distributor. *La Dolce Vita* is also a film that shows corruption, that focuses on the less savory aspects of Italian sophisticated life, but every one of its scenes is replete with meanings. One is always touched, because souls are laid bare poignantly, and because a loving, sensitive intelligence is behind each revelation. No matter how ugly life might seem to be, cries the maker, it is not ugly, and these poor souls are drowning futilely in the sickish sweetness of their existence. The dubbing, in this case, is done excellently, although a problem still remains.

True, *La Dolce Vita*, in its dubbed version, communicates more completely—but less artistically than when shown in its titled version. The lip synchronization, while done with care, is acceptable only in medium and long shots, and, in order to achieve this amount of synchronization, the original dialogue has had to undergo certain modifications. Thus it is that we are getting a compromised *La Dolce Vita*. The proponents of dubbing invariably argue that dubbing is common practice in Italy, that the voices of the actors in the original Italian version were not always their own, but it was Fellini, himself, who supervised that version and completed it to his artistic satisfaction.

Whoever provided the voice for Marcello Mastroianni in this version is an excellent mimic; the same is true for the actress who speaks for Anouk Aimee. But there are other cases where the voices are grating or false, and occasionally electronically distorted. Nevertheless, *La Dolce Vita* holds up remarkably well and can hardly be said to have been destroyed. Nino Rota's musical score is as haunting as ever, not at all hampered by the fact that it has become familiar through recordings. Certain performances seem to gain on re-viewing, notably Lex Barker as an alcoholic film actor, Alain Cuny as the intellectual who finds his pleasant life a façade only and becomes terror-stricken, and Walter Santesso as the hard-bitten young *paparazzo*, feeding his camera on scandal and tragedy. And, American-International must be gleeful indeed at having all that lovely sex to exploit.

—Hollis Alpert.

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

A Trip to New Delhi

Black-and-white winner:

A Trip to Madrid

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

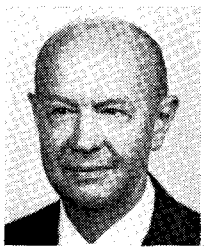
Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.
Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*
Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.
Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR'S 1965 CONTEST WINNERS

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.



Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1966 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1692

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Popular name for certain benefits under recent amendments to Social Security program.	68 81 22 7 35 60 89 140
B. Mythical symbol contested for in certain test matches in cricket bet. England and Australia.	87 67 169 105 124
C. Slang for to step mincingly, or simply to go (U.S.)	187 76 173 115 11 129
D. Aged women who like to preserve superstitious sayings and warnings (2 wds.)	185 5 39 114 179 24 90 96
E. Popular name for the lady's slipper, or the monkshood (2 wds.)	181 20 27 80 86 153 1 102
F. Said of anything thick and spreading in its growth.	3 171 138 150 45
G. Resembling an oak.	135 21 126 130 101 72 52 93 183
H. Early spelling for one of the best known of S. Pacific islands.	170 155 32 139 95 66 152 84
I. Possessive—and interrogatory—pronoun.	119 59 69 145 137
J. Canadian island, a province, with a part of the mainland, since 1949.	61 78 10 98 163 107 42 182 33 29 167 85
K. Mossbunkers.	55 180 133 49 151 122 111 106
L. Physical separation from conducting bodies by nonconductors.	13 110 17 134 19 82 162 123 8 161
M. Express in different language.	157 2 44 125 92 148
N. Item, or source, of income.	132 156 104 4 14 186 23
O. Dancing.	159 178 117 65 108 28 70 37 88 51
P. Popular French composer, 1875-1937.	47 174 141 188 57
Q. Subject of one of the favorite toasts among the German military prior to World War I (2 English wds.)	149 118 43 64 100 128
R. Practiced person (2 wds.)	160 53 91 36 142 26 168
S. Basic measure for estimating bulk and virulency of radioactive elements (2 wds.)	184 176 6 113 38 144 154 63
T. Steeped.	16 56 177 131 136 147 62
U. Ceremonial trumpet of the Hebrews.	30 15 46 99 71 74 172
V. Small boat in which Manry sailed alone across the Atlantic in June, 1966.	175 40 143 48 166 79 18 127 94 34 50
W. Said of anything afloat, as being headed toward land.	116 41 164 146 112 73 25
X. In Greek philosophy, an atom; invested with more importance by Leibnitz and others.	31 109 158 103 83
Y. Number of related poems in heroic style.	54 75 97 121
Z. Shooting sparks or a series of sharp, quick, reports.	12 9 120 165 77 58

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 E	2 M	3 F	4 N	5 D	6 S	7 A	8 L	9 Z		10 J	11 C	12 Z	
13 L	14 N		15 U	16 T	17 L		18 V	19 L	20 E	21 G	22 A		23 N	24 D	25 W	26 R
	27 E	28 O		29 J		30 U	31 X	32 H	33 J	34 V		35 A	36 R	37 O	38 S	39 D
	40 V	41 W		42 J	43 Q	44 M		45 F	46 U	47 P	48 V		49 K	50 V		51 O
52 G	53 R	54 Y	55 K	56 T	57 P	58 Z		59 I	60 A	61 J	62 T	63 S	64 Q		65 O	66 H
67 B		68 A	69 I	70 O	71 U	72 G	73 W		74 U		75 Y	76 C	77 Z	78 J	79 V	
80 E	81 A	82 L	83 X	84 H	85 J		86 E	87 B	88 O	89 A	90 D	91 R		92 M	93 G	94 V
95 H	96 D		97 Y	98 J		99 U	100 Q	101 G	102 E		103 X	104 N	105 B	106 K	107 J	108 O
	109 X	110 L	111 K		112 W	113 S		114 D	115 C	116 W	117 O	118 Q		119 I	120 Z	121 Y
	122 K	123 L	124 B	125 M	126 G	127 V	128 Q		129 C	130 G	131 T	132 N		133 K	134 L	135 G
136 T	137 I	138 F		139 H	140 A		141 P	142 R	143 V	144 S	145 I	146 W	147 T	148 M		149 Q
150 F	151 K	152 H		153 E	154 S	155 H	156 N	157 M	158 X	159 O	160 R	161 L		162 L	163 J	
164 W	165 Z	166 V	167 J	168 R		169 B	170 H	171 F	172 U	173 C		174 P	175 V		176 S	
177 T	178 O	179 D	180 K	181 E	182 J	183 G		184 S	185 D	186 N	187 C	188 P				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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